

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Australia's Day

The beginning of all things Australian is celebrated this week. Our artist Boothroyd visualises the Nation, here, as a woman in the prime of life, surveying the works of her people. She has reason to look proud, for no country in the history of the world has made such rapid progress as Australia.



# WHAT'S WRONG with "A" Class MUSIC?

## Commission Does Not Build Up The Local Artists

HERE is no doubt that the most regular wireless listeners are women. For that reason The Australian Women's Weekly recently published an editorial discussing the Broadcasting Commission's musical policy.

We have received a lengthy letter from the general manager of the Commission, Major W. T. Conder, which seeks to demolish our arguments, and suggests that the Commission is pretty well satisfied with its methods.

On the essential point we made, however (that there is a lack of planned concert direction), Major Conder is not so emphatic in defence of his programmes.

We give Major Conder's statement, together with a further editorial statement. We invite our readers to give their opinions on our "So They Say" page.

### Major Conder's Letter

I HAVE read with some little interest the editorial entitled "Artists are made—as well as born," which appears in your issue of 13th instant.

In that article you see fit to criticise the Broadcasting Commission in rather unmeasured terms upon the following grounds:

(1) That the Commission does not advertise its performances.

(2) That the Commission does not "stunt".

(3) That it exhibits a lack of "planned concert direction."

(4) That the seasons which it allows to specific features are too long. You also ask what steps the Commission takes to ascertain what tunes its listeners desire to hear, and, finally, you state that the Commission now controls about 90 per cent. of the music produced in Australia.

If your criticisms are well founded they imply in effect that the Commission takes no heed of the wishes of its listeners—at least in matters connected with music.

Before dealing with your specific contentions I should like to take this opportunity of telling you that fair and constructive criticism of the Commission's work is an assistance to it and is, accordingly, welcomed as a guide to future conduct. On the other hand, of course, you need hardly be reminded that inaccurate and unfair criticism is

useless and damaging, and as such of no service to anybody.

In the present instance I am dealing at some length with what I believe to be misapprehensions on your part, in the belief that your desire is to be constructive and helpful. It is unthinkable that anyone in your position would so far forget his responsibility to the public as to deliberately distort facts and misrepresent conditions in regard to anything of such national importance as broadcasting.

In answer, therefore, it should be made clear that:

1. The Commission goes to considerable trouble and expense to print and circulate its programmes, free of charge, to all newspapers which desire to receive them approximately one month in advance, and, further, that it furnishes regularly to those newspapers—also free of charge—accounts of all its present and future activities, together with photographs and other publicity matter, so that the public may have every opportunity of knowing what it may expect to hear from National Stations each day.

2. If by your statement that the Commission does not "stunt" or "stage manage" you mean that the Commission's programmes lack attractive feature items, well presented, then one can only assume that you have failed

If listeners had to put a coin in the radio before they could listen in, there would be some surprises for programme directors. It is not practical, of course; but some system is undoubtedly needed of enabling listeners to express their choice.

to notice, or have forgotten, such items as the Brahms-Wagner Festival concerts, Captain Adkins and his Military Band, Mme. Madalah Masson and Miss Mona Nugent, Mr. Stewart Wilson, Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. Tudor Davies and Mr. Yelland Richards, the "Early Victorians," Aronson's Dance Band, and the Children's Symphony Concerts.

If, on the other hand, you mean that there is a noticeable absence of attempts to deceive the public into exaggerating the value of what they are likely to hear; to smother imperfections in a mass of polysyllabic hyper-hyperbolic ab-

**WITHOUT** planned direction, how can our local artists hope to compete with the infinite variety offered by the recorded artists?

Sometimes a local artist is expected to sing for a paltry fee, without proper backing-up, the identical item which a "B" class station is broadcasting from a record by a world celebrity. The latter might get £1000 for a record.

surdity, and generally to waste on covering up poor items what might better be expended upon securing good ones, then one can only cordially agree with you.

3. Your statement that there is a lack of "planned concert direction" is open to direct challenge, and it is firmly believed that items are presented in a logical and well-modulated order of a type well calculated to suit the con-

venience and to please the sense of fitness of potential broadcasting audiences.

At the same time, while not wishing to weaken that challenge in any way, one might be permitted to point out an essential and not unimportant distinction between a series of some one or two dozen concerts spread intermittently throughout an entire year, and a service which runs simultaneously throughout twelve stations situated in various parts of six States for 365 days of the year and for approximately eleven hours per station per day.

4. Your objection in this case appears to be not to the length of specific seasons of what have been termed "feature items," but to the fact that ordinary stock artists appear intermittently on the programme throughout the year.

It is rather difficult to discuss your contentions in the absence of any particular example, but the Commission knows of no instance in which an artist appears for so long a period with sufficient regularity to run any risk of becoming wearisome to his audiences.

If you care to name any particular case in point, then perhaps a more definite answer could be given.

In any event, those to whom you refer are doubtless local men and women, and are at least receiving valuable training and continued encouragement, the necessity of which is very frequently urged on the Commission.

NEXT you ask what steps the Commission takes to ascertain what tunes

its listeners would like to hear.

If you intend the word "tunes," which seems unlikely, then I must admit that it is rare for the Commission to conduct a plebiscite before consenting to programme any particular piece of music.

The same criticism could, of course, be levelled at any other entertainers. On the other hand, the Commission—in addition to employing as programme directors men who have had extensive entertaining experience and high musical qualifications—does regularly invite listeners to express opinions upon the various items broadcast, and does take heed of those opinions when—all too rarely—they are expressed.

Further, the Commission does study box-office receipts to some extent, for its "box-office" is represented by the number of licences which are issued—or alternatively cancelled—each month, and it is interesting, though, of course, not absolutely conclusive, to note that since the Commission assumed control of the "A" class stations in every State, licences throughout the Commonwealth have shown and maintained a rate of increase greater than that ever recorded before.

If nothing more may be adduced from that fact, at least one is able to say that it does not support your apparent belief that the Commission disregards the wishes of its audiences.

And, finally, if your statement that the Commission now controls 90 per cent. of music is correct, and if there is good foundation for the frequently expressed opinion of musical teachers, directors, examiners and critics that there has been recently a definite and widespread reawakening of public interest in and appreciation of music, then again it appears likely that the Commission is not entirely disregarding the wishes of its listeners.

—W. T. CONDER.

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## Offer £5000 for NEW JOB!

ONE of the things we mentioned in our editorial was that the commission is a Government Department. In his courteous, but rather unsatisfying, reply, Major Conder betrays the existence of that blighting influence.

The idea of dissecting our article into numbered sections is very departmental. It quite loses, of course, the general effect of the article as a whole. Also, some of the numbered paragraphs do not quite convey the meaning of the original paragraphs in the editorial.

The vital points we made were contained in two paragraphs that did not require numbering and re-writing. To these Major Conder has not replied. These paragraphs were:

"Singers and musicians are stuck on colorless programmes all the year round, without stunting or stage-managing. Any artist will fit into any old programme, any old night."

"Apart from the present opera season (a brilliant exception) there is a lack of planned concert direction. There should be a constant building-up of programmes with new songs and musical works. This means organised control of the artists; and perhaps paying them for rehearsing new stuff."

All this is perfectly correct. No attempt is made to encourage artists in the finding and presentation of new material. When they do come forward

with new items, nothing is done to feature them or to draw public attention to the performance of new and interesting works. Naturally, artists, left to choose their own programme items, take the line of least resistance, and stick to the well-worn things which they already know.

Why bother to go to the expense and trouble of buying and learning new music when you get nothing extra for it, and no notice is taken of the fact?

A musical director with wide powers should be constantly on the lookout for novelties of an interesting and attractive kind. He would keep in touch with publishers and music-sellers and make sure of being up-to-date in the choice of material.

ARTISTS would not be left to their own devices, as at present, but would be required to learn and perform selected items, to be woven into a definite programme scheme.

This would cost money, but the money is forthcoming from the public, to the tune of £250,000 a year, that is, 24/- a year from each listener. It should be spent not only on expensive stunts and sensations, but on maintaining a high level of all-round interest.

The "stunts" correspond to the annual bargain sales of the big stores, which know the necessity of giving good value all the year round to keep their regular customers satisfied.

The real need is for a highly

qualified musical director who would take complete responsibility for the music programmes.

He would have to be well paid, of course. Even more highly paid than the present general manager, Major Conder. It is obvious that the general work of administration is sufficient to occupy the time of a general manager. But all the organisation in the world is useless if the programmes do not suit the public.

If there is to be only one highly paid job that job should be filled by the music director, or programme director.

Whether Major Conder himself should exclusively take this job is not the issue; the point is, he cannot be expected to fulfil both functions.

A SALARY of £5000 a year might be necessary to attract the right man. In the entertainment field salaries run high.

Local artists have a feeling, rightly or wrongly, that the Commission regards its office staff as the most important part of the organisation. Imagine Hollywood paying more attention to its office staff than to the stars!

As regards the importance of music, it is worth pointing out that the programmes consist of nearly two-thirds musical and dramatic items. About one-third consists of lectures, news, sport, etc.

—THE EDITOR.





Let's Talk Of  
**INTERESTING  
PEOPLE . . .**



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK

H.R.H. the Queen of Denmark has, with her husband, been visiting her many friends in England. On her arrival in London the first to welcome her was the Prince of Wales.

The Queen's generous gifts to charity, and her willingness to help those in distress, have made her one of Europe's most popular Royalties. The way her subjects acclaim her, flocking to see her wherever she goes, proves that her kindness is well appreciated.

She does not go in for elaborate dressing. She prefers a plain coat and skirt to anything else.

The Queen is fond of motoring and yachting and all outdoor sports. She is a great lover of children, and it will be remembered that she has two of her own. The ex-Crown Prince of Germany is her brother-in-law.



EQUIPPED FOR HER WORK.

MISS CONSTANCE DUNCAN has been appointed secretary of the Bureau of Social and International Affairs, Melbourne, in place of Miss Nora Collisson.

Since she left Melbourne University, Miss Duncan has held only three jobs, but they have taken her all over Australia, and most of the rest of the world.

Miss Duncan studied history and economics, and won her M.A. degree, and became travelling secretary of the Australian Christian Movement, visiting all the Universities in Australia for two years.

On the staff of the Y.W.C.A. in Japan, she learned the Japanese language and worked with girls and women of all nationalities for ten years.



—Women's Weekly photo.  
WOMAN M.L.A.

MISS MAY HOLMAN, M.L.A. of West Australia, who is acting in the capacity of chaperon to the West Australian women swimmers competing in the Australian swimming championships, is a person of varied interests and ability. Miss Holman has been associated with the Labor Party since childhood, and was elected to her father's seat when he died in 1925, thus becoming the first Labor woman member in Australia.

At present she is the interstate president of the Labor women's executive which she originally helped to form.

The Mothers' Clubs and the welfare of the half-castes in Australia also claim her interest.

# MIRACLE MUSICIAN'S Private LIFE

From MURIEL SEGAL  
Our Special Representative in Europe

**E**VEN thousand people witnessed a miracle at the Albert Hall on Sunday. For the first time in history, the whole "Pagannini Concerto" was given in public with all its stupendous technical difficulties.

It has been performed for the first time by the sixteen-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, who mastered it in two weeks instead of the two years it was prophesied he would take to study it.

IN one of the earlier copies of The Australian Women's Weekly you will have read about the boy violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, and the news that he is to tour Australia in April, 1935, giving 20 concerts in all.

I have known Yehudi for years, and have never ceased wondering at him. When I received word from New York that the whole family was coming to Paris, and would I find them a flat,

YEHUDI MENUHIN has an amazingly beautiful face. It is highly spiritual, as this beautiful photographic study shows. Note forcefulness of his eyes. And he is only sixteen.



IT SEEMS almost unbelievable that a boy of this age could master music which experts are unable to manage after years of study. Yet when you see the boy himself, it does not seem so strange. His records have been extremely popular on Australian broadcasting stations.

please, I had little idea that the Menuhins were the family destined to become the centre of the musical world.

They arrived, pretty, youthful Mrs. Menuhin, the short but strong-charactered pere Menuhin, and Yalta and Hepzibah, Yehudi's golden-haired little sisters, who from infancy showed extraordinary talents at the piano.

## Tartar Family

"BUT not!" said Mrs. Menuhin, firmly. "They shall be trained to cook and sew and be wives; one musician is enough in a family!"

Mrs. Menuhin comes of Tartar family of noble birth. Mr. Menuhin is a Palestinian, and taught mathematics in a Jewish school in California.

One of my first surprises was to find that the whole family spoke Hebrew as their home language. English, French,

and German come equally fluently. Mr. Menuhin is a great linguist, and it is well known that Yehudi could have been as great a mathematician or historian as he is a violinist.

He studied most of the day, assimilating subjects far beyond his age. He practised six to ten hours, then we would all go into the Luxembourg, or out to Fontainebleau, and no one would know the genius boy from any of the gamins who romped around him.

## No Fan-Mail

FOR one thing, Yehudi had no idea he was anything but an everyday schoolboy. I have never seen the duties of parenthood so wonderfully performed as chez the Menuhins.

With continual open house, the children were seldom visible except to intimate friends, and no one was allowed

to speak of Yehudi as anything but ordinary.

His father, acting as manager, tutor, all-in-all, never allowed him to see his huge fan-mail.

No presents were accepted.

At tea time one day, a wonderful hand-tooled music case arrived as a gift from the Queen of Spain. Yehudi was not allowed to keep it.

On his 12th birthday the great master, Cappi, said of him: "He has nothing to learn."

Sir William Elgar, the greatest living composer, aged 76, is Yehudi's greatest friend. Sir William recently flew to Paris in order to conduct at Yehudi's

recital. Owing to illness he was unable to witness Yehudi's greatest triumph on Sunday, but the letter he sent read:

"Dearest Yehudi, you and your dear father must forgive my absence from your triumphs, as I am quite laid by in a nursing home. Dear love from your friend."

He says of Yehudi: "The boy was born knowing more about music than I have learned during all these years. What still remains to be achieved by Yehudi?"

And by what miracle does such genius occur? Neither of the parents is a musician, nor any ancestors. In such cases we are apt to wonder on the theory of reincarnation.

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## CHICKENS with something to CROW ABOUT

There are six little "chooks" in Australia who are doing a good deal of crowing just now, and, my word, they have something to crow about.

They are being sent to Italy, by the New South Wales Agriculture Department, to join the fowl-runs of the Vatican Villa at Castlegandolfo.

WITH a bit of luck one of them may even lay an egg which will be eaten by his Holiness the Pope.

Recently his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bernardini, communicated with the department, intimating that at the recent World's Fifth Poultry Congress, held in Rome, those responsible for the upkeep of the Vatican Villa at Castlegandolfo were so impressed with the high quality of the Australian birds that his Excellency was commissioned to arrange for a consignment of stud poultry to be forwarded to the villa.

Arrangements have, therefore, been

made by the Department of Agriculture to forward six birds—two White Leghorn cockerels, 2 White Leghorn pullets, one Australorp cockerel, and one Australorp pullet.

## Birds Inspected

THE Apostolic Delegate paid a visit to Hawkesbury College the other day to inspect the birds selected for the Vatican villa, and declared himself well satisfied with the Department's choice.

It is intended that the Australian chickens found a colony of their own in Italy.





# LOVE Beneath a TROPICAL MOON

*Couple First Met on Barque;  
World Voyage that Ended  
in Romantic Marriage*

**T**ROPIC skies, languorous sea breezes, and all the mediums employed by authors as a background for love stories have again asserted themselves as the approved and true handmaidens of Romance.

Love came to Olav Hultin and Barbara Strachey in such surroundings, which they may say was purely accidental, since all lovers are fatalists.

But Miss Strachey did venture to give some of the credit, or blame, to the tropic moon.

WHAT MORE romantic setting for a proposal of marriage than the deck of a ship in full sail at sea?

**M**ANY romances have taken place aboard ship, but it is many, many years since there was one so thrilling as that which occurred on the sailing vessel from London to Australia, and culminated last week in the marriage of Olav Hultin, of Helsingfors, Finland, to Barbara Strachey, of Oxford, England.

Miss Strachey and Mr. Hultin left their native towns and joined the "L'Avenir," a four-masted Finnish barque on her way to Port Victoria, South Australia, to load wheat.

When they left home, neither knew that the other existed, and they both took sad farewells from sweethearts. Little did they dream that by the time their voyage was over they would have met, become engaged, and married a few days after landing.

It was in the little church of St. Clement's at Port Germein, where the ship was loaded, and within sight of the tall masts of the "L'Avenir" that Archdeacon Dunn, of Port Pirie (the big smelting town 15 miles North of Port Germein), married the couple. The ceremony was conducted at noon.

**S**UCH was the interest taken in the wedding by the inhabitants of the sleepy little port that the minister delivered a rebuke to the people who had congregated to see the marriage ceremony. Long before the time set for the wedding the town was busier than is usual in the peak period of a busy Saturday afternoon.

The farmers for miles around had come to see the wedding. From Port Pirie came car loads of sightseers, and the little church was filled to overflowing.

The Archdeacon, in his pulpit rebuke, told the congregation that a wedding was not something to gape at, but a very solemn service. The joining of two people in holy wedlock was not an event

to be made into a public entertainment. But, maybe, the Archdeacon was a little hasty in his estimation of the townspeople of Port Germein.

Such interest was shown in the visitors that the townspeople spent many hours, and went to considerable trouble, to decorate the church with fresh gum tips, typical of Australia, and the path to the church was covered with gum leaves.

As many of the sailors as could be spared from the ship came ashore and formed a guard of honor for the couple as they left the church.

Miss Strachey wore an old gold crepe ensemble trimmed with brown, a small brown hat, brown and white shoes, brown stockings, and a necklace of polished Australian mulga beads. She carried a bunch of African lilies.

The bridegroom, more in keeping with the setting of the romance, wore a white yachting suit with a peaked cap adorned with the badge of the Danish Yacht Club.

The bridesmaid, Miss Annette Brook, a member of the crew of the "L'Avenir,"

was picturesquely garbed in a tangerine jumper with black cuffs, or a mented with lace, and with brass buttons down the front. A black beret covered her closely cropped hair, and she carried a posy of mixed flowers. Dennis Wilsden, a member of the crew, who was the best man, wore a yellow woollen short-sleeved shirt, black trousers, and sandals, and the groomsmen, also a member of the crew, wore a white shirt, black trousers, and brown shoes. Neither wore coats.

**T**HE wedding took place on a day when the shade temperature was well over 100 degrees in the little coastal town, for Port Germein, sheltered as it is, is one of the hottest spots in South Australia.

The Archdeacon presented the bride with the Prayer Book from which he had read the service.

Cameras clicked and movie cameras whirled as the party left the church, entered a car, and started off for Port Pirie, where the wedding breakfast was held.

## Oxford Life

**B**EHIND the story of the wedding was a sheaf of hurried cables to England to Miss Strachey's mother, who is political secretary to Lady Astor. The cables speak for themselves.

"Delicious trip, have fallen unmistakably in love. Intend marrying here immediately. No conceivable misgivings. Everything perfect." Miss Strachey received the following reply: "Tons of love, but please don't be precipitate. How can we approve without knowing the nationality, age, profession, income, plans and thousand items besides charm? Would fly out if possible. Marriage rather serious affair." The bride's reply stated that the step to be taken had been carefully considered.

Mr. Hultin said that, although he had fallen in love with Miss Strachey as soon as he saw her boarding "L'Avenir" at Copenhagen, she had not returned

that feeling until the ship was nearing the equator.

Mr. Hultin is no stranger to the sea. Two years ago he made the trip to Australia on the Finnish ship, "Ponape," as mess boy. So thrilled was he with the trip that he decided to make the voyage again, only this time to experience the meagre comforts a windjammer could offer. He is an agent at Helsingfors, Finland, and the son of a Swedish Professor.

Miss Strachey was at Oxford and, becoming tired of the studious life, she decided to make a trip to Australia before settling down to a profession. She dabbles in art, and during the trip out made a series of sketches of life aboard a windjammer.

## Sails Lost

**M**RS. HULTIN, who is a niece of the famous biographer, Lytton Strachey, said the voyage was uneventful. A big blow south of Ireland was responsible for the loss of seven sails, but otherwise the ship travelled on with a gentle sliding motion.

Any threatened monotony was dispelled by the presence on board of Mr. Hultin, and she had the company of two members of her own sex in Mrs. Percy Grainger and the girl apprentice.

Mrs. Hultin joined in the life aboard ship with enthusiasm. She climbed the rigging, helped the crew with such tasks as sewing and washing, and being interested in navigation and the handling of the ship, she studied both subjects as much as possible under the friendly direction of the officers.

The food was good, and the accommodation quite satisfactory. Altogether life aboard the sailing ship was different from anything she had imagined or gleaned from the descriptions of sailing ships she had read in recent publications.

# KAY FRANCIS

*talks about charm*



"I'm certainly enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth. Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have. It's a charm she must have, if she wants to keep her fresh youthfulness."

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# BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER.  
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**A** PATIENT teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going?" read Johnny, without any accent whatever.

"Try that again," said teacher, "read as though you were talking, and notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, then read triumphantly: "Where are you going, little button-hook?"

**H**E was a cantankerous old jester and had found fault with every dish placed before him. He called the tired waiter and said:

"This stuff is bad. Have you any wild duck?"

Waiter: Sorry, sir, but we can get a tame one and irritate it for you.

**N**EW ARRIVAL: Do you know if the charges here are reduced if one stays a week?

Hotel Porter: Sure I couldn't tell you, sir. No one's ever stayed a week.

**M**AMMA (to clerical visitor): Nancy loves her toy telephone! Just listen to her with it—so sweet.

Nancy: Hullo! Hullo! HULLO! I'm Daddy speaking—why the hell don't you answer me?

**P**ROSY: Nowadays the husband is more frequently responsible for breaking up the home than the wife.

Snippy: Well, let her do her own washing-up, then.

**P**OLICEMAN: How did you knock him down?

Motorist: I didn't touch him. I pulled up to let him go across, and he faltered.

**H**OST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.



# For LOVE of a LADY

A Short Serial  
by  
Jessie Urquhart

The story so far . . .



**R**OBERTA ERSKINE, a friendless and orphan teacher in a small English school, unexpectedly inherits a large fortune from her great-uncle, Robert Erskine, who died recently in Australia. Setting out with her chaperon, Mrs. York, to take possession of her inheritance she breaks her journey at Port Said and goes on to Cairo. In the train she meets Gilbert Lane, also on his way to Australia as jackeroo on a station. The two young people strike up a friendship which is disapproved of by Mrs.

York, who considers that Lane is merely a fortune-hunter. At Imballia, Richard Foxley joins the train, and the old lady is at once impressed by his suave manner. Lane, on the contrary, takes an instant dislike to him, and his suspicions are aroused when he sees Foxley bending over Roberta's suitcase during her absence from the carriage, and again when the girl's photo drops out of the other man's pocket on the Cairo station. At Shepherd's Hotel, Gilbert is even more disturbed by seeing Foxley carefully cut a paragraph from a London paper offering £1000 reward for authentic information of the late Robert Erskine's heirs.

Illustrated  
by  
WEP



Now read on . . .

"YOU seem to have surrendered pretty completely to the spell of the Orient. I've coughed twice and you never even heard."

Lane turned sharply to find Robin beside him, but before he could speak Foxley joined them.

"No other city in the world could offer such a scene as this," he remarked complacently.

Lane followed, moodily, the proprietary gesture of the other man. The white facades of the buildings, the humeral garb of a Bedouin threading his way through the traffic, the native at the entrance selling cascades of honey-colored amber, the sudden intrusion of a company of British soldiers thrusting their sleek steeds along the crowded road. . . . Blinding, colorful, sun saturated; it almost hurt to look at it all.

"Mmmmm!" he mumbled. "It's like living in 'Chu Chin Chow,'" the girl exclaimed enthusiastically, "or 'The Arabian Nights.'" As she spoke she handed Lane a long absurd looking cigarette. "Mr. Foxley gave me some amberines," she said. "Have one."

But Lane drew back as though he had been offered an asp.

"No, thanks," he answered. "I prefer a pipe."

"Lane," Foxley remarked, "is the living proof that wherever he is there is 'some corner of a foreign land, forever England.' Beef and beer and 'baccy' for him."

Robin, rather hurt by Gilbert's reception of her cigarette, turned for Foxley to light hers.

"Well," she said, "I like to try everything once."

A painful silence followed, during which Lane cursed himself for a churl, while Robin looked at him anxiously and Foxley looked at both with a bland smile.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there's our chauffeur and Mrs. York. We mustn't keep her waiting."

He walked away as he spoke, and Robin turned to go with him, then laid a hand on Lane's arm impulsively. "There's room for one more in the car," she said, diffidently. "Won't you come, too?"

The touch of her quickened the blood in Gilbert's veins, but remembering Mrs. York's hostility and Foxley's complacency he steeled himself against her sweet eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said coldly, "but I've arranged to join a party for the Citadel and museum."

"Then," she said, "we can compare

notes to-night. Still, I thought, in the train, we were going to do Cairo together!"

"We were good companions then," he answered with a smile. "But here you are Miss Roberta Erskine and I am merely a day tripper."

"Roberta!" Mrs. York's voice broke in sharply.

"Coming!" she returned, and ran down the steps.

All afternoon Lane found himself unable to concentrate on the splendors Cairo provided for the tourists; his whole mind being absorbed in the problem that confronted him. Roberta. . . what a fool he was to care for her; Foxley and the dark schemes he was propounding, himself and what a helpless tool of Fate he had become. But most of all he thought of Roberta.

He went into dinner early and had finished before the others appeared, but later, as he stood in the lounge, smoking, the girl came to him. A tall, slender Robin in a flame-colored frock with a velvet coat whose collar framed the olive oval of her face making it lovely as a picture.

"You should have come with us this afternoon," she began, bending forward for him to light her cigarette.

slowly. "The future is like Cairo down there, unfamiliar, a most dark, terrifying . . . I wish to-night could last for ever. Now . . . this minute."

He was surprised at the unexpected feeling in her voice and looked at her as though seeing her for the first time.

"What could the future hold for Miss Roberta Erskine but success and happiness and triumph?" he said, assuming a lightness he did not feel.

She gave an uncertain little laugh. "I'm coming over all Kithel Hullah," she said, "but blame the glamorous East. Now tell me all about the mummies you saw this afternoon."

Lane told her, avoiding her eyes, dark as pools in her pale face, of the Ramesses of the Oppression, the golden sarcophagus, the petrified food provided for the dead, the alabaster beauty of the great mosque. . . . She could have learned as much from any guide-book and it all failed to hold her interest. These things belonged to people who had been dust for centuries. To-day was what mattered most, the present, not the past, however overlaid with gold leaf and majesty.

"Well," she remarked, as he ceased, "I don't like you."

"You don't like him, do you?" Robin said presently, and he thought her dark eyes held an anxious questioning look.

"How can I like a fellow who knows all about Cairo and buys you amberines and is your chosen companion?" he countered.

"Ah, that!" she made a deprecating little gesture. "But I must go in now and I don't suppose I'll see you again till we are on the boat. Our car leaves for Suez at five in the morning."

"Our train starts about the same time," he answered. "But Foxley and I will have to be at the station before then."

Robin made a great business of powdering her nose.

"Mr. Foxley is coming with us," she said, apologetically.

The bottom seemed to fall out of Lane's world at her words and he lit a cigarette carefully.

"Oh!" he said slowly and without waiting for her to speak again he turned and walked down the steps into the street.

Robin looked at Lane anxiously, and Foxley looked at both with a bland smile.

quiring a gigolo. Mr. Foxley is unflatteringly indifferent to my girlish charm."

"Although it is so heavily gilded," put in Lane.

She flicked the ash off her cigarette. "He has a mind above such mercenary matters," she laughed.

Lane was tempted to tell her of that paragraph cut from the paper and of his own suspicions, but the fugitive moment was too precious to be spoiled by anything so unpleasant. Later on when there was something more definite to be said about Foxley, would be time enough; and then, he wondered, would there ever be any later on for him.

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"Oh!" he said slowly and without waiting for her to speak again he turned and walked down the steps into the street.

AS he prepared for bed later he told himself he might as well cancel his passage to Australia. What was the use of going there, of pursuing his mission or hoping to make Robin care for him? What was the use of anything? The girl was probably captivated by the other man's

easy confident manner, his suave charm, and Mrs. York was only a willing and useful gooseberry. When he had finished undressing, he took from his pocket-book a worn sheet of paper which he read with a grim smile, and the newspaper cutting. . . .

"One thousand pounds reward for authentic information. . . ."

Then putting both papers back into his pocket-book he slipped it under his pillow and got into bed.

It was several hours later that he was awakened by the feeling that someone else was in the room, and for an instant he lay perfectly still, then a hand was thrust under his pillow and Lane grasped it in his own.

In deathly silence the two men wrestled there in the dark, and with a final wrench the intruder freed himself, but not before Lane felt the missing joint of a finger of that narrow, stealthy hand. Then the closing of the door told him he was alone.

Springing out of bed Lane switched on the light.

"God!" he muttered furiously. "He's taken it!" But at that moment he saw the pocket-book lying on the floor where the thief had dropped it as he hurried away.

"So, Mr. Foxley," Lane said, getting back to bed. "I score this time, too."

He did not see anything of the party next morning, but during his journey across the desert he stared moodily at the flat expanse of dried mud and sand, picturing that car speeding on and on with Foxley pointing out Napoleon's forts, Foxley imparting interesting bits of information, Foxley making himself indispensable to Mrs. York and Robin. He bit furiously onto his pipe, and all the time the wheels were grinding out the words

"One thousand pounds reward . . . one thousand pounds . . . one thousand pounds . . ."

At last they ran into Suez, where a nondescript market was being held in the littered streets, and the pink and green houses showed scabby fronts in the hot noontide, while out on the placid water of the Canal lay the ship waiting to take them on their way.

Please turn to Page 38

Concludes in Next Issue

ette; if only to keep me in countenance. Mrs. York was shocked when I bought a clay sphinx, a brass camel, and several bronze pyramids. Nice people don't collect souvenirs, it seems."

"Any more than they eat oranges in trains," he reminded her.

"There are so many things one shouldn't do," she sighed. "I'm afraid poor Mrs. York is going to have up-hill work making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

They were out on the verandah now where the grape-like bloom of night had softened the harsh outlines of the day, and except for an occasional shrill voice and the muted throbbing of a drum in the native quarter, a brooding silence lay over the wonder city of the world.

"Is Mrs. York going to live with you permanently?" Lane asked suddenly.

"I don't know," Robin answered

while you've been plunging into the past. I've been dabbling in the future. I had my fortune told by a most engaging Afghan. I'm going to cross the seas, confound my enemies, marry Mr. Right and be the joyful mother of children. It all sounded so enchanting with the Pyramids and the Sphinx around me and Mrs. York beside me urging me not to be a fool!"

At the mention of that lady's name, Lane glanced into the lounge where she sat, a monument of British aristocracy upholstered in black satin with a velvet neckband to keep her sagging chin in place, talking to Foxley.

"They seem to have clicked," he observed.

"Yes, indeed," she laughed. "If I hadn't actually seen her membership card for the Primrose League, with my own eyes, I should say she was ac-



## More TREE LOVERS Wanted Here

By GLADYS OWEN

"What do you think, Mrs. B.? You know the young W. couple have just been given some property by his parents—some property containing a wonderful collection of antiques!" "Yes?" "And do you know what they've done with the antiques? They've taken an axe to them, put anything they thought useful in the wood-shed and burnt the rest!"

CAN you imagine the stir in our suburb, and the agonised shudders of the antique dealers, and the collectors of old furniture! And yet this is a daily occurrence. There is a little, a very little really good old furniture brought to Australia by our great grandfathers or imported by wealthy collectors and it sells at an enormous price. What about the only genuinely Australian antiques, the noble native trees which several centuries have slowly reared for us, or the glorious deciduous giants, oaks, elms, and their brothers whom our homestead ancestors planted round their early dwellings.

The young W. couple have been given a block of land. Their first reaction to the gift is to plan their home. Their second is to cut down every tree and grub up every shrub. Yet no one thinks them strange, though they are thereby throwing to the flames a priceless collection of antiques.

### Another Picture

I WAS visiting a newly-built cottage last week-end, and the owners showed us with pride that not even a sapling had been cut, and that the windows in the living room, and the view through the verandah doors had been designed, especially to frame a picture of the glorious gum trees which fortunately grew upon their land.

Yet another story. There are two neighboring blocks of land in a northern line suburb which is fortunate to have deep soil, and consequently magnificent turpentine trees and superb native bush. Two very delightful small houses are placed side by side on each block, 50 yards from the road.

But there the likeness ceases. As you enter one gate you walk up a shady path dark with shadows, and with brilliant flecks of sun lighting up blue and pink hydrangea, or shyly revealing daffodils and azaleas growing as though wild under the trees.

As you sit on the verandah you look across a tiny lawn and square stone-paved garden to a bank of rhododendrons and flowering shrubs backed by a deep green curtain of the native bush, in which countless birds, some of them rare visitors to civilisation, are perfectly at home, bathing in the bird baths and nesting in the turpentines.

In the other garden not a tree remains—a great expanse of shadeless lawn studded with beautifully cared-for and painfully neat flower beds. A path winds in a double "s" from gate to front door.

Why the double "s"? Surely the only reason why a road should curve thus is to avoid some outstanding tree, or to take advantage of some formation of the ground. All is perfect, all is new, yet doubtless within doors the owners pride themselves on their old furniture and their genuine antiques!

## GREY HAIR

Grey Hair is a real handicap for to succeed one must keep youthful. If the natural colour of your hair is fading, restore it with a few applications of Raydene.

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its colour is permanent, and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/6 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two.

Raydene Laboratory, Box 3817T,  
G.P.O., Sydney.



## CURLPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Put Curlpet on baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlpet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "scaldy cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube. 2/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlpet Laboratory, Box 3817T, G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlpet to you by return mail.

CURLPET

## NEW and WONDERFUL FACE POWDER

Prevents Large Pores

PREVENTS OILINESS, SKIN-SHINE AND FRECKLES. Now contains special New Secret Ingredient that combats skin irritation. STAYS ON!

Over two million perspiration glands are constantly spreading a coating over the surface of your skin. If you interfere with this system by the use of powders capable of "filling up" the pores, you may start troubles the nature of which you probably do not suspect.

SOME POWDERS CAUSE HAY FEVER!

Many women who find they continuously get head colds, or even serious troubles like Hay Fever, may suspect their face powder! Some old-fashioned brands contain ingredients like Orris Root, and doctors declare that such powders should be avoided. No Kathleen Court face powder contains Orris Root or any other harmful ingredient. Many powders, too, have a "glint" in them that catches the high lights on nose and forehead soon after you've powdered—no Kathleen Court powder has this drawback.

LET ME SPEAK OF GOLDEN YOUTH

The new Golden Youth-Velvet Skin Face Powder has many charming and exceptional qualities—and no bad or doubtful points. It goes on like a fine powder, yet dries better than a heavy one! It cannot irritate the most sensitive skin (in fact it has a marked soothing effect where skin irritation exists). Golden Youth Powder cannot "plug" the pores, cannot make the skin feel tight, drawn or uncomfortable. Pure enlargement is prevented, not only by the new formula employed, but also by a special system of refining, milling,

sifting and blending. Golden Youth Face Powder is far more moisture-proof than ordinary powders—you can confidently swim with it on. Golden Youth Face Powder can never smear, smudge, cake or form little flaky specks around the nose! No flat dusty shades, but glorious, vibrant living tones that speak of Gaiety and Charm and Loveliness, and all that goes with the Happy Mood of Golden Youth—a mood that may exist regardless of age. Sold in Compact boxes at 1/6, and Large boxes at 2/6, with which latter size a Gillette Tube of Facial Youth is presented.

The NEW GOLDEN YOUTH  
VELVET SKIN

THE THIRACIOUS FACE POWDER



# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F.W.L. ESCH

## Do as You Please... If You Can Get Away With It

Etiquette brought up to date is the subject matter of "No Nice Girl Swears," by Alice Leone Moats, and, although there are several chapters in the book which are of interest only to Americans, there are one or two tips of a universal nature well worth noting.

"LET'S face it," writes Miss Moats. "Times and manners have changed so much and with such rapidity that the other generation can't even pause to be horrified and talk about the 'old days.' They're too breathless trying to keep up. The slogan of the age is 'Do as you please if you can get away with it.'"

Here are some of her modern rules of etiquette.

### Smoking

"Nowadays a woman smokes at any time or in any place. It's just smug to say 'No, I don't smoke,' when confronted with a cigarette case. 'No, thank you!' is quite sufficient. But it is still not the thing for a woman to smoke on the street."

### Swearing

"Although an occasional damn passes unnoticed, any systematic swearing on the part of a woman comes as a shock. It is always ugly and often vulgar. People who preface every sentence with 'My God' are worse. They're tiresome."

### Should She Ask Him In?

"The working girl or the girl who for some other reason lives alone is the one with the real problem to solve. Here are three rules that might prove helpful: Set the time limit at midnight; make sure the gentleman is sober; know your man. This latter is easier said than done, for it appears difficult for masculine mentality to grasp the difference between living alone and living loosely."

### Kissing

"You can't hope to get away with the 'You are the first man I've ever kissed' line with seventeen different men. The day will inevitably come when your name will be brought up over a bottle of brandy, and your talents discussed. Remember, after the first few drinks gallantry is likely to get lost in the general fog."

### Keeping an Amateur Standing

"Flowers, books and sweets are considered the only presents which a lady may accept from a man. A jewel bangle or some similar gift of trifling value may be received without fear of criticism, but expensive jewellery and wearing apparel of any kind mean but one thing to this cynical world."

### Love Messages

"Under no circumstances scrawl any of those 'Forever thine' sentiments across



WE ASKED Petrov to illustrate the fact that nowadays a woman smokes at any time or in any place, and here is the result.

a photograph. 'To my darling Roilo, best you forget,' is not only indiscreet, but out-and-out wet. Follow the example set by Royalty and simply sign your name. Effusions of any kind have gone completely out of style, especially in letter writing."

### Use of Miss

"Even at a first meeting girls who belong to the same set never 'Miss' each other. It's slightly different when both sexes are involved."

It is impossible to give the correct length of time which should elapse before switching from 'Mr. Tarbel' to 'Joseph.' Rely on your woman's intuition. During that uncertain period use 'You.'"

### Introductions

"How do you do?" in the way of acknowledging an introduction is sufficient for any occasion. 'Charmed,' 'Pleased to meet you,' and similar remarks are terrible. Do as you like about shaking hands, but it is certainly more friendly than bowing stiffly."

"If you're the kind that can't resist adding that little intimate touch, your chance will come at parting, when you can say, 'It has been a great pleasure to meet you.' If you should happen to be the victim of this sally, 'Thank you' or 'The pleasure has been mine' will do nicely."

("No Nice Girl Swears!" A. L. Moats, 7/6. Cassells.)

## SHORT REVIEWS

"Budgerigars in Bush and Aviary." Neville W. Cayley, F.R.Z.S. A truly wonderful book which all bird lovers should read. It contains a wealth of information gleaned from overseas and Australian aviculturists as well as Mr. Cayley's actual experience as a breeder.

The book, beautifully illustrated in color by the author, covers all phases of keeping budgerigars as well as describing the life of this bird in its natural state. This tiny parrot, which can be taught to talk, is gradually taking the place of the canary.

Mr. Cayley is to be congratulated on his fine work, which helps to push this little Australian to the forefront. (Angus and Robertson, 7/6.)

"Equalization. New Light on Economics." John A. Gresty. The author is a qualified commercial and cost accountant, and is well known as manager and proprietor in the timber trade and sawmilling industry in Queensland. His wide, practical experience in many capacities singularly fits him to approach his subject with impartiality, he having been successively servant and master.

"Tobacco Road." Erskine Caldwell. The main episode in this novel is the marriage of a Georgian "woman preacher," Sister Bessie Rice, aged forty or so, to Dude Lester, aged sixteen. Lester's bribe being an eight hundred-dollar motor car, which is eventually smashed up in a series of casual mishaps. (Crestnot Press, 7/6.)

"North Wall." Joanna Cannan. The novel is based upon the present mode of living—the trials and tribulations of an ordinary middle-class family. The author shows in her novel that she has a very human pity for the condition the world is in at the present time. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"Some Must Watch." Ethel Lina White. When the book opens, four girls have already been murdered by strangulation in the neighborhood of Summit, and there is a strong suspicion that a fifth will soon lose her life. The bare outline of the plot hardly does justice to a story which is well written and full of a suspense that is only broken when the fatal shot is fired. (Ward, Lock, 7/6.)

"The Secret of Tangles." Leonard R. Gribble. The story is about the struggle for a fortune. It opens with a motor chase, two murders, an attempted murder, and runs through a maze of imposture, then another murder, and a fight to the death. (Harrap, 7/6.)

"Crimple Lilies." Carlton Dawn. The story concerns an unpleasant and disconcerting criminal who gets up good-looking women in expensive flats, and after they have gained the affections of wealthy young men, proceeds to levy blackmail. The whole tale goes with a swing of excitement, and is good entertainment. (Ward, Lock, 7/6.)

HORT BOLNHOOD says: I have a variety of old and new books for sale. They are economical and lasty. Write to me.

## ADVENTUROUS PUBLISHER

The story has not been told of how young John Lane, of the famous English publishing house of John Lane, The Bodley Head, seized an opportunity of combining his business in Australia with pleasure dashed with a spice of adventure.

MR. LANE spent some weeks in Melbourne, then visited Perth and Adelaide for his firm, and will stay in Sydney for a month before going on to New Zealand in March.

Issuing from his rooms in Scott's Hotel, to go down to a shipping company to book his passage to Perth, he espied an ancient, battered car, bearing the legend "Melbourne to Perth." The notion of crossing Australia in so bizarre a fashion appealing to him, he ran into the thick of the Collins St. traffic, leapt on the running-board, and inquired if the driver really sought passengers.

"Yes," was the reply. "Very well," said Mr. Lane, opening the door and dropping gracefully into the back seat. "Drive on!"

The driver nodded impassively. . . . They drove on.

The journey, of 2500 miles, was completed in nine days. Mr. Lane taking his trick at the wheel and sharing quarters with the driver and another passenger in wayside shacks, under the stars, and one night, in the shearing-shed of Nullarbor station.

The trip took little more time than by sea. Arrived in Perth, Mr. Lane transacted his business with bookellers there, caught the "Oreosay" to Adelaide, made a fortnight's stay there, and went on to Melbourne by the "Strathaird." Evidently he did not tell the young Duke of Northumberland, who was also a passenger, of the charms of a transcendental ramble by car, over the desert between the railway and the sandhills for the Duke made no break of his journey.

## ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED

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# NOT A Short Story GENUINE

*The consideration of trifles distinguishes the true artist in any sphere as Priscilla and Eustace show in this entertaining story.*



THE telephone bell rang. Delphine, who was sitting on the sofa next to the table on which the instrument was placed, moved over and lifted the receiver.

"Hello!" she said, in defiance of the authorities, who would have had her say. "This is Delphine, double one double two double three." "Yes, this is Delphine. Is that June? Yes, dear. Oh, my dear! Really? And you want us to come?"

Peter, who is her husband, looked up sharply from the evening paper which he was perusing. I, who am her cousin, smiled to him in a resigned sort of way. Evidently something was being arranged for us.

"We are engaged," said Peter.

"We'd love to come, dear," continued Delphine, without so much as a glance at her husband. "It'll be great fun!"

"This," said Peter, determinedly, "is too much! Am I to understand that in flagrant opposition to my expressed wishes, you, who once promised to love, cherish and obey, are deliberately arranging some—"

"Half a second, dear! Peter's saying something," interrupted Delphine down the instrument. She placed a delicate hand over it and turned towards her husband:

"Will you shut up?"

"No!" said Peter firmly. "The time has come when I must make a stand, when I must assert my position as the superior partner in the sixty-fourth union which we celebrated and legalised by Church and registrar. Understand, woman, that I will not be a party to this foul beast which you are planning with your female acquaintance."

Delphine removed her hand from the telephone and continued her conversation:

"Peter is thrilled, June! We'll love it. It really is sweet of you to ask us! We'll turn up on Friday evening, then, and stay over Monday. What? Who? No, I don't know her. Yes, we'll be coming down by car. But of course! What's her address? Yes, I'll ring her up and arrange. What's the number? Mayfair double three double one. Right you are, dear. I suppose the men had better bring down tails? Right. Thank you so much. Good-bye, dear!"

She hung up the receiver and turned towards us.

"Tails?" said Peter. "That means a tance, I suppose?"

"It does," said Delphine, with finality.

"I knew it!" said Peter. "I am to be swayed about a room in the arms of unattractive women. For this privilege I am allowed to put on the extremely uncomfortable and rather stupid collection of clothes known as gents' full evening dress."

"Hokey!" I said.

Peter looked at me doubtfully.

"If that remark was made with any satirical intent," he said, "I respond with my famous slogan: 'Where's your manhood, you wet rat? If, on the other hand, you are applauding my sentiments, I say simply, but none the less effectively: 'Thank you.'"

We rose and bowed to each other. Delphine burst out laughing.

"What fools you are!" she said. "This is something you both really are going to enjoy. Listen to the programme: On Friday evening we motor down to Green Walls. It's only about sixty miles from London. On Saturday you both are to play golf with Billy at Rye."

"Why on earth didn't you say so before?" demanded Peter.

"You didn't deserve it!" said Delphine shortly. "On Saturday evening Billy and June are giving a dance to celebrate their golden wedding."

"Their what?" I inquired.

"Their golden wedding."

"But they've only been married a year!"

"I know," said Delphine.

"They say that they're taking no risks and they'd better celebrate it while it's still golden."

"Ha-ha!" said Peter. "Ha-ha-ha! Sorry if that sounds forced."

"And on Sunday," concluded Delphine, "we recuperate, returning some time on the Monday evening. I daresay you'll get another round of golf."

"That," said Peter confidentially to me, "is put in as an added inducement. What say you, cousin? Shall we accept?"

"Have we any choice?" I asked.

"No," answered Peter, "but it looks better if we deliberate on the subject. Shall we?"

"Yes."

Peter turned to his wife.

"I have pleasure," he said, "as spokesman of the meeting which has just been held, to communicate to you the result of the ballot. There was a large majority for acceptance, and you are requested to carry out the arrangements as expeditiously as possible."

"Well, I must ring up the girl," said Delphine.

"The girl?"

Peter and I spoke together. Again, and equally solemnly, we bowed to each other. Then, intertwining our little fingers, we wished.

"What did you wish for?" I asked.

"A pony and cart," said Peter promptly. "And you?"

"A pretty face on the girl."

"You are a one!" said Peter mincingly. Then turning to his wife:

"The girl, my dear?"

"Yes, June asked if we could give a lift down to a Miss Sergeant, who's to be a fellow guest. I'll say we'll call for her at three."

"Right!" said Peter. "That'll give us time for a noggins on the way. Talking of noggins, or whatever the plural of that excellent word may be, what about a small one?"

"I would clear the eye for the evening meal," I suggested.

"We are agreed," said Peter. "Let us adjourn."

## MISS PRISCILLA

SERGEANT proved to be an extremely attractive young lady of something just over twenty summers. At least, that is as near as I should care to go in a guess at her age, for she was a sophisticated little thing, being a typical example of the present-day brand of young lady, and as per type having resorted to a liberal use of artificial aids to "beauty."

That she would in all probability

By GERARD FAIRLIE

have been infinitely more attractive without them no doubt did not interest her at all.

But she was a bright little person, and, as Delphine and Peter sat in front, I had every opportunity during the two and a half hours which it took us to get down to Green Walls in which to become acquainted with her.

That evening we indulged in a small game of poker. Having been relieved of my last counter by a somewhat remarkable piece of bluff on the part of Peter, I rose to smoke a cigarette and get myself a drink from the small table at the other end of the room.

As I approached my objective, something which glittered on the carpet attracted my attention. I stooped and

picked it up. My first impulse was to say, "Hello, who's lost this?" or some such remark, but for some unknown reason I checked myself. I happen to know something about jewellery, having been an admirer of precious stones all my life, and, with my back to the others, I examined the diamond butterfly brooch which I had lifted from the floor.

Now, if genuine, that brooch was worth a very great deal of money. But it was set in gold, and valuable diamonds are never set in gold nowadays, but always in platinum, since their appearance is thereby much enhanced, and the person who can afford a brooch of this description can also afford the relatively slight increase in price. Therefore my interest was aroused.

I examined the setting to see if it were an old one. But it was not; it was fashioned in the very latest manner. Then I discovered a new and somewhat startling fact; the metal which I had taken to be gold was not gold, but some imitation alloy, for there were no marks of any sort. I smiled to myself; people do not as a rule wear imitation brooches which appear so valuable, and as I well knew real diamonds would never be set in such an unworthy style, the obvious conclusion was that the entire brooch was a fake.

I turned towards the others.

"Has anyone lost this?" I asked.

They all looked round, and Priscilla Sergeant, with a sudden movement of her hand towards her breast, cried:

"It's mine!"

I returned the brooch to her.

"Thank you so much," she said prettily. "It's my own fault, because I've lost it once before. I really must have the clasp put right. I should simply hate to lose it, because it was my father's wedding present to my mother, and it's very valuable."

I returned to my previous quest and helped myself to a whisky and soda. But I was faintly amused. I could not believe that the girl was such a fool as not to know the value of her brooch and not to realise that, excellent imitations though they were, the so-called diamonds were in reality nothing but paste.

Nevertheless, when I looked again at the brooch glittering on her dark dress, I was forced to confess that it

THE following day was a pleasant one, spent on the links at Rye. Peter was in excellent form with club and tongue, and defeated both Billy and myself morning and afternoon, but I think he talked us out of our normal game.

When we returned to Green Walls in the evening, we found that the girls, loyally aided and abetted by the servants, had cleared the drawing-room for dancing and had made many romantic sitting-out places.

By half-past ten the dance was in full swing. About thirty couples had materialised from the various houses in the surrounding countryside, and I confess that, in abrupt phraseology, the girls were good. As well, everyone had come to have a rag and enjoy themselves, and the fact that the local dance band was of a somewhat uneven quality was not allowed to interfere with the general atmosphere of goodwill. Nobody was introduced to anybody, but it was distinctly understood that everyone knew everyone else.

A particularly pleasant discovery on my part was that Priscilla Sergeant knew all about dancing. She was a joy to have in one's arms on the floor; her graceful figure attracted all eyes, not merely because of its grace, but also because of her movement. She followed like no one has ever followed before, and far better than anyone will ever follow again.

Halfway through our first dance together, she suddenly stopped me.

"Do you mind?" she said. "This brooch is hurting me. I'll put it down somewhere."

"Better not leave it lying about," I

## Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

looked both genuine and valuable, and—although it appeared to me a stupid conceit—yet if the girl had no jewellery and could afford to buy none, I could realise the temptation to purchase sham stuff, if it were good, with which to bedeck herself. The mistake she had made was to buy something which appeared too valuable, and therefore excited interest, in a trinket which was bound to be fatal in a lady one like myself, who knew something about jewellery.

said, half in fun, "It looks very valuable, and it might get lost."

She took me seriously.

"Perhaps I'd better take it up to my room," she said.

"Wait till this dance is over," I suggested. "I'll put in my pocket in the meanwhile."

I thought she hesitated, but it was only momentarily, and she handed it over to me. We finished the dance in silence; you can't talk if you're really dancing for the pleasure of dancing.

"Where shall we go?" I asked when the music finally subsided. "You've got the local knowledge, as you arranged most of the sitting-out places. Which is the best?"

She laughed.

"Come along!"

I followed her out of the door and round a passage entirely new to me. We ascended some stairs at the end, and found ourselves on a small landing entirely separated from the other

revelers.

"Well?"

"This is admirable," I replied.

"With my own hands I did it!" she laughed. "And I can promise you these chairs took quite a lot of getting here."

We seated ourselves.

"No," I said, "I cannot make up my mind."

"Oh! What about?"

"Whether it's your figure, or your face, or your hair which is the most attractive."

"Off again!" she said pertly.

"Off again? Are you insinuating that I say these things to every girl I meet?"

I attempted to assume an offended appearance.

"No!" she laughed. "I'm merely remarking that it would seem that I've got off again."

"I am not surprised," I said. "Looking at it from an entirely impersonal point of view, I can quite understand myself being attracted by you. Those eyes, for instance; such a wealth of gentle appeal! That nose; so Orsino-Romani! Those lips—ah, those lips!"

She was laughing.

"Go on!" she said. "This is most encouraging."

"I can't get beyond those lips."

Suddenly, impulsively, she leaned towards me. I accepted the opportunity.

"Priscilla," I said a few minutes later, "you're a wicked child, but I'll forgive you vamping me because you're so terribly sweet."

The hand could just be heard in the distance striking up the next tune.

"I must go," she said. "I'm dancing this with Billy."

"Billy can wait for a moment," I remarked, "while we come to a definite understanding. We are dancing the one after this, and—well, most of the others, aren't we?"

"Are we?"

"Did I say 'most'? I am compelled to satisfy my duty to my hostess and to Delphine, but what about the rest?"

She was standing in front of me now, one hand in mine and smiling.

"Well," she said, "the one after this at any rate."

"And the others?"

"I'll see."

Please turn to Page 8



# NOT GENUINE

**L**AUGHING, she ran down the stairs. I had not arranged a partner for that dance, so I remained where I was and took a cigarette from my case. Then I felt for my matches, and in a moment I was sitting bolt upright and looking at my waistcoat. My chain was still there, and in the pockets on either side my watch and match-case were reposing as usual. But I had put Priscilla's brooch in the pocket containing my match-case, and it was no longer there!

The situation was serious. It did not matter at all that I knew the brooch to be an imitation; I had been given it for safe custody, and I had lost it. I was responsible, and rather ruefully I considered that imitation jewellery, if done at all well, costs quite a lot. And the chances were that it could not have been insured; in which case, were it not found, I should have to replace it. On the other hand, it was large and fairly easily seen, and it should be easy to find. But I must tell the servants and Billy.

These thoughts had only occupied me for a minute or two, and I ran down the stairs and walked along the passage. It occurred to me that since Priscilla was dancing that dance with Billy I could kill two birds with one stone by catching them now when they were together. Priscilla would have to be told sooner or later, and it seemed better to get it over at once. I was astonished, therefore, when on turning the corner and coming into view of the ballroom, I saw Billy standing there looking about him in a lost sort of way.

"Where's Priscilla?" he said as I came up.

"She left me a good five minutes ago to find you," I answered. "But, look here, Billy, rather an unpleasant thing has happened. You know that brooch of hers?"

"That marvellous diamond butterfly?"

"I did not argue the point. Had I said 'No; that clever paste butterfly,' it would have involved explanations, and time was important, in case it was not merely lost, but stolen."

"Yes. I've lost it, or else it has been taken from me."

"What?"

In a few words I explained what had happened. Billy listened attentively. "Right!" he said when I had finished. "I'll tell the servants, and if anyone finds it in the ballroom they're sure to bring it to me, so we needn't worry about that. It'll turn up, old man, don't you fuss. Fancy saying it's been stolen here!"

He laughed. So did I, for it seemed rather absurd. Had anybody picked my pocket they would certainly have taken my watch and chain as well.

I wandered off to the room set aside for refreshments, and had a drink. Then I returned to the ballroom door and watched the dancers. Billy passed with Priscilla in his arms and smiled at me.

When, after the usual interval, the band struck up again I went to claim Priscilla.

"Let's sit out this one," I suggested.

"I want to talk to you."

She led the way along the passage to our previous room.

"So you've lost my brooch?" she said.

"Billy told you?"

She nodded.

"Don't worry, old man," she said.

"Billy says it's bound to turn up, and I should think it would, don't you?"

"Unless it's been taken."

She sat up in her chair.

Continued from Page 7

like and when I choose?"

"That," said Billy slowly, "is no answer, unless it is intended to convey that you refuse to answer?"

Priscilla suddenly jumped to her feet.

"I do! I think it's monstrous that you should immediately jump to the conclusion that I am a thief just because some servant says she saw me go into the room!"

She almost shouted the words. Priscilla had recovered from her desire to cry. She was still flushed, but now with anger.

"What," she asked, quietly enough, "am I supposed to have taken?"

"Gently, gently!" said Billy; "please don't get excited, Priscilla. I'm afraid I've been tactless, but nobody said you—"

"Tactless!" she interrupted with a wealth of scorn.

"Sit down," said Billy abruptly.

Priscilla hesitated for a moment; then she did so.

"Now listen to me," he went on. "I am afraid this is a case for the police, but I had hoped not to have to call them in. I tell you now that if the chinchilla wrap is returned to my room within a quarter of an hour nothing further will be said. I will also say what I never said before, but what you assumed, that I am compelled to think you the thief for the following reasons: (a) you were seen entering the study by the maid at five minutes to eleven; (b) I, looking for you for my dance with you, met you coming away from it at eleven o'clock exactly. I know that because the clock struck in

"But surely no one would take it here?"

"One would have thought not," I said quietly, "but you never know. It's a hateful position in any case. I wish the thing could be found."

"Billy went to ask after our dance," she said, "but it hadn't been found up to then. Never mind, if the worst comes to the worst, it's insured."

I looked at her, but she met my eyes squarely. There could be no doubt that she was either speaking the truth or else was the most accomplished liar in the world. I rejected the latter alternative, and asked:

"For how much?"

"Three hundred pounds."

"What?"

The word escaped me and I could have bitten my tongue off immediately.

Priscilla, a startled expression on her face which, had she but known it, rather became her, flushed to the roots of her hair. She looked thoroughly discomfited and almost as if she might cry. I cursed myself for a fool; the outside value of the lost brooch was about ten to fifteen pounds, but, for all I knew, she might have insured it for that amount. And it was surely natural that, suddenly faced with a leading question on her jewellery, to which a truthful answer would necessitate a confession of its mimicry and real value, any girl might stoop to a very insignificant lie.

The situation was awkward, but was saved by the sudden advent of a serious-faced Billy.

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## CARMELITE

Dark-eyed Carmelite is dead,  
Hush the voice, and bow the head,  
For the youth of her,  
Many tides shall ebb and flow,  
Many seasons come and go,  
Ere the dreamer stir.

"So we go our destined ways,  
Dust to dust," the old priest says.  
Nay, it is not true,  
Dust with her was but a name,  
She was starshine, living flame,  
Rose, and morning dew.

Girl of mine, in one brief night  
You have fathomed depth, and  
height,  
Gained the sight that frees  
Spirits from all earthly bars,  
Learned the secret of the stars,  
Pierced God's mysteries.

In one moment's space of time,  
Death, God's Messenger sublime,  
Left your soul possessed  
Of that lore which saints and seers,  
After toil of many years,  
Have but vaguely guessed.

—N. A. EVANS.

**I** FOUND him waiting for me by the ballroom door. The band was going at full blast, and the dancers were laughing and chattering as they moved to the music, little knowing of the trouble which had come to us. The contrast struck me forcibly.

Billy took my arm, and drew me to a secluded corner.

"Did you think I was harsh, old man?"

Please turn to Page 36



a salad to you  
but a STAIN  
to your teeth!

## 7 kinds of stains discolour teeth ... Colgate's Removes all Seven

**T**HE things you eat and drink leave seven kinds of stains on teeth; all a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

### Two cleaning actions needed

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking all stains. All stains will not yield to any one way. Some can be removed by emulsive action. Others respond to polishing action.

Colgate does a complete job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams—a peppermint-flavoured foam. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean, your mouth refreshed, your breath fragrant.

### Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only half the job. Send 3d. to cover

cost of packing and postage to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney, for a free sample. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance.

### The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

- Group No. 1—Starchy foods,
- Group No. 2—Sugar foods,
- Group No. 3—Protein foods,
- Group No. 4—Fatty foods,
- Group No. 5—Minerals,
- Group No. 6—Fruits,
- Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

1/3d. a Large Tube, also in powder form 1/6d. a bottle.



Copyright, 1934.



WIFE: Oh, you needn't think you're so wonderful. The night you proposed to me you looked absolutely silly!  
HUSBAND: A coincidence. The fact is, I was absolutely silly!

"Look here, you two," he said unceremoniously. "I want to talk to you." "Something very uncomfortable has happened," he went on. "I don't believe in mincing words, and I don't intend to on this occasion. We know each other quite well enough, Priscilla, for me to ask you a straight question and for you not to take offence. But, first of all, I will tell you what has occurred. My study, which, as you know, has been used to-night as a cloak-room, has been burgled."

"Burgled?" I said, aghast. The possibility of the brooch having been stolen, and not lost, immediately loomed large in my mind.

"Yes," continued Billy shortly. "I am informed by the maid who had charge of it, Priscilla, that on the only occasion when she left it for a few minutes she met you going in as she came out. Automatically you became a suspect, particularly as there can be no reason that I can see for you to go there. You are staying in the house, and your own things are in your room. No doubt there is an excellent explanation, but I must ask you to give it to me."

I stared at Billy. He was very different now from the happy-go-lucky individual whom I knew; his face was grave and his manner stern and capable.

No answer came from Priscilla. I looked at her and suddenly felt acutely sorry for her. She was very near to tears.

"Well?"

His tone of voice stung her to reply. "I suppose," she said, "since I am staying in your house at your invitation, I am at liberty to go where I

the ball just as I saw you; (c) the maid, passing us on our way to the ballroom, went straight on to the study and discovered the theft."

He turned to go.

"Come along," he said to me.

"I'll follow you in a moment."

Billy, rather surprised, looked at me, but decided to accede to my wishes. He left us alone on the landing.

Priscilla impulsively held out one hand to me.

"Do you believe him?" she asked.

I took her hand in both of mine.

"I believe what he says," I said, "but I think he's mistaken. Priscilla, dear, why don't you say what you were doing in the study? Then you could clear yourself, and nobody would worry you. But as it is, the police are bound to question you pretty closely."

"So you don't think the wrap will be put back?"

"How can I?" I said simply, "since you were the only person to be asked to put it back, and you haven't got it?"

She smiled, and pressed my hand.

"Thank you," she said. "I think that's the nicest thing that anyone has ever said to me. For that I'll tell you that you're right, and that I never took it."

"But you won't tell me why you went to the study?" I persisted.

"I can't."

Suddenly I felt that I couldn't say anything more. I raised her fingers to my lips



# CULBERTSON on Contract BRIDGE

## New Series for Card Players

Contract bridge has achieved such popularity all over the world that nearly every card player is interested in its development.

Ely Culbertson, founder and world-famed authority on contract bridge, has written a new series of articles, the Australian rights of which have been secured by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Each article will be preceded by an explanatory note by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on Contract, who will each week define American terms and expressions that might be unfamiliar to Bridge players here.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

MR. CULBERTSON has commenced this series of articles with an exposition of the fundamental principles of PLAY. Bidding is not considered until a later stage, and to fully appreciate the beauty of the following articles it is essential that the reader be quite familiar with certain of what we might call the "technical" terms employed from time to time.

In this first article, the terms "Tenace" and "Finesse" are ones with which every bridge player should be familiar.

### DEFINITIONS

Tenace.—A tenace is a card accompanied by the next higher but one, or the next lower but one, in the same suit.

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.—Bridge Fundamentals, Article I.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson.

Major Tenace.—The Ace accompanied by the Queen is called a major tenace.

Minor Tenace.—The King, together with the Jack, constitutes a minor tenace, and this term is also used when referring to card combinations of lower value, such as the Jack-nine, the eight-six, after the higher cards have been played.

Double Tenace.—Consists of A Q J, A Q 10, or A J 10, in the same suit.

Imperfect Tenace.—Consists of such combinations of cards as A J, King 10, Queen 9, etc.

Finesse.—To finesse is to play the lower card of a tenace in the hope that the missing honor is located to the right of the tenace.

Diagram: If the Ace is led out immediately the Queen will stand practically no chance of making a trick. However, if a low card is led from declarer's hand and the Queen is played from dummy with the second hand playing low, the Queen will hold the trick if the King is located on the left of the declarer. If the King is located on declarer's right, it will not take the trick, but nothing

A Q

Dummy Declarer

X X

Diagram: If the Ace is led out immediately the Queen will stand practically no chance of making a trick. However, if a low card is led from declarer's hand and the Queen is played from dummy with the second hand playing low, the Queen will hold the trick if the King is located on the left of the declarer. If the King is located on declarer's right, it will not take the trick, but nothing



MR. AND MRS. CULBERTSON, with their two children, "Jump Bid" (left) and "Fifi" (right)

### THE SIMPLE FINESSE

A FINESSE is a method of playing tenace combinations which gains a trick or tricks if the position of the outstanding adverse honor or honors is favorable.

This means that a finesse is really an attempt to win a trick with an honor which is not the highest card in the suit. If the missing honor is held by one of the opponents the play will prove successful, but if it is held by the other, it will fail. This play is necessary whenever honors are in tenace position, which means a broken position—not in direct sequence. In the case of the simple finesse, the odds in its favor are exactly even. If it is successful a trick will be gained; if it is not successful nothing will have been lost as the trick conceded would have been a loser in any event.

The most common example is a situation where one hand holds the ace-queen of a suit and the other hand con-

will have been lost as this card would have been a loser in any event. An identical situation occurs in each of the following diagrams:

1. K J

Dummy Declarer

5 4

2. Q 10

Dummy Declarer

5 4

In the first one the low card is led from declarer's hand and the Knave is played in the hope that the Queen is favorably located; in the second, the low card is led and the Ten played. Both of these plays are variations of the simple finesse.

This principle, of course, can be extended to include more cards. For instance:

A Q J

Dummy Declarer

7 5 4

In this case a low card is led and the Knave played. If this holds, the King is placed, but the declarer's troubles are not yet over. He must arrange to put the lead back in his own hand so that he can lead low again and this time finesse the Queen.

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# RULES for HOUSEHOLDERS

By  
L. W. LOWER

Australia's foremost humorist

Illustrated by WEP

A housewife of Texas, disappointed at hearing nothing of a "code" for home-makers, has proposed one of her own, stipulating

a 10 per cent. share of the family pay envelope for her exclusive use, a bi-weekly visit to the movies, dinner out once a week, and the right to sleep late at least two mornings weekly.

The code provided that husbands should help the children with their homework and should assist with the housework.

ALL I can say is that I hope she gave it to her husband to post. The code has its points, but it could be greatly improved.

For instance, it's all right about the housewife being taken out to dinner once a week, but who's going to take her? It's pretty barbarous to expect a man to take his own wife out to dinner.

About drying the dishes. I have found that you can wean yourself off that by systematically breaking three or four plates every time you are asked to have a go at it. You've only got to do it three or four times, and after that you're safe.

The part about two visits a week to the movies should be made into six visits, provided the husband didn't have to go.

Then there's the business of helping the children with half of their homework. That's O.K. with me, but it would be pretty tough on the kids, unless, of course, the wife took at least half the beltings the children were up for—for having their homework wrong.

The part about 10 per cent. of the family pay envelope is so absurd that it scarcely needs comment. Any feminine woman with red blood in her veins who wouldn't scream the house down if she didn't get 99.98 per cent. of the pay envelope is not worthy of the name.

I AM in favor of the sleeping-in in the mornings, provided that the husband picks the mornings, and the wife stays absolutely sound asleep.

If housewives want to do things properly they should organise and form a Housewives' Union. I believe there is some such organisation which exists

for the purpose of annoying milkmen, bakers, butchers and the like. I dropped in to see a friend the other night and found him wrestling savagely with a tin of sardines. He had got to the stage where the key breaks off in the lid, the oil is all over the table, and you're crying and swearing at the same time.

"Hullo!" I said, "Where's your wife?"

"She's out organising a Better House-keeping Association," he replied.

"Do you know how to open these damn things?"

"Easy," I explained. "You just get your wife's best pair of scissors out of the sewing basket and go to it." With which sterling advice, I left him.

I AM drawing up a Husbands' Code. Firstly, at least once a week, any excuse, alibi, explanation or denial shall be accepted without cross-examination.

Any past misdemeanor more than ten years old shall not be brought up in argument more than twice a month.

A husband shall be entitled to be late for meals five times a week.

A portion of carpet shall be reserved for dropping tobacco ash on.



Dad helps with the homework.

A man's razor is to be regarded as definitely his own property, and is not to be confiscated for the purpose of paring corns, sharpening pencils, or cutting up beans.

If a wife finds her husband's plant or hiding place where he keeps his beer, small change, address book, or similar articles of a private nature, she shall immediately inform her husband, so that he can find a new place.

If money is given to the husband to pay the electricity account, telephone account, or bill, the risk is the wife's.

That is as far as I've got up till now, but there are another two thousand items to come. Suggestions from husbands will be welcomed.

Quench your Thirst with REAL FRUIT JUICES

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Made from ORANGES & LEMONS

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GROCERS, CONFECTIONERS & HOTELS.. Sole Makers O.T. LTD.

### HANDY SEWING KIT

PAPER: the outside and inside of a cigar box with pretty wallpaper, then divide the inside into three sections, by gluing two pieces of cardboard across the box. In one part insert a pin cushion made with sawdust. Keep the middle section for buttons, thimble, etc., and in the next part drop a few spots of glue. When almost hard, press into each drop a match stub, and these will hold your cottons.



## An Editorial

JANUARY 27, 1934.

### LOOKING BACKWARDS —AND FORWARDS

THREE great nations are at present trying interesting experiments. They are trying to make their future better and greater by Government measures and official laws and rules. Russia. Germany. Italy.

The British system is entirely different. It works from the other end. It aims by freedom and education to build up the character of the individual, so that the total strength of the nation will be increased by the betterment of all the component units.

There is in the British system a danger that a rugged independence and individualism may be carried too far. Just as, in the continental system the State may encroach too far and destroy individual happiness and independence.

The fear of this continental pitfall is so strong in British peoples that they have a great suspicion of everything controlled by Governments. This lack of sympathy extends to all public bodies; even to public movements for quite noble ends.

It is one explanation (not the only one, no doubt) of the lack of public spirit and community service that is noticeable in Australia. Our national wealth and welfare are injured by this all-round distrust of men in public positions. Our national culture is checked by lack of support for men who attempt to establish educational and cultural movements.

Whatever personal ambitions may be held by individuals, the nation as a whole is not aiming at any particular goal. We are not looking forward.

For that reason we are very glad to see some people are starting to look backwards. A movement has been started by the Victorian Centenary Committee to honor our pioneer forefathers.

It was only by mutual help and co-operation that a civilisation was established in the wilderness of the Australian bush. And our grandparents and great-grandparents were not concerned merely with making good for themselves. They worked for the future with their hands and with their ideals.

Australia of to-day has many institutions and privileges which are still the envy of other lands. Education, democratic government, decent working and living conditions — these things were dreamed of by the pioneers for their children and their children's children.

What foundations are we to-day laying for 100 years hence?

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

### The King's Pictures

THE cables, which made much of the King's recent loan of many of his pictures to what is described as the greatest art exhibition likely to be seen in this generation in England, might have made more of the colossal value of his Majesty's collection in the several palaces.

Just a few of the pictures at Hampton Court Palace—a Durer, a Giorgione, a Holbein, and a series by Mantegna—are valued by Frank Rutter, the London art critic, at £1,000,000!

Charles I started the British Royal tradition of art patronage, and King George has specimens of the work of "The Martyred Monarch's" protegee, Van Dyck, together with pictures by Titian, Rembrandt, Lely, and dozens of other giants, which total more millions of pounds' value than one can conceive of offhand.

### Athletics for Women

IT would be interesting to know what Australian women think of Mussolini's latest.

It was in the cables recently that he has now endorsed the campaign against unwomanly athletics.

Women are prohibited from taking part in track races, and Italy will no longer have her representatives at the Olympic Games in women's events of this kind.

Tennis, skating, swimming, and walking are to be allowed, but not football.

Fascist girls may take such exercises as improve their figures, but no more.

There seems to be some good sound sense in these regulations. After all, athletics for the sake of building physical prowess and strength are for men only. Who wants strong, muscular women?—"Signora."

### Princes and Princes

PRINCES are in the news. Poor princes, rich princes, good ones, bad ones, and real ones, like Prince George.

We read last week of Prince Mdivani, who married the 6d store millionairess Barbara Hutson, and who is zig-zagging across America, hopping on and off trains, from one State to another, to avoid subpoenas. He is coming to Australia.

Then we read of Prince Melikoff, once a wealthy Russian aristocrat, who married Miss Pauline Curran, of Tasmania, who is now working in somebody's stables in England.

Finally we hear about Prince George coming to Australia, and we wonder whether, perhaps, in view of these "also princes," it would not be better if the King's son was given a dukedom before he came to Australia.

A Vice-Royal official says that it is not likely that Prince George will be made a Duke until he has been to Africa.

### No Escape

ACCORDING to a cable, the Soviet is building the largest aeroplane in the world. It will broadcast while in flight, and carry a printing press so that current propaganda may be distributed. There will also be projectors to throw Soviet slogans upon the skies.

In fact, there will not be any escape from this amazing aeroplane. If you stop at home, it will probably jam your wireless set, and if you go out in the day time you will be showered with pamphlets, while at night the sky will be painted with slogans.

Let's hope it doesn't come to Australia.

### Buses Before Art

A DOUBLE-DECKED trackless trolley bus will arrive in Sydney shortly, and will be passed duty free through the Customs for Traffic Department experiments.

Oh, sacred bus!

Not long ago, when the beautiful Archibald Memorial in Hyde Park was nearing completion, the duty demanded on the statuary by the Customs was so high that work had to be delayed till funds had been collected.

The same conditions apply to works of art purchased for the nation by the National Art Gallery. In New South Wales, at any rate, the usual duty is claimed.

But, of course, a bus is more important.

### Bad Ad.

IT is about time steps were taken by the authorities to stop this Mr. C. E. C. Coles from making money out of the "Australian Convict Ship" hoax.

For some years now the old sailing vessel, "Success," has been on exhibition in America as an Australian convict ship. Now the proprietor proposes to take the vessel to England to make hay while the sun of the Melbourne Centenary shines.

It is a very bad advertisement for Australia.



THIS CLASSIC pose shows Sonia Revid, the Melbourne dancer, in a typical movement of the new German Dance, which is so popular just now.

—Spencer Shier.

### Beauty Competitions

I WOULD like to voice a protest against the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's dubbing of beauty competitions "undignified and unworthy."

"When the organiser of the Centenary announced recently that competitions would be organised to select the 'Queen of the Southern Hemisphere' and the 'Centenary Girl,' and that more than £3000 would be distributed in prizes, the Lord Mayor nearly threw a fit."

"Why, I would like to know. Why is there anything undignified or unworthy in making beauty an ideal and in finding the highest standard? Surely such a competition can only encourage girls to look after their health and appearance."

"But, apart from this, why shouldn't some of us be given a chance to play a prominent part in the celebrations, and win £2000? The Lord Mayor will take good care that he is in the swim all the time."

"It is only through competitions of the kind howled down that girls from the ranks of the general public get a chance of prominence at such times. Think of it, she would meet the Prince, and I'll bet the Prince would not mind."

—"Surf Girl."

### JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

TEACHING FRITZ TO DIVE

WHEN THE BOARD SUDDENLY BECAME TOO HIGH

WAS WONDERING WHAT TO DO WHEN

IT WAS DECIDED FOR US!



## Your Great Aunt, Who Was She?

### How to Find Out

MOST of us know all about our fathers and mothers, and we know who our grandparents were, but we know next to nothing of our great-grandparents, and nothing at all of our great-uncles and great-aunts. Australians who are interested in their personal history are told in this article how to go about tracing their ancestry.

REMARKABLY few people know of the vast amount of material available to anyone who is interested in the history of their family.

Records are very complete, and in good condition, and are comparatively easy to get at. Societies all over England have printed many hundreds of volumes of records which have thus become available to people overseas at a reasonable cost.

The Victorian Public Library probably possesses the finest collection of these books in the Southern Hemisphere.

NEARLY everybody has at one time or another wondered just how their own surname came into existence, and what part it has played in the history of the British race.

Some have perhaps gone further and looked for references in the few genealogical works familiar to most—"Burke's Peerage," "Debrett," or the "Landed Gentry."

Why people should imagine that their name is to be found among the nobility puzzles most genealogists, but nearly every amateur of this sort is convinced that he or she is descended from some aristocratic family.

If you desire to know something more of your family, and do not mind spending time on your quest, the only thing to do is to start with your grandfather, for few people can remember further back.

WE will suppose that he came out from England, but that you do not know where he was born in that country.

You know approximately how old he was when he died, so you can say about what year he was born.

A letter to Somerset House, London, will probably bring his birth certificate to light.

### Lyrics of Life

#### Love's Fire

When the flickering flame of love burns low,  
And the dying embers pain the heart,  
'Tis then that the wise soul learns to know  
How oft rekindled fires may start  
Destruction of all that once was fair.  
Even love that has given warmth and light  
To life, when tended by jealous care,  
Like a flame may die in the winds of night.  
But faith and freedom shall fan love's fire  
To fidelity; and undiminished  
Through the consummation of desire,  
It endures though the mortal span be finished.

—Kathleen Rice.

This will tell you his parents' names, and their place of residence.

His father's will (if he made one), should then be examined for more intimate details. We will say that this shows the family to have been settled at Appledan, Kent, as early as 1810.

You will then find out if the registers of that parish have been printed. A letter to the vicar will inform you of this.

If they have, you may find them in the Public Library, or, if not, you can purchase them from the society that printed them.

Unfortunately, only comparatively few of these records have been thus made available to the public, so you may find that the only thing to do is to request a professional genealogist to search them for you.

THIS can be done for a very reasonable fee.

Indeed, if you prefer it, all investigation can be left in the hands of such a person; your grandfather's name and age at death, with the date of the latter, of course, being all that is necessary.

As families usually lived in one place for generations, and if they moved they went somewhere quite close, it is not difficult to go back to the time when parish registers became reliable, that is to say, about 1600.

Only a person familiar with ancient writings and records, however, one who knows just where to look for any given requirement, could take you back to earlier times when Latin was generally used.



# A TEST of Humanity

"Billy, I'm willing to bet that you don't walk into a restaurant without a bean on you, dine, wine, and—get Humanity to pay your bill."



**A**T a corner table in the dining-room of the Toilers' Club—not its real name, by the way—five young men were lingering, as they usually lingered, over their coffee, cigarettes, and after-lunch chat. They had been discussing the case of a person of aristocratic and affluent bearing who, having dined in one of London's most epicurean and expensive restaurants, and done himself extremely well, had not only calmly declared his inability to pay one penny, but had coolly criticised the entire, which happened to be the chef's masterpiece, and the maître d'hôtel's chief pride, on the carte of ten score carnal delights.

"I have always held that the brass of impudence is, on the whole, a richer worldly asset than the pure gold of honesty; and the fact that punishment followed this particular exploit does nothing to weaken my conviction. At all events, this cheerful knave got what he set out to get—an excellent dinner in luxurious and pompous circumstances—and I do not doubt that his rare sense of humor did much to lighten the subsequent hours of confinement."

The speaker, a journalist, who spoke better than he wrote, gently tweaked the point of his long nose—a habit indulged in after the utterance of a saying pleasing to his own ears—put a fresh cigarette between his somewhat sardonic lips and, from his accustomed place at the end of the table, surveyed with mocking eyes the faces of his companions.

"I dare say you're about right, Heldon," said one of them, while two others nodded.

"I'm afraid I don't agree," mildly said the fourth, who looked the junior of the group, and who wore large round glasses, on his ingenious, otherwise nondescript, countenance—an oddly attractive young

By a Girl of 16

## Silk Stockings

Silk stockings in a box!  
Sheer woven loveliness.  
"This choice of his surprises me  
I surely do confess.  
His taste amazes me  
Such delicate display,  
Such thoughtfulness of love he shows  
In this his subtle way!"

I thought that to the Lady Fair  
One thing must not be known—  
The Other Woman made the choice.

The choice was not his own!

—Yvonne Webb.

his amiable tone and manner. "I admit that Andy took me aback just now; but I'm ready to play up to my belief. You can leave out the applause. Let me think for a minute."

"Think twice, beloved lunatic!" muttered Heldon. "We'd hate to have to bail you out."

"Shut up!" said Billy, pleasantly. "I'll confound you all before I've finished. After all, I think I'll take that glass of Club port." And he held his peace till it was set before him. Then:

"Yes, you fellows, I'll do it!" "When?" they exclaimed as one man. "To-night!"

"This is magnificent!" said Heldon, raising his glass. "Sir, we salute you! Later, we shall gather here again to await your S.O.S."

"I shall ask you to do so, in order that you may be disappointed," returned Billy. "Now listen! At eight o'clock to-night I shall enter the Planet grill-room—I happen to know that the Planet stamps 'Paid' on its bills—also it is pretty costly—and treat myself to the best, for which you fellows shall eventually pay. You shall also pay, each of you, a guinea to the Benevolent Fund of this club. I think that's all.



Illustrated by  
**WYNNE W. DAVIES**

except that, at seven-thirty, two of you may come to my rooms and satisfy yourselves that I set out penniless and carrying no article of the slightest value. Oh, there's one other point. I pledge myself not to take assistance from any person known to me, should such a person be in the restaurant."

"Good enough!" commented Heldon. "Still, if one may refer to the darker side, what do you stand to lose?"

"The price, eventually, of my dinner, plus five guineas to the Benevolent Fund."

"I say, you're pretty sure of yourself—aren't you?"

"I'm pretty sure of Humanity!"



# The MUNDANE WEB

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By M. B. Soljak



The cheek of them staring at me like that. It'd be a nasty smack in the eye if I turned my back on them!

THEY had named her Martha because, as her father had said, "It's such a sensible name," to his Puritanical mind and sordid outlook such a name was bound to keep a girl "straight," and would tend to make her, like her Biblical namesake, prone to a life of service—an important consideration to a working farmer with a small acreage and heavy responsibilities. In all her thirty-three years no one had noticed that she had the soul of a Mary—except that scapegrace ne'er-do-well, Terry O'Neill, who had teased her in childhood, shyly avoided her in adolescence, and loved her with all his passionate Irish heart in early manhood. But then everyone in Burke's Bush, except herself, knew that Terry's opinion, as that of a happy-go-lucky good-for-nothing, was worth less than nothing; a youth who preferred composing songs and playing a fiddle to milking cows and feeding calves when butter-fat prices were soaring, and who had abandoned a chance of inheriting his uncle's tidy farm to go out into the world and join a strolling vaudeville company, was clearly a person of no importance to any community; anyone who gave a second thought to his foolish vapors was surely lacking in common sense.

So Martha had been told repeatedly by her parents and neighbors, and now she had it thrust at her as the favorite expression of opinion of that exceedingly respectable member of the community—John Downes, her husband, owner of three hundred acres freehold and the best herd of pedigree Jerseys in the whole district.

Martha Keane with nothing but her grace and comeliness and a pair of efficient and willing hands to recommend her, had been considered fortunate among the maids of Burke's Bush in finding favor in the eyes of a safe, sound man like John, and when she had become his wife there were many farmers' daughters, strong and good-looking, competent housewives and milkers, who wished themselves in her shoes. But Martha, who loved songs and books and laughter, and recked

little of the value of well-pastured paddocks, pedigree cows, and increasing milk cheques, longed instead for a glimpse of that outer world of which she dreamed so much and knew so little. When light-hearted Terry kissed her farewell and promised to return to marry her within the year she had believed in the coming fulfillment of their love as surely as in the flowering of the rata in the spring or the ripening of the corn in the autumn.

When his absence lengthened into years, and his letters grew more infrequent, and then ceased altogether, she had still loved on—but had no longer waited.

"It was just Terry's way," she had said to herself, remembering his merry laugh and carefree love-making; as well try to cage an eagle as to tie that blithe roving soul to the ways of ordinary men.

So that, when Martha had reached the age of twenty-five, and was known as a steady worker in kitchen and milking-shed, her father suggesting that she accept the attentions of the thrifty owner of Hillecrest Farm, it seemed to her a sensible means of avoiding despoiled spinsterhood and a penurious middle-age. She pondered on these things as she sat darning-needle in hand and the family stocking-basket beside her while her husband dozed by the kitchen stove over his weekly paper. The open door of the back bedroom showed her the three children asleep in their cosy cots.

Just so had she and John sat night after night of the eight years of their married life. Her husband did not care for the few social amenities the district provided, and evening visits to or from neighbors were not encouraged; he held the view that a man who rises with the sun must be asleep early, and after a heavy evening meal taken late because of his work, he was

too lethargic to converse with anyone; his only attempts at conversation being to draw his wife's attention to what he called her foolishness, or the thriftlessness of some neighbor. So many nights in the calm warmth of summer and in the blustery cold of winter had passed like this—dully, dull, and soul-deadening to Martha, for whom there was always the family mending—and her thoughts—the only part of her which John did not control. Books and periodicals seldom came her way, and letters were a rarity, so much so that when Jack, her eldest son, had come running from the road gate that day a week ago, waving and shouting "a letter for Mum," she could scarcely believe it. How excited she had been, and how glad that John was not near to see her flush of pleased surprise, nor to hear her gasp of astonishment as she had opened and read it.

A letter from Terry after all these years, telling of his love which, in spite of his silence, had never grown less, but increased with his longing to have her with him. The written words burnt into her brain; how sweet, yet how devastating they were—"Darling, I can't live without you any longer. I want you to come to me. My position as violinist in a travelling company visiting the chief towns of Australia and the East is sound and secure. You must join me before I return to Sydney."

"Think of it, Martha, scullia, love, music, beauty, travel; leave that life of toil and sordid soul-starvation, and come with me to be happy."

All this and more lay in the envelope above her fast-beating heart while her husband's snoring, the cat's purring, and the clock ticking kept up a queer chorus. What she had lived through since first reading that letter—days of doubt and indecision, then momentous making up of her mind to dare all and go, the last two days of feverish preparation marked by the fixed determination to be deterred by nothing in

the carrying out of her purpose. And now, to-night—the most wonderful night in her life was here. Terry's brief visit to his widowed aunt who, during his lonely childhood, had offset her hard-natured husband's cruelty and nigardliness towards the orphan boy by some show of kindness, was ended; he would leave in an hour by the service car for the city; and she, Martha, wife and bond-slave of John Downes, would go with him out of prison into freedom and joy untold; if she threw away the chance of happiness she knew Terry would never attempt to reach her again. She saw her life with her husband—a long vista of child-bearing, endless household tasks, and arduous toil in shed, pigeon, and poultry-yard, for though John's position was secure, and he could well afford to hire labor, he was true to the traditions of his class, and considered a woman's place was beside her husband at his work—such paltry duties as housework and childcare being as nothing to a healthy woman.

She loathed the thought of even one more year of this life. How she had borne it she could not now understand. Some innate knowledge of Terry's unfailing love must have strengthened and sustained her. Dear Terry! With his smiling eyes and light-heart, was it fancy, or did she really hear as in days long past the sweet strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen" played as only he could play it—as he did that night when coming to her father's cottage to bid farewell he had first serenaded her with that plaintive tune. Yes, it was surely playing to remind her that the time for flight was nearly at hand; the music floated in through the open window, now loud and clear, then dying away as the breeze bore it away to mingle with the usual sounds of the night. John, too, heard it for he woke from his doze, and growled, "Shut that window; there's that damn waster, O'Neill, fooling his time away with his fiddle as useless as ever. His aunt will be well rid of him. I hear he goes to-night; this country can do without the likes of him. Well, I'm off to bed, Martha, and you'd better be coming soon; there's them calves to be sorted out early to-morrow, and I'll need your help."

With a noisy rustle of his newspaper, a bestial yawn, and a shuffling of slippered feet, he passed into the front bedroom, from whence soon snoring and heavy breathing told of his soundly sleeping.

Now was her chance to make final preparations for her departure; the children's clothes, all mended and clean, were placed handy in the room, but felt no great regret at leaving them; they were typical farmers' sons, young as they were, callous to human or animal suffering, brutal and greedy, and would inevitably grow to be exactly like their father. He would see that they were well cared for, as he did for his cattle and pigs. And now the signal to Terry to let him know that all was nearly ready. She opened wide the outer door and stood outlined in the light of the lamp so that he might clearly see her and understand. The sobbing strains of the Irish song she loved so much grew louder and then ceased suddenly; she knew from the direction of the sounds that her lover was now at the gate at the end of the long drive, waiting for her. Soon the bi-weekly service car would come "push-

ing along from Warrata, and she must be there to go with him to Auckland to catch the boat for Sydney at ten o'clock. He had planned it all so well, and nothing on earth could prevent their going away together to find life and love beyond the sea. No time to delay—a hurried last look round, the rapid donning of a coat and hat, and, snatching her suitcase, hidden during the afternoon, she hastened out into the beautiful black velvetness of the night with only the clear stars twinkling overhead, and the little brown owls in the bush nearby crying "more-pork" in plaintive farewell. The noise in the near paddock rustled and whispered like the sea in a breeze. What a kind, lovely world it was, and how wonderful that she should deserve to be so happy. A flutter of white from the clothesline caught her eye as she hurried out of the yard—some woollen clothing left out to dry from the morning's wash; they should be inside airing, for if the children wore them un-aired, cold might result. It would only take a minute to put them inside, and then she could hurry to the gate. Dropping the case she dexterously stripped the line, then swiftly and quietly entering the house again she placed the garments before the drying fire, and hastened to the door. The roar and rumble of the fast approaching car met her ears, and its lights flashed into sight as it swerved round the bend of the road. Before she had reached the spot where she had left her suitcase it was stopped, and in the lights' glare she could see Terry talking with the driver and probably asking him to wait. Then he rushed to the gate and she heard his low whistle, but she could not call in reply for fear of waking Joan. She could only run with choking breath and sobbing murmur, "Wait, Terry, I'm coming—Oh, Terry, wait!"

It was nearly a quarter of a mile of winding road, dipping into a hollow beside the maize paddock, which hid her completely from view. Now, to her, the air was filled with mocking voices which laughed at her striving and panic; the stars' gleam was cold and cruel. To the watcher at the gate it seemed that there was no one stirring outside the house. He waited while the minutes sped away, and the impatient driver grumbled of possible penalties for being late. He longed to call, but dare not, and after all, perhaps Martha had changed her mind. . . . women were like that; give them a husband, house, and children, and romance could go hang with them. "Well, that's that," he muttered, as he entered the car, "but I would have sworn she was one to care for something better." The sound of the car starting reached the woman struggling wild-eyed and breathless up the last stretch to the gate. Caution now flung away, she cried with all her strength, "Wait, wait!" but her voice was drowned in the engine's roar as the car gathered speed. As she reached the level strip the red tail-light winked wickedly and glided out of sight.

Martha, with the soul of a Mary, after choosing the better part, stayed to take up again the life of service—to do all and endure all without complaining—for women are like that.

(Copyright.)

IS-IS-SOMETHING WRONG?

OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG.

THAT'S A RELIEF.

YOU FOOL! LOOK AT MY HANDS. LOOK WHAT HOUSEWORK HAS DONE TO THEM.

I KNOW — SOLVOL!

OH, HENRY!

USE SOLVOL and you will win the fight to keep your hands beautiful—and win easily. Solvol defeats the grease and dirt of housework without a struggle. Solvol dissolves the grime and leaves your hands as white as though they had never touched a duster or a dish mop. The Solvol lather penetrates and removes not only surface dirt, but ingrained grime as well. Solvol is as safe for your hands as fine toilet soap.



# Joyce Cooper : New Polo : Modern Homes



THE GIRL OF THE MOMENT, Joyce Cooper, English swimming champion, who has earned the respect and admiration of every Australian. Not the least of her many attractive qualities is her splendid sportsmanship.



ANGELS ON HORSEBACK, new version. These girls are from the Miami Biltmore Country Club, Florida, and they have inaugurated a new form of polo. It looks cool, anyhow.

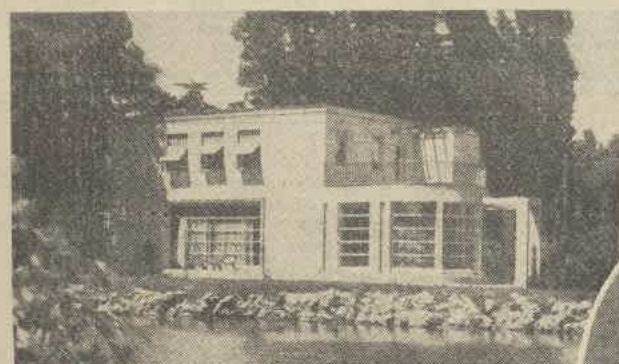


AN unusual photo of a girl tennis enthusiast snapped by our photographer at a recent tournament.



LEFT: A model of one of the early East India Co. sailers made by Mr. Gordon Clarke of Sydney.

ABOVE: "You can't get my goat," says Baby Le Roy, the world's most popular baby film star. He has a ranch all his own, and while not at the studio plays with his animal friends.



LEFT: A typical modern home in Germany. Architecture is changing completely in the new Old World. Note the flat roof and wide windows.



LEFT: Jolly members of the Australian Girls' Brass Band. It is believed to be the first band of its kind.



PRINCE and Princess Midvanti, who are coming here. The Princess was Barbara Hutton, the 6d. store millionairess.



THE PENALTY OF ART. A girl artist attracts a crowd while trying to do a landscape in water colors.



A CHARMING SNAP of Mrs. Bonney, the Queensland flier. She is holidaying before making another long hop.



THIS GIRL APPEARS to have caught and conquered a dragon, and there apparently is no knight in armor to give her a hand. However, she is in no danger, for the dragon is a dummy made for the Pasadena carnival in America.



# RIGNEY'S SALE STARTS Jan. 29<sup>TH</sup>

OUT THEY GO!!  
BASKET SHOES AT 18/6.

2/- IN THE £1

GENUINE REDUCTION ON ALL LINES.

OUT THEY GO!!  
XMAS SLIPPERS AT 2/6.

Country Special!!  
Free Post within the State.



Black Lace Kid Step-in Court Shoe, Neatly  
Stitched Vamp and Quarters, Medium Toe.  
Usually 26/6 .. .. . 26/7



"Parker" Black Silk Kid Derby Tie, Genuine  
Grey Lizard Trimmings, Cut Out Sides and  
Medium Baby Still Heels. Usually 44/6 .. .. . 44/6  
Also Brown, Usually 22/6 .. .. . Sale 42/6



Black Lace Elastic Gusset and Buckle Court,  
Made on Hoggood's Famous "Daphne" Last,  
with Baby Wurl Heels. Usually 28/5 .. .. . 28/5



"Parker" Black Silk Kid Step-in Court Shoe,  
Made on Perfect Fitting Last, with Medium  
Toe and Baby Still Heels. Usually 34/8 .. .. . 34/8



"Sharwood" Black Lace Kid Step-in Court Shoe,  
Neatly Stitched Vamp and Quarters, Medium Toe.  
Usually 33/9 .. .. . 33/9



Black Pebble Calf Golf Shoe, White Lizard Calf  
Saddle, Studded Golf Sole and Heels.  
Usually 24/6. Now .. .. . 18/11



Black and White Calf Sports Shoe, Crepe Soles  
and Heels, Neat Perforations on Toes.  
Usually 14/11. Special Broken Sizes .. .. . 9/-  
Also in Brown and White.



"Spencer" Black Lace Elastic Gusset Court  
Shoe, Long-Sitting Last, Neat Buckle and Lizard  
In Buckle, Baby Louis Heels. Usually 26/7 .. .. . 26/7  
Also in Brown, Usually 31/6 .. .. . Sale 28/6



"Spencer" Arch Brace Shoe in Black Lace Kid,  
Neatly Stitched Vamp and Quarters, Medium Toe.  
Usually 26/7 .. .. . 26/7  
Also in Brown, Usually 21/6 .. .. . Sale 20/6



Quality at a Genuine Reduction. Hansman's  
Black Walaby, Usually 33/6 .. .. . 30/2  
Sale Price .. .. . 30/2



This Hansman's Tan Whole Grain Oxford, with  
Wide Welt and Stitched Heel, is outstanding  
value at 31/6. Less the 10 per cent.  
Discount—it's a bargain .. .. . 30/2



Black Lace 4-Hole High Cut Derby Shoe, Per-  
forated Vamp and Collar, Baby Still Heels and  
Medium Toes. Usually 27/6 .. .. . 24/9  
Brown, Usually 30/6 .. .. . Sale 27/6

## SALE SPECIALS Some HALF PRICE & LESS

Broken Ranges & Discontinued Line.

Sorry No Mail Orders with Specials.



Black Kid 3-Hole Derby Tie, Neat White Piping  
on Vamp and Collar. Usually 21/6 .. .. . 13/9  
Sale Price .. .. . 13/9



White Kid Open Court Shoe, Medium Toe,  
High or Low Heels. .. .. . 16/6  
Also in Black Kid, 21/6, less 10 per cent. 18/11; and Brown Kid, 22/6, less  
10 per cent. 20/2



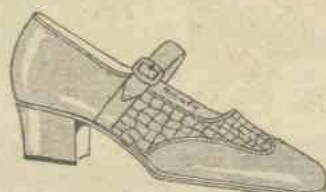
White Calf and Buck Back 3-Hole Tie, Neat  
Pin Punch and Baby Still Heels. Usually 22/6 .. .. . 15/9  
Sale Special .. .. . 15/9



"Westbrook" Grey Kid 3-Hole Derby Tie, Grey  
Suede Overlay Saddle, and Grey Lizard Underlay. Usually 37/6 .. .. . 26/7  
Also in Court Shoe, 36/6, Sale 29/6



Full Broad Toe Saddle Derby in Tan Calf.  
Usually 21/6. A Sale Special .. .. . 15/-



Hansman's Brown Calf, and Croc Calf Underlay  
in Vamp, Broad Strap and Buckle, Lea Cuban  
Heels. Usually 27/6 .. .. . 12/8  
Half-Price .. .. . Broken Sizes



Black Kid and White Buck 3-Hole Derby Shoe,  
Medium Toe and Baby Still Heels. Usually 22/6 .. .. . 15/9  
Also in Brown and White.



10/6

All Men's Tan and White and Black and White  
Shoes, in Broad, Medium or Narrow Toes, Re-  
duced to 10/6. Less than Half  
Price, Broken Sizes—Out They Go! 10/6

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR  
**RIGNEY'S**

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY

(2 Doors from  
Castlereagh St.)

262 EDWARD STREET  
BRISBANE



**LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."**

# So they Say

14,000 letters have been sent to "So They Say" from all parts of Australia in the last five months.

## HIS WIFE—

IT is quite a usual thing to hear men conversing about "the wife." Why is this so? Doesn't "my wife" seem more appropriate? It is just as easy to pronounce, sounds so much better, and surely any man, when talking about the woman he has to be his life-long partner, should be proud enough to refer to her as "my wife."

Miss G. Hubner, Lang St., Fairfield, Sth. Brisbane, Qld.  
£1 for this letter.

## Letter of Thanks

WILL you please find space to convey my sincerest thanks to the hundreds of readers who sent expressions of sympathy for my affliction, of which I told in a "So They Say" letter. The Australian Women's Weekly, 30/12/33.

Many offered to correspond and help to introduce a ray of sunshine in my life. I appreciate very keenly these offers, but regret it is beyond my present capabilities to comply. I find it impossible to reply to all, although I did answer the first lot that arrived.

I have been inundated with samples and ads. from all over Australia and New Zealand, all guaranteed to cure every ill under the sun.

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Cres., Coorparoo, Qld.

## BABIES OR PIGS

FROM the appearance of prize show babies, one gains the idea that the more surplus lbs. of fat a baby can put on in the shortest number of months, the better the baby must be. Medical authorities have it that the healthy weight of a 12 lb. born baby at five months is 15 lbs. If this same child, however, competes against a baby of the same age, weighing 19 or 20 lbs., he is almost invariably beaten. How is the unfortunate mother to reconcile the two standards? We are told that starch is bad for an infant, yet very often it is the child fed by this method that wins. Surely child welfare propaganda could educate the judges to the fact that the baby covered with rolls of fat and the possession of double knees, wrists, chins, etc., is not the baby to be admired.

Mrs. Evelyn Healey, Duckie, via Dalby, Q.

## SPORTING WIVES

I THINK the way that our cricketers' wives feel about the coming tour to England is simply splendid. Once again Australian women have shown their unselfishness, in this case by giving up their husbands for several months. Since they are sure to feel lonely, I give them my sincerest congratulations on their thoroughly sporting decision.

Kathlene Walsh, Atkinson St., Morf's Estate, Lithgow, N.S.W.

## RUBBER TOY DANGER

IN reference to Mrs. A. Pittcock's letter on the danger of blowing up balloons and rubber toys, I would like to warn mothers of the danger of rubber toys in the surf. This season alone several drownings have been narrowly averted only by the watchfulness of the lifesavers through these toys being swept away from the children, who, rushing frantically after them, find themselves out of their depth and in danger of drowning.

G. O'Donnell, 132 Lytton Rd., East Brisbane, Qld.

## FIRST AID

RECENTLY a boy on a shooting expedition lost his life owing to the fact that not one of his companions knew how to apply a tourniquet. A gun exploded, blowing away the fleshy part of the lower leg. By the time help arrived the victim's condition was very low. Had a tourniquet been applied and the excessive bleeding stopped what a fighting chance for life that unfortunate boy would have had. A fatality such as this shows that every boy and girl should be taught the rudiments of First Aid. In fact, it should be a compulsory subject in the curriculum of every school.

Mrs. N. Grace, 4 Abbottsford Street, Rennington, N.S.W.

## Keen Interest Taken in Critical Letter

I TOO, was surprised to read Miss Moriarty's criticism of one of our best weekly newspapers. Ever since the first edition was published I have looked forward to reading this paper. The short stories are very interesting, especially the "Tiger Dawn" series, and the "So They Say" page is both interesting and amusing. I am afraid there will not be many people who will agree with Miss Moriarty.

Miss D. Stott, 195 Fitzroy St., St. Kilda, S2, Vic.

## Hard to Please

I AGREE with "E.P." that M. E. Moriarty was unjust in her criticism of the contents of The Australian Women's Weekly (6/1/34).

Your critic must be very hard to please, and is forgetting the fact that you have thousands of readers (all not with tastes like hers, thank goodness) to cater for.

I heartily congratulate this up-to-date paper for the good variety that it gives its readers for the small sum charged. I never miss one edition, and my husband is just as keen a reader as I am.

Mrs. N. H. O. Tedder, C/o Royal Aust. Engineers, Chowder Bay, Mosman, N.S.W.

## Old Gardener

THE gardening page of The Australian Women's Weekly is the best that I have ever read. It has such a personal and friendly tone, and never fails to interest and instruct at the same time. It makes everyone feel that the Old Gardener is a personal friend, one who is interested in people as well as gardens.

L. R. Bennington, Dalby, Q.

## In Self-Defence

MAY I be allowed a word in my own defence? E.P. says she doesn't think I read my paper very carefully. I can only reply that neither does she.

She has picked out one particular paragraph to rail against, while ignoring that which preceded it, in which I said that there were some notable exceptions to the articles I annoy her by calling "sob stuff."

As I have no wish to hurt any one's feelings, I will refrain from pointing out which article I do consider unworthy of your publication.

"Sob stuff," in fact, with regard to "helpful suggestions," I did make one, but the editor is not in the least likely to alter his policy to suit my ideas, as, in common with most editors, he has to consider public appeal in order to keep up the circulation, and "sob stuff" appears to be very popular.

M. E. Moriarty, Myalla Rd., Cooma, N.S.W.

## Uncalled For

ALTHOUGH I did not agree with Miss Moriarty's version of our paper (The Australian Women's Weekly, 6/1/34), I do think E.P.'s "Karoom" reply uncalled for.

I understand that the "So They Say" page calls for the criticisms and suggestions of all its readers. If, then, we cannot offer these criticisms without being told we are "rude," as E.P. says, then surely the present popularity of the "So They Say" page is going to wane. Is it not possible for us to exchange our views without attacking the writer personally? If not, para. which might otherwise be doing good are only going to cause heartaches and disappointments.

Mrs. R. Townsend, Piccadilly Street, Riverstone, N.S.W.

## Never Better

I DO not agree with M. E. Moriarty in her unjust criticism of The Australian Women's Weekly. I have yet to see a better or a finer women's weekly paper, and I have read quite a few other sorts, good, bad and indifferent. The subjects dealt with are wide enough surely for the average reader. My husband (and he is English) states he has never seen or read a better newspaper either here or abroad. The Australian Women's Weekly is good enough for me, and my intelligence is certainly not below the average.

Mrs. F. E. Whittingham, Box 129 P.O., Stanthorpe, Sth. Q.

## Australian Girls as Cowgirls

### Not out of place

MISS POWER advances the theory that provincial England still thinks of the average Australian girl as a suitable type for the part of sheriff's daughter in Wild West films.

Having lived in England for over 20 years, I say emphatically the English do not so regard the Australian girl. There is no doubt that the representative of Australia in the pageant "A Daughter of the Empire" was dressed in her striking costume for a specific purpose—probably to render identification easy.

But when Miss Power sees pictures of the English girl riding to hounds upon a noble animal, in perfectly tailored riding habit, with bowler hat and hunting crop, does she accept that as typical of all English girls? Of course she does not.

And neither do the English think of the average Australian girl in any other way than that of an ordinary, practical, lovable human being—just like themselves.

Mrs. R. Randall, c/o Post Office, Yeerongpilly, Qld.

## Our Stupid Films

RE the letter on "An English View."

One can easily understand how English people are misled in their views of Australians when such films as "On Our Selection" and "Hayseeds" are shown.

The first film had at least four of the most stupid people in it, and these were supposed to represent Australians. Also, they were dressed in peculiar clothes for Australians, entirely giving the wrong impression of our smart girls. Incidentally, the film is shown in other countries, so unless the films improve, showing the real city life and people and the real life on stations, etc., what can we expect them to believe?

Miss I. Butcher, 4 Queen St., Croydon, N.S.W.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**MARION DAVIES**

OWNS AND PERSONALLY SUPERVISES ONE OF THE LARGEST ORCHID NURSERIES IN THE WORLD

**REGINALD DENNY**

HUNTING NEAR HIS MOUNTAIN LODGE, KILLED A CHARGING MOUNTAIN LION WITH AN ARROW

EXTRAS ARE PAID \$2.50 MORE IF THEY ARE REQUIRED TO FALL IN THE MUD

## Domestic Scientists At Work

### Poetry of Cooking

I THINK Mrs. Collins is incorrect in saying that domestic science students cannot cook a meal like mother used to.

Furthermore, most of us who take lessons in cookery do not do so to learn those fascinating extras to make our cooking interesting? We want recipes and ideas that the ordinary home cooking does not include. I think I am not alone in always looking for something "different" for the menu (this is why I turn first to the cookery section in The Australian Women's Weekly), and should I take lessons from any domestic science centre I should certainly expect to receive for my fees something I could not get with reasonable care and an average cookery book.

The "prose" we can get for ourselves, the "poetry" is what we want if we take special classes.

Mrs. John Pope, Logan Village, Qld.

## Student Cooks

YES, Mrs. Collins, I have known a "Domestic Science Cook" to supply a meal like mother used to. This student cooked a three-course meal that was eaten and enjoyed by seven people, all adults. At Victorian cookery centres the pupils are taught that cheap cuts of meat and plain food are just as nourishing and often more wholesome than many more expensive foods. As people come to these centres regularly for dinner, one must realise that they do not pay for a few afternoon-tea dainties.

Miss M. G. Mockett, 34 Alice St., Malvern, SE4, Vic.

## Preparation for Marriage

HAVING attended the domestic science cookery classes when a school student, I can truthfully say that but for these classes I would have started married life being unable to cook at all, as I was employed in an office before my marriage. I learnt to cook bread, plain cakes and puddings, as well as laundry work.

Mrs. G. Dawson, Tambar Springs, N.S.W.

## WOMEN AND HUMOR

MY husband, reading the "So They Say" page of our paper, commented on the lack of humor in any of the letters, suggesting that had the letters been written on controversial subjects by men that at least some would have been in humorous strain, either sardonic or quasi-serious.

Thinking it over, I wondered if we women took things more seriously than mere men, or is it that we grow more acrid over these discussions, which should be carried on in a friendly manner? How often have we seen men getting hot over political arguments, etc. almost (to me) seeming about to come to blows, and yet a visit to the ice-cream parlour, a bottle of beer, and they are mutually going into raptures over Bradman's latest score, politics forgotten. Can't we women do likewise (minus the beer, of course)?

Mrs. Rickards, 2 "Alta Vista," Daintrey Cres., Randwick, N.S.W.

## CLEANER READING

ONLY too true was Mrs. Handon's par denouncing unwholesome literature. The average girl and boy of to-day would not sit down to read some of the fine books of yesterday. All they want is the thrill of unsavory situations and sordid divorce cases. Anything educative or

## ETIQUETTE



DO NOT address a surgeon as Dr., either personally or in writing. A physician is Dr.; a surgeon is Mr. In writing to a surgeon add the surgeon's degree—"Mr. Henry Hemp, F.R.C.S."

uplifting is "Bosh." It is for us mothers to take a determined stand and allow no such literature inside our homes.

Mrs. G. V. Philpot, Kitchener Rd., Croydon, Vic.

## OWN ARTISTS

AS a reader of your paper since its first issue, will you permit me to express appreciation of the fact that, unlike certain other journals published in Australia, you cater for Australian artists and humorists, instead of cribbing from overseas publications. I notice that all your sketches are the work of local artists, and you certainly deserve support for encouraging Australian talent.

Nea Rigney, Mortley Ave., Dobroyd Pt., N.S.W.

## NOT TOO MUCH SPORT

I DO not agree with Mrs. Thornton (13/1/34) that there is too much sport in schools. The Australian girl needs her sport for exercise, and the sport she obtains at practically all schools is for health, and makes robust Australians. If it is left until the child has her (or his) own time she does not exercise, but prefers to "loaf" or rest about.

Mrs. Douglas James, C/o A. S. Wickham, Court House, Young, N.S.W.

## CHILDREN—NOT "KIDS"

ON returning home from a holiday, it was with much gratification I found your postal note for 5/- for a paragraph written by me for "So They Say" and appearing in your issue of December 30.

But will you kindly tell me why the heading of "Pictures for Children" was altered to "Films for Kids"? I strongly advocate the use of good English, and "kids" is a term I never use.

I shall be glad if you can find space in your popular weekly to publish this letter.

S. Smiles, 45 High St., Launceston, Tas.





**£2000**

IN LAST 3 LOTTERIES

Total wins now  
over

**£50,000**

In the last three Lotteries, Fred has won the **FOURTH PRIZE** of £300, Four £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, and numerous £10's and £5's prizes.

The tickets for all Lucky Fred's advertised wins, including 4 First Prizes and 2 Fourth Prizes, were personally purchased by him for his Syndicates. He never includes wins which clients have on their own, and his are the only Syndicates which have won more than one 1st Prize, as the results at the State Lottery offices will prove.

In the 179th Lottery, drawn on Friday, Fred won another £500 for his Syndicates, including:

|       |        |
|-------|--------|
| £100  | —1747  |
| £40's | —9774  |
| £20   | —26820 |
|       | —32280 |

And dozens and dozens of £10 and £5 prizes.

**HURRY FOR FIRST PRIZE**

When Fred won another fourth prize for his syndicates in the 142nd Lottery, he followed this up by winning **TWO FIRST PRIZES** of £5000 in the next two Lotteries. Luck works in cycles. Fred's luck is right in. You will see the first prize come to Lucky Fred's Syndicate very soon. **SO SEND FOR A SHARE QUICKLY.**

**Over £50,000 — 4 £5000's**

Lucky Fred has won £30,000 for his Syndicates, including 4 First Prizes of £5000 and 2 Fourth Prizes of £300. Results Prove that Lucky Fred stands alone for Luck!

Branch at 14 Barrack Street

Big prizes are being sold every day at Barrack Street. City clients simply call in. There's a one-minute service, you receive your share, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

#### SPECIAL OFFER

Four Fifth Shares in different tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you **FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES** to win £1000. This appeals to the wise investor who takes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.

#### COUPON

##### How To Send In

Simply cut out this coupon and—  
For a **FIFTH SHARE**, send 1/6  
For a **FIFTH SHARE**, send 1/6  
For a **LUCKY CHARM**, send 2/6  
For **FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES**, send 5/6  
In **DIFFERENT** tickets, send 5/6  
Simply pay a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped, addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).

By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.  
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!

**LUCKY FRED, W.V.10**

Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney

#### BIRTHSTONE RINGS

Sent to the Original Maker for an Authentic

Lucky Birthstone Ring

Beautiful in its hand-wrought specially designed Silver Setting. A new era of happiness will follow the wearing of your own birth gem.

Call and inspect, or suit finger size in card, mentioning birth month. Enclose Postal Note 7/6 for reproduction, or 10/6 for real gem ring, to **E. E. SMITH**.

113A Pitt St., Sydney.

If not pleased, will refund money.

# MANY a SLIP

She was not of his world. Her ideas were quite foreign to him. He did not know whether she had any ideals or not.

By

**BESSIE CHURCH**



THE passing of the horse is a phenomenon to which this generation has become more or less accustomed. Already in wide areas of Australia the tractor and the countless steam and electrically driven devices for farming the face of the earth have lessened his importance.

Upon the Crosby family the passing of the horse was to make its deep and lasting impression. A family long inured to the paddock, the stables, the coachman's box, the racing stable, was finding itself on ground as shifting as quicksands.

For seventy-five years one Crosby or another had been stationed at a hack-stand, tending stallions in private racing stables, or engaged in work that had to do, either directly or indirectly, with horses.

For twenty years George Crosby, whose grandfather and father before him had occupied his same kind of throne, had sat on the box of a well-groomed four-wheeler of a cab, plying his rapidly dwindling trade from station to hotel; from hotel to botanic gardens, aquarium, art gallery, and points of general interest. There was a residuum of local trade left, too. A handful of the older families who still sent for George for theatre, dinner party or park drive as they had sent for his father and grandfather before him.

But for the most part, for an appallingly major part, the calls now came for the taxi-cabs and service cars parked around the large hotel.

There were not half a dozen horse cabs left in town. And of them George was by far the most presentable. The remaining four or five were of thirty and thirty-five years ago, and so were their drivers.

Not so with George. He was 40, and as alert and up and doing in his interests and desires as any of the taxi-cab and private-car chauffeurs about the town. It was just that, as he put it, he had stepped into his old father's shoes and found them to his liking.

"Give me a horse every time, with a spirit to him, and a warm, sociable muzzle to him and a knowing eye and a friendly heart, to an iron devil with petrol in his veins."

THE taxi men were jocular about this, and agreed upon the kingship of the horse and admired George's well-shod, well-groomed, kindly-disciplined chestnut mare, but when it came to regarding her seriously as a means of transportation—why—better wake up, George, this is the year 1933.

George knew all this. He knew that his tenacity branded him as old-fashioned and passed as the old museum pieces of cabbies who crowded all day on their boxes in the square, and fiercely George, who had youth and pride in him, resented the indictment.

He was neither passe nor old-fashioned; he would ride in a taxi with the best of them, regarded it as the important innovation it was; conceded everything the fellows said about it, but that didn't make him any the less master of his own soul. And George's soul was the soul of a coachman. The proper opening to his day was to walk into the stable and feel his Chessy's nuzzle over her bin to greet him. Part of the very rhythm of his being was the clip-clop of his 10-year-old over the asphalt of the city streets, her tail glossy, because he had made it, so, mane flowing, pace so even that nurses from the hospital had formed the habit of summoning George for a patient's first drive after an operation.

George had no backward point of view regarding modern devices, especially the automobile. His ideas had to do solely with his own personal preferences, and, in spite of the increased remuneration that a man could expect from driving a taxi-cab, George stuck to his guns; or rather to his horse.

For twenty years he withstood the tests of time, increasing rigors of traffic, pressure of the taxi men who were forever chaffing him, and maintained his coachman's seat. In that time there had only been three horses, Chessy, at six years, standing strong and in her prime.

It is doubtful that, even in the end George would have capitulated to the pressure of the age in which he lived,

except for an immemorial reason. He fell in love, and with his eye on marriage, felt the need of a larger income.

The girl, Eileen, so enchantingly up-to-the-moment in her slim young boyishness, bobbed head, quick, restless eyes, eager voice, was simply not the sort you could imagine sitting demurely behind the shining flanks of even the personable Chessy.

Eileen, wooed by practically every taxi-man at the stand, the darling delight of the travelling salesmen who crowded around her telephone operator's desk in the hotel, was the personification of the age of the darting motor, the jangling telephone, the circling aeroplane.

Nothing short of a miracle, at least in his eyes, was the fact that of all the milling admirers about this phantom of delight, her glance should fall, linger and conclude by adoring George, fifteen years her senior, and belonging to the back-rank and file of the almost extinct coachmen.

Naturally, it was here that her influence entered most violently. Within two weeks after the bewildering knowledge that Eileen was in love with him, the two of them, hand in hand like children, had sought out the School for Automobile Drivers, where George was enrolled for evening work. Two weeks later, his first payment of his next egg of £100 was made on an orange-colored, slightly used taxi-cab, and three months later a newly licensed chauffeur, in a natty cravenette suit, leggings and cap, was doing his test driving on a speedway just outside the town.

It was by all odds the most exciting event that had ever entered his life, and to mitigate what might have been the pain of it, Chessy was to be relegated for light farm work to the truck garden of an uncle of Eileen's.



SHE: Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man.  
HE: He did—I'm the man.

where the pair, when they were wedded could visit of a Sunday.

It was all as Eileen put it, just too wonderful for anything, except that the slip-up came where not even her sharp foresight could have ever anticipated it.

One week before the wedding of George and Eileen, and that same one week before George was to assume his permanent place on the taxi-cab, Eileen gave a party.

It was a pretentious affair, given in the backyard of the little house on the outskirts of town which Eileen shared with parents and a brood of small brothers and sisters. There were colored paper lanterns strung on clothes lines. Dancing on the back verandah, to ukulele music supplied by some of Eileen's old flames among the taxi-boys. Strawberries and cream and home-made cakes passed by Eileen's perspiring mother and small brothers and sisters.

IT was towards the end of the evening, after George and Eileen had been obliged by their warmed-up guests to dance a fandango, that the real novelty of the occasion took place.

Led into the backyard by four of Eileen's little brothers and sisters, head down, tail down, eyes down, was Chessy! Chessy, mind you, rigged up in a white lace ruff, and a beribboned sunbonnet and a large veil of lace curtain caught by orange blossoms at the neck.



When he came and sat beside her on the sand, she still pouted and refused to talk to him.

Chessy, the sweet-eyed, delicate-nosed, sat in the saddle, standing there abashed by the ribaldry, quivering under ridicule, defamed by gew-gaws!

It seemed to George, seeing it happen, as if his heart had stopped and with it his desire to ever live again.

Cracking laughter about him, Eileen clapping her hands and skipping about the dejected figure of Chessy; the guests applauding this latest coup of their piquant little hostess; it came over George suddenly that here in this humiliating moment probably resided blessing. Here, in this moment of hurting for Chessy, there came to him the impossibility of what he was about to do.

George belonged on his box, behind Chessy. Eileen, bless her, belonged to that age out there. A good enough age if you knew what it was all about. Only George, for the life of him, somehow could not figure out the need of rush through time to the jangling of telephone bells, the whirring of motors and zipping of planes.

Feeling that way about it all, bleeding at heart for Chessy the rest of his decision came quickly.

He said nothing to upset the party but his manner cast a gloom over the uproar of fun about poor Chessy's appearance.

The following day was Saturday. Eileen had arranged a picnic on the beach. About twenty of her friends had been invited. Each one was to bring a basket, so that a picnic tea could be indulged in.

Eileen noticed that George seemed different when they met, and her fears were soon to be confirmed. He flatly refused to join the party, and said he was going to have a swim on his own. So Eileen had the choice of leaving her friends and going with George, or else deserting George and staying with company which was in truth much more congenial. In the end she decided to go with George.

She sat and sulked while he had his swim, and when he came and sat beside her on the sand she still pouted and refused to talk to him. For a while George sat and looked at her profile. Rebellious anger was depicted in every line. He pondered deeply because he was really fond of the modern, flighty Eileen. But better judgment prevailed. He could see nothing but pitfalls and unhappiness ahead for them both. She was not of his world. Her ideas were quite foreign to his, and of her ideals he had to admit he knew nothing. He did not know whether she had any or not.

"Aren't you going to speak to me any more, Eileen?" he asked coldly. "No—I'm not! You are an absolute pig to treat my friends that way; so the less I say about it the better."

George could not restrain a smile, even though his anger still burned deeply.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Eileen turned and looked at him with a look of eloquent scorn. "Do? You'll see what I'll do when we are married—you will find then whether you can do the cave-man act and drag me

away from people who are much nicer to me than you are."

At that George got really angry.

"Are you threatening me, Eileen?"

"Yes!" she snapped.

The end was inevitable.

George is back on his box now, the last coachman in the square. He still drives for the older families and the nurses at the hospital still have a way of sending for him when they want their patients to enjoy a tranquil drive behind the restful old Chessy.

He has even driven Eileen and her husband about on two occasions, when she was a patient at the hospital after the birth of her babies.

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## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE CAUSES HEART FAILURE

"I suffered terribly with High Blood Pressure. The dizziness, flushes and headache were so bad that I had to give up business. Now after a course of Menithols I feel 20 years younger, and go to the city every day. Yours, J. McD." To sufferers from High Blood Pressure, this Melbourne man's story is interesting.

Thousands of otherwise healthy people die prematurely from High Blood Pressure and the frequent symptoms are dizziness, palpitation, headache, falling eyelids and memory, drowsiness, sleeplessness and kidney and bladder disease. Dr. Mackenzie's Menithols are the great antidote for High Blood Pressure, and if you suffer in this way get a flask of Menithols from your chemist and take them regularly for 3 months, and then occasionally afterwards. Menithols purify the blood stream of poisons, flush out kidneys and bladder, relieve the terrific pressure which causes heart failure and keep the blood pressure at a safe level. Menithols are a pure herbal remedy and are safe for the most delicate sufferers. Large flasks of 50 Menithols are 6/6 (sample flasks of 10 are 3/6) with the tried Chart with every flask. Demand Genuine Menithols in the green packet, and refuse substitutes of this valuable medicine which is sold by all chemists, or post free direct from W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.). C. F. Lloyd and Co. 241-243 Collins St., Melbourne; and D. Maclean and Co., Berry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.



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If you want to look always young and attractive, use Kathleen Court's FACIAL YOUTH.





# SYDNEY FESTIVAL To Follow MELBOURNE GALA!

## Elaborate Plans for Royal Visit

The spirit of festivity is abroad already, permeating the whole of Australia.

Talk everywhere is of the promised visit to Australia of Prince George on the occasion of the Melbourne Centenary celebrations.

Last week The Australian Women's Weekly told of preparations already made for the Melbourne gala; this week we tell what is planned for Sydney.

SYDNEY makes a speciality of staging events of an historical or commemorative nature, and so is well versed in the organising and planning of functions which are excellent enough to attract not only interstate visitors, but overseas ones as well.

Hardly more than two years ever pass without such an occasion being celebrated. So frequent are they, in fact, that Sydney has what might almost be termed a standing committee ready to start work at a moment's notice.

Certainly there are always a number of citizens in whom civic pride is so highly developed that they can invariably be relied upon to come to the fore when the occasion demands.

It is even hoped that the leading guests may manage to dress according to the costumes of Venetian people as depicted in famous paintings.

City buildings will probably be illuminated, as on the occasion of previous Royal visits.

No definite announcement of the actual dates of the various functions can be given until it is seen where the Prince will be after his arrival in Melbourne.

It is hoped that he will be in Sydney for the opening of the Festival Fortnight, which has been postponed from November 24 until November 26. The Venetian Carnival is to be held on the following Saturday, and the festival will close with the gala day and floral festival on December 8.

A PLEASING feature is the close co-operation between the States. The Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee has consulted with the Melbourne committee, and the two have agreed that a festival fortnight be held in N.S.W. from November 26.

A general idea of the form which the fortnight's activities are to take has been sketched, and is now being filled in with interesting details which promise to make the occasion one of the most successful and spectacular of celebrations.

The highest officials in Sydney, women's associations, men's clubs, literary, musical, theatrical circles, clubs, and sporting organisations, as well as innumerable individuals, are only too keen to participate and to help in whatever way they can.

ONE of the outstanding features as far as picturesqueness is concerned, is the Venetian Carnival.

Sydney Harbor is to be outlined with electric lights, and barges decorated in the like of Venetian ones of days gone by are to convey the guests to the scene of a ball in the evening. Rainbow arches and set pieces are to be prominent in the lighting arrangements.



Prince George



Sydney Town Hall as it was illuminated on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales

## The Part Sydney Women Will Play

By Alderman PARKER, Lord Mayor of Sydney

I AM fully aware how closely Sydney is bound up with the Melbourne Centenary celebrations, and how closely as Lord Mayor of Sydney and ex-officio president of the Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee I shall be brought in contact with those celebrations.

Some time ago, when on a visit to Sydney, Councillor Gengoult Smith, Lord Mayor of Melbourne, invited the co-operation of all the States in the Centenary celebrations and in the entertainment connected with the probable Royal visit.

I do not know what response to this invitation the other States may have made, but in Sydney the Citizens' Committee has gone a long way on the path of collaboration.

sation, official and private, sporting and literary, men's and women's. That is a point of importance.

In the past, I am afraid, there has been a slight tendency to overlook them; but the Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee, of the general committee of which Sir Samuel Hordern is chairman, desires that women's sporting, social and philanthropic associations should play an important part, and particularly invites all women's associations to send representatives to the next public meeting which will be held towards the end of this month.

The announcement of the extended visit of Prince George to Australia will add very special interest to this festival fortnight.

In one of the activities of this citizens' committee, the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, women played a larger part than men in the solo sections, and I am looking forward to their continued competition and triumphs.

Finally, let me say how clearly I recognise the value of the work of the women's organisations in all spheres of life, and the importance of maintaining a record in prominent journals—the natural corollary of organised women's activities.

### MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scrappy, undeveloped and "baby" breasts and throat into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. (Age 37), of Killara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try this heavenly cream into my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began to use it, my breasts were undeveloped, scrappy or shapeless, and for a lack of Mamogen, and stroke this heavenly cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription of a famous specialist.

You can get large bottles of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 144 George St., Sydney, N.S.W. Lloyd & Co., 345 La. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Macdonald & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.

The council of management of the committee (of which Sir Samuel Walder is chairman) realised that the Victorian celebrations formed an outstanding milestone in the history of Australia, calling the attention of all Australians, here and overseas, to the growth of the country.

As citizens of Australia, they decided that Sydney's annual festival period should follow upon the period of concentrated celebrations in Melbourne, that is, at the end of November this year.

As practical men, too, they realised that such an arrangement would also be to the benefit of this State. Sydney and New South Wales provide many attractions impossible in the southern State.

These, properly advertised and exhibited—as will be done—would bring many visitors to this State, visitors who would return to their own countries and tell enthusiastically of Sydney and New South Wales as the ideal holiday resort of the whole world.

FOR the festival fortnight programme we have had assurances of active co-operation from every kind of organi-

### Alluring Tea Gowns

PARIS. HUSBANDS now have no reason to complain that milady reserves her charm for her friends.

Also for him are the massaging creams, the astringent lotions, and other artificial aids to beauty that milady uses at night.

For home wear, the Parisienne looks most alluring in tea gowns, which have replaced pyjamas, and are in cobweb lace, rich velvets, and in gold laces, with trailing trains and hanging sleeves. These luxurious garments are to be worn when receiving intimate friends, or dining privately at home.

## Compare your figure—Now!



Reduce double chin, hips, bust and waist with YOUTH-O-FORM

Compare your measurements with Dorothy Manners, whose charming picture is below. One of the world's most beautiful women, her measurements are:—

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|------------------|-------------|-----------------|------------|
| Height . . . . . | 64 1/2 in.  | Hips . . . . .  | 24 in.     |
| Weight . . . . . | 8 st. 4 lb. | Thigh . . . . . | 19 in.     |
| Bust . . . . .   | 33 in.      | Calf . . . . .  | 13 in.     |
| Waist . . . . .  | 25 in.      | Neck . . . . .  | 12 1/2 in. |

Get Your Tape Measure and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist and get a carton of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime. The ugly rolls of fat on hips, bust and waist will disappear magically, leaving true, youthful, slender curves.

People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-Form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER. "I have reduced from 12 1/2 to 11 1/2 in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and though sixty years of age, I feel twenty years younger. I take capsules four times smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L. W."

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM. Doctors know that Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in reducing the body of soft, aging fat, effectively, permanently and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fastest being reduction first.

Youth-o-Form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish Head Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion.

Everyone Can Afford Youth-o-Form, for 30s can get the full six weeks' treatment for 20/-, which is enough to show definite results, to the trial carton for 5/- from all leading chemists in Australia, or privately direct from W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 144 George Street, Sydney 1999, N.S.W.

INVITATION: Call personally when in Sydney, or telephone or write for any information concerning Youth-o-Form at any time.

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"Makes all the difference"

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## P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following Flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.





## Australia

Her brutal strength,  
the blaze of her untamed suns,  
the burnt-out green, and the great  
trees  
scarred with the waste of fire  
and the battering of storms.

Her wild coast-line carved in rock,  
gold edged in sand,  
white fringed in the sea's spume.

The might of her, the strength of  
her,  
the lure and the love of her . . .

Through every rocky bushland  
track  
the dust and torment of the great  
outback,  
silent, she takes the best of us,  
the beauty and the youth of us,  
and uncomplaining gives  
her all to us.

Phyllis Duncan-Brown.



## IT'S GREAT to be An AUSTRALIAN Advises Louise Mack

Anniversary Day has come again, bringing with it a solemn sense of gratitude that in the brief space of 146 years we Australians have journeyed so far towards the accomplishment of the beautiful ideals of our race.

It's great to be an Australian! Is that what you are thinking to-day?

If that is our opinion, then all we Australian women can soon show the world that our country is really on the map.

We have our wonderful women's organisations.

And we have our wonderful women. Are not all women wonderful? Oh, no!

Not equally so. Australian women come first in the

world for certain gorgeous, breath-taking qualities that might have inspired Tennyson's famous line, "All the world wondered." Australian women come first for dauntless courage combined with an almost unearthly cleverness at contrivance when life obliges them to contrive, and a sense of humor that no drought has ever succeeded in drying up.

And here we arrive at the reason why

### LAND OF ACHIEVEMENT

A LAND without comforts, homes, necessities, or security; a land of dangers and difficulties; a "terra incognita"; and a little handful of pioneers confronting it, and starting to convert it into a great nation whose natural resources, plus courage, have proved second to none in the world.

Australian women are cleverer and more valuable than any other women in the world.

#### NEEDS MUST!

That has been our cradle-song, our leit motif, and our war-cry since our pioneer birth.

#### NEEDS MUST!

That has been our desperation, and our inspiration, all in one.

#### NEEDS MUST!

That has pulled all the millions of us out of the frying pan and out of the fire again and again, and placed us finally high and dry in the most important position in the world, this island continent of ours away here in the blue Pacific, with its women all hard at it taking a hand in everything.

"If I want a thing done I go to the busiest man I know!" said a great writer. Well we know a better axiom than that.

If we want a thing done we go to the busiest woman we know!

Australian women are not making a great fuss about getting themselves into politics. Australian women are content to breed our Prime Ministers and Premiers, and as mothers and wives are content to seem to be only help-mates.

### What Women Do

BUT Australian women, counting their blessings to-day, and setting the house in order for Anniversary Day, are enormously and vitally conscious that Australian men realise just how busy they are, and how successful they are in the things that they busy themselves about.

Men fail. All round us men fail and fall by the roadside. They embezzle, and forge, and cheat, and bribe, and try to stamp each other down in business.

But women sheer clear of those methods.

We wash, and iron, and scrub. We clean the windows and polish the floors. We roast the mutton, and boil the cabbage, and mash the potatoes, and make the puddings. We cut out frocks and run them up, and invent hats, and look in shop windows, and love our homes, but, side by side with all that, we strive to be active agents for the good of our country.

DOES anyone think we are sitting back?

He doesn't know us! We are, we always have been, good-hearted. Our country has made us happy-go-lucky. We are not caring overmuch about riches.

And where we may seem to be sitting back we are really quietly and endlessly working.

But never to get in front of our men! We are feminine to the core; even the hard-bitten old bush mother, with her lined, scorched face.

Making scenes will always be a little more to our taste than making speeches, well though some women do both.

### Second Fiddle

And now, in the ultimate analysis, what we are trying to say is that this Anniversary Day finds the women of Australia more determined than ever to play second fiddle in their national and family orchestra, and let their men lead, remembering:

"She's man's ally. Ever will be! Ever was!"

HOT HOLBROOK SAYS: No sugar is used in brewing my shiraz. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.\*\*\*

## MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

### Important Discovery — Recording an Orchestra

SOMETHING in the nature of a revolutionary development has just taken place in the science of gramophone recording. British engineers have made startling discoveries in acoustics and the result is orchestral recordings of a clarity and detail such as radio transmission can seldom hope to imitate unless by using records.

#### Artificial Audience

IN effect the discovery enables the creation of an artificial audience in an auditorium with ideal acoustics. Recordings made under the new conditions are now to be heard in Australia, and it is easy to understand how they set the musical press of Britain agog.

Conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, who is to visit us this year at the invitation of the A.B.C., the London Philharmonic Orchestra plays a colorful orchestral work, "Russia," by Balakirev. The recording is startling in its fidelity to real orchestral effect. There is all the power and magnificence of a huge ensemble, while the individual timbres of the instruments stand out so clearly that "stereoscopic" becomes the best word to convey one's impression of the music.

It is a discovery which will have a far-reaching influence on the quality of orchestral reproduction whether from records or radio.

#### Mina Heseleva

FOR the past twelve months Melbourne listeners have missed the coloratura flights of Madame Mina Heseleva, who has been touring New South Wales on broadcast and concert work. The singer is featured in a national relay on January 29.

Russia was the birthplace of Madame Heseleva. She left during the troublous revolution period. Gaining entrance to the exclusive Petrograd Conservatorium which was then under the guidance of Glazunov, the soprano came quickly into prominence and sang regularly in the concert halls of Odessa, Petrograd and Crimea.



SIGNORINA CECELIA BUTTA, said to be Australia's youngest harpist. She is only 15.

#### Bertha Jorgenson

IN the same national relay on the 29th, will be Bertha Jorgenson, one of Melbourne's best-known violinists. For

## LITTLE THEATRES

### Experimental Theatre

THE first 1934 production of the Experimental Theatre is planned for February 17, and Mr. and Mrs. Howell are now teaching in Dymock's building, where lectures every month by people of intellectual standing are added to the regular dramatic work.

"Our members aren't really comparable to those of other amateur societies," Mr. Howell says. "Because our sole aim in giving public performances is to give our pupils confidence. We only charge for admission because people expect it—in fact, we find that far greater numbers come if they have to pay."

Mrs. Howell (Therese Desmond) says she has found herself getting such unexpected results from pupils, that she has even come to believe that talent is not of much importance. It is the training of a person that counts.

Also in Dymock's building is the Studio Theatre, whose numbers have increased enormously of late. This theatre's new rooms have just been most attractively furnished, with a number of tables and chairs, so that members can wander in any time, between 10 a.m. and midnight.

### Coming Productions

THE Independent Theatre will present the final performance of "Peter Pan" on Saturday.

The Repertory Theatre on Saturday will present "The India-Rubber Girl." Beresford Fowler is rehearsing Strindberg's "Miss Julie," and hopes to produce it at St. James's Hall on February 3, with a one-act play, by Shaw.

Musette Morel, who has been doing a lot of broadcasting writing, is now writing plays as well, one of which she has under rehearsal for early production at the Tom Thumb Theatre.

Although it is not to be given to the public until Anzac Day (at the Savoy Theatre), Mrs. W. Bell Allen has already started rehearsals for her production of the French translation of "The Unknown Warrior."

### Burwood Amateurs

THE Roylands Dramatic Club (Burwood) are rehearsing "Peg o' My Heart" for February 28. Isabel Tanner is doing Peg. She is supported by Una McCrow, Inez Lyons, Mynette Martin, Ken Marsden, Harold King, Ray Best, and Harry Anthon.

## Summer Lassitude is WEAKNESS

Tune your system to the pitch of perfect health and you will work through the hottest day with little or no discomfort. A neglected system wilts before abnormal heat because the weakest organ fails under extra pressure. Bile Beans are a most effective tonic for liver, kidneys and digestive organs as well as a natural corrective.

The reason for this is that Bile Beans contain no fewer than ten natural vegetable extracts, thus ensuring a wider and smoother action throughout the system.

If you suffer from lassitude during the severe heat, or one of the many complaints which often cause this condition . . . indigestion, constipation or liver trouble, Bile Beans will give speedy relief.

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Buy a box from your Chemist to-day.

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WE guarantee Bile Beans will do you good. Use half a box of Bile Beans—if you have not definitely improved in health return the remainder to the Proprietors and they will refund the cost in full, without question.  
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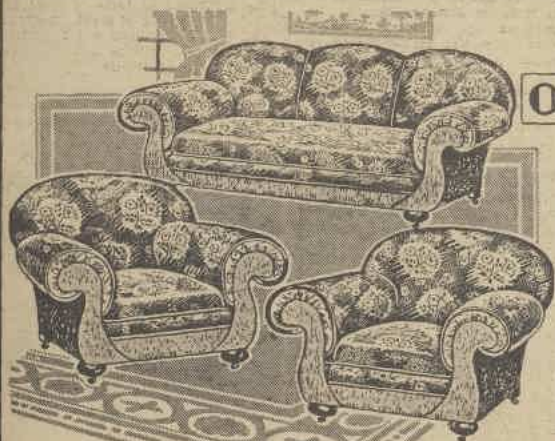
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W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly. This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by W. W. Campbells' 50-Year reputation for honest trading. Call and make your own selection.

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Full-size Kapok Mattress; guaranteed 100 per cent. pure Japara. Splendidly made for comfort and long wear. This Week's Cash Price, 53/6.

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Finish and Leadlight Doors (one full-length) particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, £5/15/-.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

The Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 34/6.

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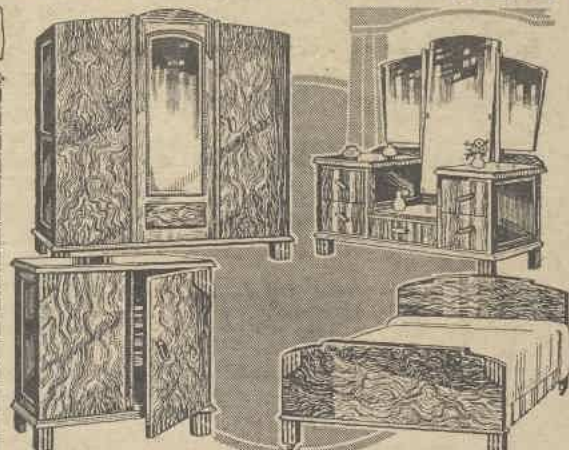
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# Australian Stars are Shining Overseas



ABOVE: One of the latest photographs of Phyllis Barry, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gerald, who is now in the stellar ranks of Hollywood beauties.

## Phyllis Barry, Hollywood Donalda Warne, London

IN the following letter, which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, Phyllis gives us a glimpse of her success and her life among the celebrities of screenland.

"I WORKED two weeks for R.K.O. at 200 dollars a day, and one day with De Mille at Paramount," writes Phyllis in a letter to her adored father, who has just returned to Australia and Jim Gerald's show. "So what did I do? I bought furniture, and mother and I scrapped the old stuff."

"The house is Spanish and brand new, on Clinton St., so we picked out the furniture to match at Barker Bros. My bedroom is in Monterey style. The net is dark wood with wrought-iron, and mother is making the drapes and bed-covers to match—reds, blues, orange, and green."

"They look perfectly lovely, and there is a perfectly lovely divan and chair and wooden table that lift up at each end. The upholstery is in rust color. The coffee table is tiled on top with the sign of the Zodiac in the tiling. There's a Monterey secretaire and a sweet low round table with wheels for the Spanish window so that I can use it for buffet suppers."

"The floor rug is very modernistic with the gayest colors, and all the hangings are in what they call Monk's cloth, which is the rage over here. It's like rough woolen canvas. There is a high lamp and a low one attached to a table, and when it is lighted and shining on the table-load of flowers it looks grand. "Chauncey (Phyllis' parrot) feels and looks gay in the window, and is getting back his feathers. We are getting the house ready for my birthday, when we are to have a party. My car is heavenly, and just purrs along, and I've installed a radio in it."

"REGINALD SHARLAND and Alan Mowbray worked in the Barrymore picture with me, so I didn't feel lonely. Barrymore is a darling and saves up ties and draws cartoons of all on the set. While I was working the day for Paramount I had tea with Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. They had just got back from Honolulu."

"Herbert Marshall insisted on my talking all the time because he said I sounded just like his wife, Edna Best. It's wonderful the way he gets round on that wooden leg. The studio had several rubber ones made for him. They say

AT RIGHT: Donalda Warne looks very pensive, but actually she is full of enthusiasm and has already been very successful in London.



about him here, 'Gee, but he's a honey', that's the highest praise.

"Claudette showed me those teeth to clip on over one's own to hide fillings. I'm getting one from

### Phyllis Signs New Contract

IN this letter, Phyllis mentions a two-week contract with R.K.O., but, the other day, she signed on the dotted line for three more big pictures and at a breath-taking salary compared with what some of the screen stars in Australia are getting.

Pauline Frederick, for whom she danced at an Ambassadors party in Sydney years ago, will be in one picture.

Dr. Ginsberg to clip on over my front crooked tooth. They are a hundred dollars each, but, after the first one, fifty.

"The high, wide, and handsome figure is all the rage here at present, so any-one with Gibson girl curves had better keep them."

PHYLLIS BARRY has made a deep impression in Hollywood. Nobody doubles for her, nobody sponsored her, and yet she has made a niche for herself, and is, after such a short while, playing opposite one of the greatest stars of screenland, John Barrymore.

SHE almost stole the picture from Kay Francis in "Cynara," in which Kay outshone all her previous work with Ronald Colman, and her appearance, made over to the taste of the Hollywood directors, was strangely like that of Kay. She is equally good in comedy, as instanced by her work with Buster Keaton and with Wheeler and Woolsey.

But petted by all Hollywood, and "Snowy" Baker in particular, who calls himself her godfather, she has not lost that Australian simplicity.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

### \* JUST MY LUCK

Ralph Lynn, Winifred Shotter.

IT is quite a surprise to find that Ralph Lynn can do a character role so well. In the first part of this film he is a depressed, dowdy music-leader, for whom everything goes wrong, and, like his pupil, Winifred Shotter, we find him rather endearing. Later he changes to his usual irrepressible self, resourceful as ever at getting out of impossible predicaments, but, again like Miss Shotter, we are inclined to regret it. Vera Pearce, as bullying stepmother and coquettish matron, adds to the gaiety of the piece, and Robertson Hare again gives a perfect study of a reliable employee whose jaw drops with dismay at the highly irregular proceedings in which he is involved. There are some good things in this farce, but it is not the pick of the Aldwych collection. (Mayfair.)

### \* JIMMY AND SALLY

James Dunn and Claire Trevor. (Fox.)

THIS film has a characteristically American subject, blending romance with advertising. James Dunn opens with a song, "It's the Irish in Me," apparently as explanation and excuse for his harum-scarum irresponsibility. It is no wonder that Claire Trevor gets very impatient and disgusted. But he is a likeable fellow, and when, after two crashing failures in publicity stunts, he departs to make good on his own, we know that he will come back and that she will turn down his business superior (Harvey Stephens) in his favor. Well, you would yourself. Miss Trevor suggests easily that business girls can be capable and attractive at the same time, though her clothes are unsuitably modish for the office. And the fashion now prevalent in filmland for peroxidizing the hair suits her better than most. Lya Lys, however, as a foreign cabaret singer, looks like nothing on earth, with her flaxen poll atop of dark eyes and eyebrows and complexion. (Regent.)

### THE LOST CHORD

John Stuart, Mary Glynn, Elizabeth Allan. (B.D.F.)

IT is a very great pity that this example of sentimental tushery has been given a release. It will do the reputation of British films no good. Apart from the weakness of the plot itself, the film suffers under the disadvantage of being far too slow in movement. In consequence the acting seems stilted. Yet the same actors have done good work in other films. There is the additional handicap that the sound recording by the Vitaphone process is throughout not entirely satisfactory, and in the first reel it is impossible to catch most of the dialogue. We understand that since the first night cuts have been made, which will no doubt be some improvement. (Mayfair.)

### MIDSHIPMAN JACK

Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness. (R.K.O.)

IF this film is intended as advertisement of Uncle Sam's Navy, it is not likely to inspire confidence, though we are glad to learn that naval trainees are not supposed to chew gum. Bruce Cabot is here a husky youth who has not troubled to pass his examinations, and is perpetually being haunted over the coals for breaches of regulations. His surly look and almost loutish speech and behaviour leave a definitely unpleasant impression. Nor do we admire the Commandant's daughter (Betty Furness). Florence Lake, as a flirtatious friend, employs a dreadful squeak.

### \* CONTACT

Paul Rotha, director (British Instructional Films).

RALPH KEENE, associate director of this distinguished record of experiences along the routes served by Imperial Airways, Ltd., explained recently why he and Rotha had deliberately left the film without a spoken commentary. For such an impersonal subject, the voice of a narrator with its personal suggestion, was, they felt, a distraction. Essential explanations were given by the briefest sub-titles, and, of course, natural sounds and a musical accompaniment have been supplied. However, in the opinion of the local distributors, Australian audiences cannot be expected to stand three reels of brilliantly directed film without someone to talk. So the whole thing has been cut down to about one-third of its original length, and a self-satisfied voice inserted, forcing on us statistics and platitudes and jumbling bits of incongruous history with mispronunciations of names. Even so this film is well worth the while of anyone with the seeing eye, and half an ounce of imagination.

### \*\* IF I WERE FREE

Irene Dunne and Clive Brook. (R.K.O.)

"BEHOLD, WE LIVE," John Van Druen's play on which this picture is based, has been followed in its main outlines with various alterations of detail, as that the wives in the film version are all American and the wretched Tono (Nils Asther) is a cosmopolitan mixture. Also the hero and heroine, not to mention film audiences, are, perhaps rightly, allowed the solace of a happy ending. A considerable amount of the dialogue of the play has been retained, and this, as generally happens, is a little hampering to the movement. But one feels that it would be hard to sacrifice these witty, character-revealing lines. And some scenes, which supply action and variety, have been cleverly interpolated. Irene Dunne and



IRENE DUNNE

Clive Brook both give performances that are subtle and sincere, their restraint in the love passages and Miss Dunne's singing of the German lullaby being particularly commendable. Henry Stephenson and Laura Hope Crews also shine. (State.)

## AUSTRALIANS in London

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Correspondent in Europe.

MISS DONALDA WARNE, of Sydney, is another Australian to find success in London with remarkable rapidity. She arrived prepared to take some small part in the provinces, or to touring. Instead, she featured in Cochran's show, "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's. Miss Warne will be remembered as having played the ingenue in "Bitter Sweet," and her last performance before sailing from Melbourne was in "Rookery Nook."

This very pretty little blonde is not yet twenty, and is full of enthusiasm about her work. She is working hard at her singing under the tuition of Mr. Ward Morgan, who will be remembered as having appeared with Miss Marie Burke. Miss Warne is accompanied by her mother, and has lately been joined by her aunt, Mrs. W. P. McElhone, of Sydney.

The "News Chronicle" gave a flattering report on the cleverness of her dumb-acting, when she takes the part of the patient dresser putting on the stockings of the temperamental star. So this young actress should go far, as she has the added qualities of looks, charm, and enthusiasm.

Two other Australians in the show are Lance Fairfax and Claude Fleming, both of whom hold prominent places on the bill. These three in London's leading show are only a small part of the army of Australians doing big things on the London stage.

## "The Dubarry," with a London Star

By SAIDE PARKER

After a comparative dearth of good shows on the legitimate stage, J. C. Williamson, at the Royal, not only present a magnificent production, but make further amends with a fine cast headed by the star who scored a tremendous success in the role in London.

AS depicted at present at the Sydney Royal, "The Dubarry" is no less a triumph for the mistress of Louis XV than for Sylvia Welling, who gives such a vivid portrayal of the role. The play ends with the Dubarry at the height of her triumph, the virtual ruler of France, and seldom has a more spectacular finale graced the boards.

In this respect the entire show affords a triumphant answer to the gorgeous settings that "talkies" have featured. The producer faithfully depicts the lavish furnishings, the elaborate decoration, and the exquisite laces, gold braidings and rich satins of the period.

Nor can one imagine an actress more suited to the role. As one gorgeous scene succeeds another, Sylvia Welling's vivid beauty and arresting personality appear to have found the ideal setting.

John Dudley, as her first and impoverished lover, is more happily cast than we have yet seen him, and sings two very fine numbers. Cecil Kellaway as the dissolute dandy of the Court, provides some excellent humor throughout, while Nellie Barnes, his light-o'-love, is noteworthy for the perfect legs which she contrives to display despite the trailing swags of the period.

Viewed from the modern standpoint, the moral or lack of it, is startling, but history vouches for its authenticity. From a millinery workshop, the Dubarry progresses to the proud post of first lady of France, via a romance in a garret, the voluptuous apartments of a procuress, and the extravagantly upholstered bed of a countess, without benefit of clergy, but with all the colorful trappings that artistry could devise.



ELSIE LUNDGREN  
takes the wheel.  
—Women's Weekly photo.



# GILDED CRAFT and FLOATING FLATS

## Sydney's Luxury Yachts

**T**HIS is the season when yachtsmen make merry and are glad. At all the watering-places in and about Sydney there is a grand aquatic parade of everything from luxury yachts to dinghies.

While seadogs, or whatever they are called, talk a lot of nonsense about abaft and avast, there are really only two things you want to know before you go sailing.

These are to learn about the boom, so as not to be knocked unconscious or overboard from time to time, and to arrange that nobody shall catch and fry fish if it is a hot day.



THE "BOOMERANG" at her moorings outside Mr. Frank Albert's home in Elizabeth Bay.  
—Women's Weekly photo.

bread?" has been invented for social intercourse.

Ernest Williams, P. A. McIntosh, H. W. Bunce, C. Longworth, Bertie Horsfield, and W. T. Hines are other members of the "cruising" community.

If one prefers to stick to the harbor, only owning perhaps a sailing boat, Quarantine Beach is a favorite meeting-place.

Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland and their friends, the Joe Makisons (the two families between them have five children under five years of age), find it a good idea to land the young people there, who grow fretful if cooped up on a boat for too long, but stay on board themselves.

Mr. Makison is remarkable for the fact he uses his yacht daily, finding it quicker and less expensive to sail up and across the Parramatta River to his work than to go by train.

**D**URING the week-ends his Excellency the Governor, with his sons, Philip and David, potters about the harbor in a most unostentatious "dinghy," which only holds three comfortably.

The Luscombe-Newmans had hoped to have their luxury yacht ready by the new year, but as the men are still playing about with masts and things, they have to stick to the car.

Miss Lee Brown does some good work in the sailing line in Claude Ploverman's "Seacrover," and Sheila Pring does likewise in her father's, Philip Pring's, "Currawong."

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ward, jun., went cruising last year for months, young Pam greatly fancying herself in slacks and sou'wester.

**DR. AND MRS. W. C. MANSFIELD**, whose yacht contains a library and a specially constructed ladder, arrange to have a family party on board at Christmas, son Ralph and daughter Mary each being allowed to ask a guest, but at Easter time they like to go off without any family or visitors.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Wearn, in their "Waitangi," spent last week-end at Pittwater with six-months-old Margaret, who has bathing togs and is taken swimming.

As her cot is now on board, they have mostly given up racing.

Dr. Vickers took his infant out when only three weeks old.

Mr. Paul Dowling, manager of the N.S.W. Bookstall, and a confirmed baculator, whose cruising parties comprise made guests only, has a bitter pill to swallow in his ship's name. Changing names is a trying matter, so he grins and bears his "Faerie."

Dr. and Mrs. Furber and their sons, Professor Dakin, Mr. Windeyer, Mr. Laidley Dowling, J. M. Hardie, and the various members of the Nositer clan, are others who have parties on the water.

**CADET** dinghies are sailed with great enthusiasm by Dick Willis, Geoffrey Heath Green, Mungo MacCallum, and Alastair George.

Being small, the dinghies easily capsize in a squall. But the boys just swim on to their sails and wait quite happily to be rescued. It is said that even the most unprincipled shark will not attack anyone on a sail.



THE MAIN SALOON of Mr. Stuart Doyle's luxury yacht, "Miramar."  
—Women's Weekly photo.

**W**ITH our natural facilities, life on the ocean wave is becoming more and more the relaxation of us all. Instead of owning a country home, many wealthy folk own a luxury motor yacht, a sort of floating home which they can anchor anywhere.

On board such vessels one does not "pig" in any way. Stuart Doyle's "Miramar," for instance, with main saloon decorated in Elizabethan style, enclosed by plateglass windows, having a ceiling embossed in antique ship design, and wall panelling of specially selected grain walnut, is superior to most week-end homes. The "Miramar's" staterooms are furnished in Louis XIV style in vieux rose tones.

Mr. Doyle, like most luxury liner

owners, does his own navigating, having a man merely to do the cleaning.

Cruisers foregather at the Basin, Taylor Bay, or Sackville Reach, 50 miles up the Hawkesbury, or some such beauty spot, and form a very real community, with the advantage that one can move on to another floating town at pleasure. Sometimes about 80 are moored together.

**I**N the yachting community one fishes, goes visiting, and gives parties. The Alberts specialise in smart cocktail parties and afternoon teas on board the "Boomerang," and the Stuart Doyles in poker and bridge, and sometimes a dance to the music of wireless or gramophone. A special signal code, from "will you come to breakfast, and bring your guests?" to "can you let me have some

where they could talk quite audibly to each other.

Before the service commenced the organist ambled casually in, slung her coat on the back of a seat, adjusted her hat at the correct angle in full view of the congregation, and generally preened herself.

Even the minister seemed to have lost that quiet dignity which used to characterize his profession. After clambering on the backs of the choir seats to alter the numbers on the hymn-board, he strolled round the church and talked to the various members.

During the service there were frequent messages sent to and from the minister to the choir leader or the organist. The whole atmosphere was one of unrest and lacked something indefinable, perhaps, which was associated with Churches even a decade ago.

This may be peculiar to seaside Churches only, but seems rather indicative of the times. If so, it will be rather enlightening to see just what the Churches are like in another ten years.

## WHAT DO YOU WEAR GOING TO CHURCH?

### Styles are different nowadays

The question as to whether the church is moving with the times is one that is often debated, but to which no satisfactory answer has as yet been given.

**A**N idea of the state of things, however, can be arrived at by any observant church-goer, though even then it is difficult to decide whether it is the Church which is progressing of its own volition or whether it is the atmosphere which is being irrevocably altered by those who attend.

Is it that the modern lass and lad realise more clearly than did their parents that the outward symbol counts for naught? Or is it merely that youth desires to show its indifference to old established customs and all that they stand for?

It is a debatable point and one which

even the young folk concerned would find it difficult to answer honestly.

Churches in one centre may be different from others in that the climate tends to loosen standards of behaviour and dress. Evidence of this may be gained at any seaside suburban Church.

One bright lass recently attended worship in a diaphanous frock of bright blue. Perched precariously on the top of her much-curled hair was a light muslin creation known in fashion circles as a "snuffer," but sporting four loose flaps like the arms of a windmill. The whole ensemble looked more suitable for a garden party or a race meeting.

Another young woman was clothed in a beach frock designed to let in the maximum amount of fresh air and sunshine. Her male escort was garbed in white flannels and a tennis shirt.

Most of the young couples managed to secure seats not too near the front,

## AMAZING FREE OFFER! ONLY SIX COUPONS

20,000 BRIGHTLY COLOURED SURF TOWELS (40 x 20) to be given away free to users of Fountain Self Raising Flour.

Watch for these lovely towels on all Sydney's leading Beaches. Quality carries our special guarantee!

Fountain Self Raising Flour gives the finest baking results. In addition to this unrivalled quality we make you this amazing free offer.

**SAVE ONLY SIX COUPONS** from 4 lb. packets of Fountain Self Raising Flour, or Twelve (12) Blue Coupons from 2 lb. packets.

**OR SIX ONLY Green "A" Coupons** from 1 lb. tins of Fountain Baking Powder, or Twelve (12) Blue Coupons from ½ lb. tins.

# FOUNTAIN SELF-RAISING FLOUR

**METROPOLITAN CLIENTS** are requested to bring their coupons to our Foveaux Street showroom (right opposite Central Station, near Elizabeth Street) no later than April 30th, 1934.

**COUNTRY CLIENTS**—Post coupons carefully wrapped, with your name and address on parcel, to Miss Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose 6d. in stamps for postage. Write a letter advising when coupons are posted and follow instructions carefully.

**IMPORTANT**—Coupons saved from other Douglas products, or Complimentary Coupons, are not negotiable for this special offer but in ordinary scheme.



This Special Offer Closes April 30th



# COURTING FASHION'S SMILE

## Morning... Noon AND Night !



• **DORMITORY SMOCK** is the name of this intriguing new lounge wear. Voluminous beige corduroy mocks the slimmness of Toby's figure and the trimming comprises bands of red, green and blue. Quaint buttons fasten the trim, square-cut neck and wide bell sleeves and a capacious pocket are other frivolous notions.



• **PLEATINGS** of black pebble crepe are mounted on white for this dainty cape.



• **STAY-AT-HOME.** Toby calls this luxurious wear. The pyjamas are so extravagantly flared that only the tips of her toes peep from their folds. A loosely fitting tunic blouse of dull white crepe has a wide sash.



• **BLACK AND WHITE** (top left) find favor in Toby's wardrobe. Vandyke bands of white are a striking trimming on a black street suit which has a tiny, snug collar of white.



• **PIQUANT** is the air with which Toby wears this evening gown of soft pebble crepe. The high collar, which wanders to a deep décolletage at the back, has fascinating border of box-pleated black crepe. A narrow black belt emphasises her slim waist, as it affords sharp contrast to the extended bodice of white.



• **DEBUTANTE.** Shell pink satin was chosen for this dainty gown, that is the essence of youthful charm. A delicate trail of hand-made satin tea-roses is the only trimming for a frock that outlines such a perfect silhouette.



Nothing equals the popularity of Anchovette for afternoon tea or light suppers. Its delicious flavour appeals to everyone. Use it, too, for children's school lunches—they enjoy it as well as grown-ups, and it is as nutritious as it is appetising.

**FOR TEA  
OR SUPPER**  
**PECK'S  
ANCHOVETTE  
FISH PASTE**



### Toby Wing, Paramount Player Chooses Collegiate Clothes

WITH the confidence of youth and its slender, graceful charm, the blonde and bubbling Toby has chosen striking designs that would be very sophisticated in effect if she were ten years older.

With gay insouciance she tosses her fair curls, dons sombre black and white for formal wear, and luxurious notions for relaxation.

Her only concession to color appears in her dormitory smock, something ultra smart for indoor occasions. The lavish use of material in this unusual attire only serves to accentuate the slimmness of her youthful silhouette.

Just a tinge of color is allowed, too, when Toby dons an evening

frock for a college party. Its smooth surface caresses her hip-line in clever contrast to the roses that cluster gaily round the neck.

In the dashing gown with vandyke stripes, Toby smiles a dazzling smile, knowing that again she has achieved a charming effect in the contrast of the full cape collar and clinging skirt.

She looks very demure in her tiny cape that is made of finely pleated black pebble crepe with white to add the inevitable contrast.

And when she is feeling very languid, Toby lounges in the quaintest pyjamas and loose-fitting tunic. But she emphasises her tiny waist by tying her wide sash snugly and allowing it to fall in two long, graceful ends in front.



# The VOGUE for LAMÉ and BROCADE....

## Beads & Black Jet

By JESSIE TAIT.  
Sketched by Petrov.

Paris is showing the most glamorous clothes seen since pre-depression days.

"Everybody is going to look like a seductive siren, or something along these lines, however hard it is to act the part," says a famous Parisian dressmaker.

**A**N up-to-date glamor is what the women in Paris picked—long, graceful dresses made of rich fabrics, late afternoon party dresses coming to and below the ankle, evening frocks ending in sweeping trains.

Late 1933 glamor is served in such things as handkerchief linen and lace blouses with velvet or satin skirts, big shirred long sleeves, dresses of velvet or stiff silk, knick-knacks of gold shot or spangled material, feather plumes in hats, peplums, waistcoats, and over and above all, opulent stuffs and colors, modest necklines, softened waistlines, and graceful skirts.

### The Slim Silhouette

GLAMOROUS frocks of to-day have got to look slim, and slim they are, in the winter styles. They don't go in for being strenuously slender—they're far too ladylike—but, just the same, there is no extra material hanging around the sides of the waist and skirt in frocks that smart Parisiennes wear. Frocks, when not moulded, are pleated, but these have the look of being fitted, so closely does the material cling, pleats or no pleats.

### The New Lamé

THE very newest and most luxurious materials for evening wear are gold or silver lamé and brocades. The great desire for elegance and richness in the mode called for the most glamorous and most opulent fabric, and what could be better than gold or silver threads?

These tissue strands are woven through all sorts and kinds of materials—woolens, chiffons, velvets, and crepes. Whole frocks and evening coats are made of plain lamé, or richly-colored brocades. Lamé sleeveless tops are worn with long dark skirts of velvet or satin. Lamé blouses are worn under dark-colored suits for afternoon wear. Lamé scarves and cuffs trim daytime frocks; it was even used for some sports clothes at the Paris showings.

### The Two-piece Dress

PARTICULARLY lovely for evening wear are the silver or gold lamé blouses, made high to the neck in front

and very low at the back, covering the shoulders and just waist length. These are worn with velvet or satin skirts in black, dark brown, dark blue, and all the new blackberry and raspberry shades.

Colored brocade bodices are worn with contrasting skirts, for instance, a petunia pink and silver brocade tops a deep blue skirt, a green and gold tissue has a raspberry skirt. As a rule these skirts are made on to simple bodices of self material with a low decolletage in back, the blouse slips on over this, and the dress can be worn without if desired.

These metallic-looking lames, sometimes smooth, sometimes rough, surfaced, are also used to trim evening gowns. Sashes, collars, scarves and epaulets give a glittering finish to otherwise plain frocks.

### Embroidery Is Back Again

GOLD and silver thread embroidery is also used on many frocks. A dress called "Dinner at Eight" has a high-necked satin top of white lilac satin, and a tracery of silver embroidery joins it to the purple trailing skirt. A dark green velvet skirt has a red velvet top covered with gold embroidery.

### The Cocktail Suit

THE "cocktail suit" has become the most popular costume in Paris. It may be worn for lunch, afternoon parties, and for all "don't dress" occasions. A skirt and three-quarter coat are made of black velvet, velvet, or wool; the new look is given by the gold lamé long-sleeved blouse worn beneath.

Sometimes the coat sleeve is elbow length, so that the long, tight tissue sleeve shows from the elbow down. The coat sometimes has a black fur collar or cuffs, or it may be perfectly plain. When you feel the lamé blouse looks too "dressy," substitute a jumper or brilliant green, dirty pink, red, turquoise blue, or bright green crepe, or satin.

### Lamé Accessories

TOUCHES of lamé will be very smart on dark autumn and winter dresses. A small roll collar, scarf, or narrow cuffs—all made detachable so they may be changed at will.

Lamé has, of course, invaded the accessory field. Bags, shoes, and even flapjacks and cigarette cases are made of these new tissues. Gloves of fragile sheer lamé are being worn in the evening.

### Shimmering Beads

THE new evening clothes glimmer with sparkling beads and black jet. The entire frock may be beaded, sometimes just the bodice, to a plain skirt. Large flowers beaded in pastel shades of pink, green, blue, and mauve, are placed here and there on a grey chiffon dress. A pink crepe dress has the bodice embroidered all over with pale green bugle-shaped beads.

Black jet and black spangles are seen on dozens of models for both day and evening. A black jet scarf is worn with a black velvet suit, black jet collars and cuffs trim black wool and crepe day dresses.

# The Fashion Parade



• Afternoon frock for parties is of brown crepe. The scarf, cuffs and inserts on the sleeves are of dull gold lamé.

• Cocktail or dinner dress of gold, brown and orange diagonal-striped tissue. The turban is of the same material.

• The "cocktail" suit is the most popular ensemble abroad this season. It consists of a black velvet skirt about 10 inches from the ground, a gold lamé blouse with short or long sleeves, and a three-quarter black velvet coat with or without a fur collar. The lady in this sketch wears the fur without the coat, and her velvet hat is of the new off-the-face variety.

Left to right: • Dress made of cloth-of-gold, the latest material for evening wear. The tunic effect is new, as is the scarf-decollete. Green buckles and bracelets lend a touch of color.

• Evening or dinner gown of the two-piece variety. A silver lamé blouse covers the shoulders, but is cut to the waist in back. The skirt, which has a simple low-cut bodice, is of deep blue velvet or crepe.

### Shoes

SHOES that go with these new lames and brocades are often made of the same material for evening wear. Sandals and pumps are equally popular. The very open sandal is often composed of gold cord or braid. With colored brocades a satin or crepe-de-chine shoe, dyed to match one of the colors, is worn.

The "cocktail" shoe is this year's development. It starts out at tea time, but can go through an informal evening with ease. Often it is of satin, or satin with another shoe fabric combined. Suede grows more important from year to year. New this season are the high-cut Oxfords and high-cut pumps. Reflecting the new high movement of necklines, shoes go higher on the instep, too! Heels are straighter than ever. There is some talk of launching really low heels for walking and evening wear. Some very fashionable women in Paris are wearing them already. The "cocktail" shoe is worn with the suits and lams blouses previously mentioned in this article.

### Bags

YOUR bag may match your shoes and hat, certainly in color if not in fabric. Suede satin and velvet are reserved for dressy wear while calf, leather, antelope, and suede are for more practical occasions. Even the formal bag looks to ornaments for elaboration, otherwise the bag is simplicity itself. Metal and glass frames, clips, monograms, and initials cut out of metal and glass decorate all the new bags.

## OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

BRUYERE makes a businesslike shirt of flannel, then finishes it off with a cravat of cloth-of-gold.

LYOLINE sews heart-shaped leather reinforcements on the elbows of sports suits.

CHROMIUM clips that nip on the ear, set with glittering stones, are the newest earrings.

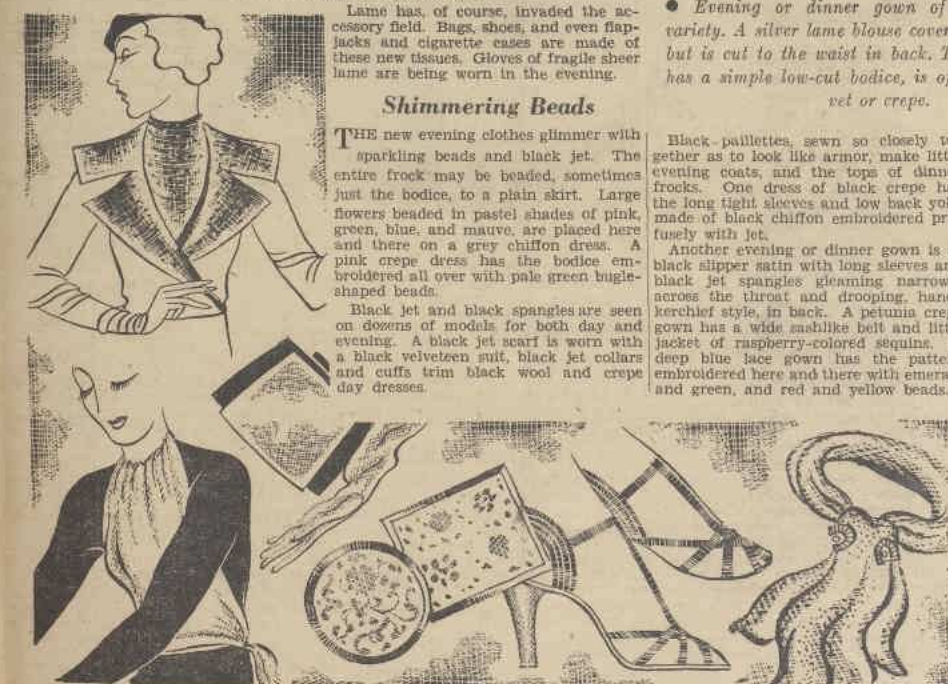
AMONG the new handkerchiefs, the evening ones are most interesting. Usually a large square of chiffon, with an initial of jet, lame, velvet, or beads.

BEATEN silver bracelets from Morocco, wide, lumpy, and nubby, are decorative accents.

THE rage for clips has extended to watches. Tiny watches, set in crystal or enamel, clip on to the neck of your frock.

WORTH uses a gold lame that looks like a gold serge for an evening gown that has the low V-back decolletage outlined with pale blue velvet.

MANY of the new winter suits have waistcoats of fur.



• Left to right: (1) The lapels and scarf of the black suit are thickly embroidered with black jet. (2) Evening bag made of black satin and gold lamé. The new lamé gloves for evening wear. (3) A vest of lame gives a new look to a black dress. It ties at the back of the neck and waist. (4) Brocade of many colors fashions this flapjack and cigarette case. (5) Very open sandals composed of many strips of gold braid. (6) Evening scarf of glimmering silver lame has two brilliant clips.



# WOMEN Who KNEW the THUNDERS of WAR

## What Nursing Sisters of The A.I.F. are Doing; Our War Heroines

FROM the four corners of the Commonwealth comes an occasional word of the women of whom we hear so little and of whom the world should hear a good deal more.

Scattered throughout the multitude of soldier hospitals in Australia, they are to be found among the lads they loved so well and learned to know so well—a fast diminishing race of heroes that before long will be no more.

THESE women of the A.I.F. have become wedded in a sense to the care of these battered warriors, and they tend their broken bodies with all the sympathetic care that immortalised them in the hospitals abroad.

On their return from active service some of them married their soldier patients, others continued in their lives of sacrifice with the wounded and the suffering, others again, with the restless blood of the war in their veins, travelled the globe—to India—to Africa—to America and the Argentine.

Many have passed on their way to join the men who gave their lives on the fields of France and Flanders and on the plains of Syria and Palestine.

There is a woman in Australia who once had visions of a term in a German prisoner-of-war camp, but she cannot be induced to say much about it, for she belongs to that great band of noble women who, like the Navy, constitute the equivalent of the "silent service" in the A.I.F.

Having run across the heroine of this particular episode, Sister Hardwick, of Randwick Hospital, The Australian Women's Weekly was prompted to inquire as to the whereabouts of that glorious army of nurses who attended the soldiers on the other side.

### Under Fire

SISTER HARDWICK laid the foundations for a good beginning, anyhow, for she ranks with the "privileged" few who dressed the wounded under fire.

It's a long call from 1918 and the little village of Ham, in front of St. Quentin, near Pozieres, to duty in the Randwick Hospital, ministering to the broken bodies of men for whom the war still lives in all its horrors and realities.

Sister Hardwick is, perhaps, one of the few women of those far-off days left

who saw men in battle, since along with two other nurses of the 3rd Australian General Hospital, Sister Paulkner, present whereabouts unknown, and Sister Wallace, who subsequently married and settled down in New Zealand she was attached to the 161st British Hospital behind the lines near Ham on the morning of the great German push on March 21, 1918.

From the station these women watched the thousands of Gough's ill-fated Fifth Army melt before the overwhelming fire of the German divisions that swept on



TWO NURSING SISTERS have a spell from their tasks at No. 1 A.G.H., Boven, France.

their way to Paris, to meet with the stubborn resistance of the men of the A.I.F. before Villers Bretonneux.

Like many men before them had done, these women sheltered behind newspapers and empty biscuit boxes and called it the worst war they'd ever been in, and, like the Diggers they had attended, they learned that shells didn't fall in the same place twice.

Indeed, Sister Hardwick walked to the station drinking fountain, had a drink, and returned to her companions in time to see the fountain blown to pieces by a 5.9.

And the wounded! Her most vivid memory is that of having to attend to them in potato patches just outside Amiens, for there was no accommodation for anyone, and it looked as if the war might be all over in a night.

### Best and Bravest

CRITICISE the Fifth Army retreat, and Sister Hardwick will take up the argument and vote the unfortunate fellows as the bravest and best imaginable, for she was able to judge of the horrors of war with a woman's mind and with a woman's understanding.

Along with Sister Hardwick, there are others of the A.I.F. who knew Egypt and the Suez Canal, and Salonika, and Mudros off the shores of the Dardanelles.

There is Sister "Spud" Murphy, who cherishes memories of the happier side of things and supper parties at the Mena House Hotel.

Sisters Hinton, Everett, and White, who married a fine soldier of a chap, MacPherson, who has unfortunately passed on to join the ranks of that vast phantom army of the dead, all are old Fourteenth girls, bright and happy, and telling their leave stories along with the rest of them who fill the medical and surgical wards, and keep the hospital spirit of the A.I.F. alive.

There is no family on earth to compare with this—this glorious family that has witnessed and shared human suffering the like of which the world hopes never to see again.

Matron Kellett, one time at Randwick and now at Sydney Hospital, called on the "Euripides" with the men of the First Infantry Brigade who were to help immortalise the name of Anzac—and she watched the "Sydney" speed to the "Emden" light from the sundeck of the ship.



PREPARING A PATIENT for the operating table: A scene in the pre-operating ward of the 1st Australian Casualty Clearing Station, Outtersteens, in France, on November 24, 1917.

Australian War Memorial Photograph, copyright.

SOMEWHERE in South America are Sister Norris and Sister Behrens, who bought a hospital in Goulburn after their return from the war, and did so well that they booked on an American liner for a world's tour, but upon reaching Honolulu happened on Sister Bassett with a hospital of her own, and looking for two trained assistants.

The temptation was too great, the two left the ship, cancelled their passages and settled in the tropics with their old companion for a twelve-month, and beat it for Valparaiso, and, crossing the Andes, ended up somewhere in Buenos Aires, where they were caught up in the vortex of the life of the Argentines and where they disappeared for a little while only, let us hope.

Norris, Behrens, Simpson, and "Tommy" Thomson—all of the Fourteenth—were affectionately known to the soldiers as the "Charlie Chaplin Family," and they left for the war together from Sydney Hospital.

And there is Sister Chapman, who was with the First Australian General, and is credited with being the only Australian sister to have landed on Gallipoli—that was at the Helles end.

The men voted her as the woman with the hardest manner, the greatest heart, and the tenderest hands in hand-

ling dressings that ever entered a hospital, but then the patients needed the firmest of treatment when their broken limbs began to mend if the writer knows anything about them.

Sister Chapman was last heard of in the West, and there was Sister Chennel, who married a doctor man, Ian Smith, and Sister Ethel Clapp, of the First Australian General, who saw service in France and India.

Years ago, in the goodness of her Digger's heart, she forsook the profession and took up the care of another soldier's two children.

There too is "Paddy" Nagle, the mother of them all in the Port Seld Convalescent, and who could get through a tin of cigarettes with the best of them. Last heard of on the way home.

### Hospital Idol

QUEENSLAND and a husband of the outback shelter Sister Kemp, the idol of the men who passed through the hospital at Helopolis. No doubt Sister Kemp remembers the day when Sister Richards of the same hospital was married and the diggers mistook her car for that of the bride and decorated it from stem to stern with bottles and old boots.

Sister Richards by the way was last heard of in India.

First A.G.H. girls will well remember the two digger patients who made a habit of bringing a couple of bunches of flowers to the wards every time they went on leave to Cairo, until the hospital guard woke up and, upon inspecting the gifts, found flasks of whisky secreted amongst the foliage.

Sisters Collins and Rita Lane, two of

the "Kanowna" girls, returned to the West, Sister Lane to be married and Sister Collins to take up duty again in either the Perth Public or the Fremantle Soldiers' Hospital.

But few of them have excelled Sister Beethan for a sturdy bit of pioneering. She took unto herself a husband, and was last seen trekking into the Nullabor Plain with her household effects stacked mountains high on a camel caravan.

### First Woman Pilot

THEN there is Sister Moore, or was it McMaugh, who upon her return to Australia, found the only outlet for her energies in learning to fly, and "believe it or not," despite other claims, she was the first woman pilot in the Commonwealth.

But that was a long time ago, and, too, it's a long time since Sister Dorothy Trill has been seen around Sydney.

Her sister, Mrs. Jack Davies, is still with her soldier husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Jack Davies, of "Puen Buen," near Soane, who is reckoned amongst the biggest cattle men on the Northern Tablelands.

Mrs. "Jack" was with the Red Cross

in Egypt, and worked with others like Rania MacPhillamey, who married the late Dr. Olive Single, Dame Alice Chisholm, still going as strong as the tea she served to many a famished Light Horseman at the Kantara Depot, Mrs. Col Granville, whose other half commanded the First Light Horse Regiment, Mrs. Wills-Alen and Mrs. Samuel, now Mrs. Bellario, who had charge of the Anzac Hostel in Cairo when it was first established in 1915, and who subsequently went to the hotel in London.

All soldier women these—seeing things through like the fast-diminishing numbers of the A.I.F., and handing out cheer here and a comforting word there to the legion of sufferers for whom the war is an endless and terrifying nightmare.

### ANIMAL WEEK

AN inherent love of animals is to be found in most people, but it is often left to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to look after their welfare systematically.

The society is launching a "Be Kind to Animals Week" in March, beginning on March 4 with Humane Sunday. March 5 is to see the official opening by Lady Game at the Blackland Galleries. The following day the society's shop is to open for three weeks, and March 7 is visiting day at the King Edward Dogs' Home.

Mrs. C. D. Bailey is organising theatrical entertainments to be staged at the Savoy Theatre.



MATRON KELLETT.

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# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



ON the heels of "I wonder if I will be able to meet the Prince," comes the thought, "what present can I give him?" to many, for on the occasion of a Royal visit to Australia thousands of presents are always given.

One gift which did not reach England was made to the Prince of Wales, when he visited the Blue Mountains in 1920. When the Royal train reached Blaxland, an old lady approached His Royal Highness' carriage, and handed in a dog of very doubtful pedigree. The gift was accepted in the Prince's most gracious manner. But at the next station, Valley Heights, it was turned loose on the platform.

Its value had increased enormously by the fact that for a short period it had been owned by Royalty, and there was a scramble among the crowd on the platform to secure the prize. The animal was eventually run down by the stationmaster, who presented it to the Principal of St. Columba College.

HAVING framed a number of rules and resolutions, and accomplished "just as much as the greatest conference ever held," as one of them remarked, the Sydney delegates to the conference of the Australian Federation of University Women, in Adelaide, have returned home.

Two of the most striking sidelights at the gathering, according to Mrs. Greg, McChir, were that nearly all present graduates are lovely to look at, having lost that pioneer look, and the fact that Miss Stoney, the woman engineer who is out from England to visit her nephew in Melbourne (visiting Sydney, also), an honors Maths. graduate and lecturer at Cambridge, brought fixing up the washing-machine, and the correct use of the vacuum cleaner into the engineering sphere.

**CAPTAIN AND MRS. GORDON LILEY**, of Williamstown, Melbourne, accompanied by Miss Mary Philip, motored through from Melbourne last week. They are having a look at the Blue Mountains, Jenolan Caves, and Newcastle, and expect to return this week-end.

HAVING found her first summer in Australia rather trying, Mrs. Philip Hill, who came out as a bride to live at "Teelings," Moree, has, with her husband, come to Sydney to visit her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hill, of Cheltenham.

NEWS of Peggy Street's wedding has arrived in a letter from Joyce Beazley. Peggy would have liked crossed swords and naval uniforms, but this was not possible. She has taken a flat at Blackheath, near Greenwich, where her bridegroom, Jim Harris, is doing a further naval course.

Joyce herself was just off to the Tyrol, to Ketschubel, with Betty Moore. She had met Joan Holroyde, a few days before she wrote. Since Joan left Sydney she has had great stage successes, and has been touring the provinces.

SO many extra girls want to be "finished" this year, that Miss Jean Cheriton, who was "housefull" last year, is having the most strenuous holiday wondering where she is to put them. "Araluen," where the school now is, is too small (anyway, Mr. Ernest Watt has it up for sale), and a suitable large house is non-existent, apparently.

So this term, at any rate, "Doone" will probably expand itself into an overflow in "Shaham Hall" Flats, in Holt St. Mr. W. P. Foster, who owns the flats, no doubt realises that school-children, provided they are not kindergarten ones, compare more than favorably with loud speakers.

THIS week sees Mrs. Ernest Merriman, of Yass, staying in Sydney with her sister, Mrs. C. G. Berge, with a specially fat cheque, a result of the high wool prices, clasped in her hand, ready to be spent on decorations and such for the Picnic Race Ball. Mr. Merriman is the president of the race committee.

SIR PHILIP AND LADY STREET have booked their return passage for March or April. Their home, "Livrings," Elizabeth Bay, is to be furnished up to welcome them home.

SAILING for London in the "Mongolia" are Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. S. Forsyth, of Armidale. They expect to be absent about five months. Mrs. Forsyth is an active member of the Armidale branch of the Country Women's Association, and for five years was its hon. secretary. Mrs. Forsyth's father, Mr. F. B. Lark, travels with them.

WITH her husband, Mrs. F. S. Stearne is staying at the Australia, on her first visit to Sydney. Although Americans, the Stearnes spend most of their time at their home in Paris. Mrs. Stearne came from Adelaide with Miss Barr Smith, has been staying at Leura with the Rayners, and has been shown the beauty spots of the Mountains by Commander Gifford.

She first determined to visit this part of the world when, during a visit to "The Bowl," a place of entertainment in California, where open-air concerts are held, the audience was invited to remain and see the wedding of Percy Grainger.

TO show his parents a bit of country life before their return to England (on February 3), John Webber, jun., with Sybil and the baby, and Sybil's mother, Mrs. H. Marks, of Darling Point, have been motoring down the coast and through Canberra.

The first time Sybil Webber did this trip she got surrounded by bush fires, with trees falling all round her; the second time, she met floods at Jervis Bay; and this time the party were marooned outside Narooma by floods, having to be dragged out of bogs by a team of horses. The baby (perhaps because of two grandmothers to look after it) slept soundly through it all.

AFTER being absent from Sydney for several years, part of which time has been spent in Melbourne, and part

By Jane Anne Seymour



MRS. GEORGE WALKER, in her garden at Vaucluse. Mrs. Walker recently enjoyed a visit to Tahiti. She brought back this perfectly-cut rest garment with her, which has the chic that only French fingers can bestow, allied to a wonderful design in the native textile. —Women's Weekly photo.

IN great part owing to the high wool prices, bookings for abroad are phenomenal this year. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fowler, of "Coolegong," Montague, are joining the stream abroad, and are to leave on the "Ormonde," spending their few remaining days in Sydney at the Australia. Their two sons (of whom the elder, Max, is just 21) will accompany them.

The Fowlers' station home is famous for its hospitality and for its musical parties. Mrs. Fowler, who has a very fine contralto voice, was trained by Madame Christian.



MARCELLA REX delights in Peter, her canine playfellow, and the amah looks on at their frolics. Mrs. Rex is the guest of her parents, Sir Mark and Lady Sheldon, but will return this month with her small daughter to their home in the Federated Malay States. —Women's Weekly photo.

abroad. Mrs. B. Wainwright (Bessie Reeve) has settled into a flat at "Pasadena," Double Bay, with her eleven-year-old daughter, April, two-months-old Pekinese, and the toy Koala, which the Pekinese plays with.

Mrs. Wainwright was very thrilled to find the little Dorset village where she spent her childhood quite untouched in essentials, for, though a concrete road takes charabancs past it, it remains the same old backwater.

Another surprise was to find the shops in the Midlands far ahead of London ones, as a general rule, in window-dressing. Probably because London shops, let on long leases, are often still in the hands of people who have not moved with the times.

Curious, too, was the sight of about every tenth building in Lower Regent St. displaying large "To Let" notices. Successful companies have raised expensive buildings and hardly anyone can afford to rent them.

DOROTHY BELLAMY, who has been playing in the interstate tennis championships for Melbourne this year, now that she lives there, has been spending some of her time with her father, Mr. Clem Bellamy, at Collaroy, and some at "Guyong," Double Bay.

MRS. J. J. ROUSE is motoring to Melbourne on Saturday, accompanied by her daughter—Mrs. Frank Crane—and expects to be away for two weeks. She will stay at Menzies, and will visit her sister, Mrs. Kilburn, who is ill.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Sep. Levy is still too busy to make his final decision, he hopes, all being well, to leave with Mrs. Levy in the "Mariposa" for America on February 7. They plan to return about eight weeks later.

STAYING at "Ranelagh," Darling Point, is Mrs. Grantley Sheridan, who had the honor of being one of two women present at the recent men's luncheon, given by the Royal Empire Society in Adelaide, for Sir John Sandeman Allen. Lady Allen was the other woman among the 200 men.

Mrs. Sheridan was also present at the Royal Empire luncheon given in honor of Sir John and Lady Sandeman Allen, at the Australia recently.

ALTHOUGH they have been in Australia some months, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Durand have not exhausted the social rounds. There are still many engagements to be fulfilled when they return from Leura, where they are staying in Judge Sheridan's cottage.

Mrs. Durand (Beatrice Sheridan) is an old Ascham girl, and Mr. Durand is known to those Sydneysiders who visited England for the coronation of King Edward. He acted as page to the Duke of Northumberland, who was a cousin of his father, Sir Edward Durand. His brother and sister married a daughter and son of Sir Lucas Tooth.

Like all the Durands, Mortimer is very tall, being 6ft. 3in. His grandfather, who was Governor of the Punjab, met his death by riding under an archway on top of an elephant and striking his head against the stone.

JOHN FAVIELL gave a very cheery party at the Australia last week in honor of Joan Overil, who has just arrived back from Ceylon.

AFTER the very pretty white-and-blue wedding of Enid Edmonds and the Rev. Wallace Pratt, of Broken Hill, which took place at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, the bride's and the groom's University friends gathered around the church door and sang "Lo, Here is Fellowship."

Enid spent the week prior to her marriage holidaying with her mother at the Myall Lakes, and they brought back with them the Christmas bells that were used at the wedding reception.

Clive Neild, who recently returned from England, where he gained his doctorate in philosophy, was best man, and Yvonne Wood and Ilma Peterson were bridesmaids.

Among the telegrams received by the bridegroom was one from a practical joker which stated, "Return at once, or I shall issue a summons and seize your books and clothing," and signed "Your landlady, Broken Hill."

AS they couldn't buy the furniture when they got married last November, because their homestead wasn't built, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Roche, who are down from Adelaide for the wool sales, are setting to work to acquire it now.

Mrs. Roche's sister, Merle Hamilton, who is in India, has just had a wonderful three weeks' trip through the earthquake area. Eunice Macindoe, B.Sc., who has been teaching science in India, and who went with her, returned to Sydney last week.

UNLIKE many theatrical folk, who never open a book from one year's end to another, Mr. Charles Westmacott, who has just retired from the management of J. C. Williamson's after twenty years, reads such interesting books continually that he is as mentally alert as ever, though over seventy.

He is also a model of physical fitness, being a keen yachtsman, and indulging in his daily swim. He has been spending a few days at Watson's Bay Hotel this week, to be near the water.

MRS. W. H. READ, who went to England a few months ago, is leaving for home in February, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Holmes (Margaret Read, B.Sc.) and their infant daughter.

Dr. Holmes, a brilliant Sydney graduate, who went home for purposes of further study, will act as locum tenens for his father, Dr. Holmes, who is going on a long holiday.

EARL BEAUCHAMP has been making plans to leave Sydney in March, intending to go home through America to "Madresfield Court," where his daughters live. Mrs. A. E. Hughes talks of returning to her home, "Carthana," Darling Point, where Earl Beauchamp is at present.

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## "It's a GREAT LIFE" ... In Sale Time!

Each week brings announcements of new sales commencing. Delectable goods fill shop windows to the present depletion and future enrichment of the household purse.

THE opening day of David Jones' sale is January 29, and a novel feature will intrigue their customers. They are arranging "signal bargains." An ingenious affair, based on the principle of the gadgets with which Mr. Hartigan signs to his trains to proceed or to pause, will announce incredible reductions in the different departments. Those who are so fortunate as to be on the spot when the bargains are signalled will benefit materially.

On the same day the devastating results of the industry of Farmer's ticket-writers will be made known, and bargains will be the order of the day.

A special selling of handbags and gloves will attract keen interest. For instance, the said ticket-writers have substituted 8/11 for 9/11 on an imitation crocodile handbag with a zipper fastener.

In the glove department, mesh lace mittens have received concentrated attention, and 4/11 is the figure that has replaced 8/11.

Mark Foy's Summer Fair is always entered in the engagement-book of their customers as an event worthy of note.

A specially selected group of frocks, usually 55/6/- and 60/6/-, are all selling at one price, 49/11. Bedroom suits must receive comment, too. Grained maple bedroom suits are reduced from £28/10/- to £23/10/-, and you are given a bedstead and mattress free.

Hordern Brothers call particular attention to needlework. A traced three-piece dressing-table set, with which they center on the purchaser six skeins of ivory Mallard floss and three skeins of Clarke's cotton, is priced as low as 1/6. Anthony Hordern's have directed their

attention to ideas for the home. Linen bath towels are offered as low as 2/11, and they are English towels! Satin cushions, in a variety of designs, are marked 4/11, and fadeless curtain fabrics, in a variety of colors and double width, are 1/6 a yard.

Snows are finishing their sale on February 3, and they are marking its completion with a fanfare of bargain trumpets. In the manchester department, the showroom, and among the dress goods, sale prices have wrought havoc with ordinary selling values.

McCarthy's challenge your criticism with the utmost confidence in their dress goods. Their confidence is based on such reductions as fancy rayons from 4/11 to 1/6 a yard; fancy georgettes from 3/11 to 1/11 a yard; and cambrics and voiles at 1/6 a yard.

For the menfolk, Palmers suggest notions that will cause the worthy head of the house to beam with gratification. There are men's striped poplin shirts for 2/11; youths' Thornproof suits for 30/-; and, amazing to relate, men's sac suits for 42/-.

Marcus Clark have had some apt thoughts for the small girl, either returning to school or on enjoyment bent. Trim uniforms can be procured for 7/10, comprising blouse and tunic, while dainty washing frocks in check zephyr with organdie trimmings are only 8/6 each.

Buckingham's have chosen February 1 to break the good news of five hundred snugly-fitting fur-trimmed coats for 29/11 each. With winter round the corner such a saving represents an auspicious occasion.

(By SAIDE)

## Punishment That Becomes ASSAULT

Law For Women

By a LAWYER

The children will be returning to school before long, and the incident recounted below may be experienced by any of the small boys in the great company.

Our legal adviser informs you of the redress that a parent can take in such circumstances.

BILL celebrated his return to school to-day in the traditional manner. He got a hiding. That is not unusual. He often gets them and always deserves them. This time, however, the schoolmaster has over-stepped the mark, and beyond making the punishment fit the crime (a mere peccadillo concerning a blotting paper pellet and an inkwell) has used Bill's trousers as a chopping-block on which to work off a back-to-work grudge.

Now Bill's mother is a sensible woman, with no single delusion as to her darling first-born. She knows him to be as full of devilry as the average healthy young barbarian aged twelve and quite as adept at annoying tricks and pranks. No sympathy has ever been wasted upon him when he has reported similar occurrences before. But this one is different.

### Ugly Weals

Bill's reluctance to eat his tea first gave cause for wonder. When, later, he

### SALES IN PROGRESS

Buckingham's, Farmer's, Foy's, Grace Bros., Anthony Hordern's, Hordern Brothers, David Jones, Marcus Clark, McCarthy's, Murdoch's, Specialty Blouse Stores, Sydney Snow, E. Way and Co.

was prevailed upon to submit to physical examination, six ugly raw weals were disclosed and blood had beaded to the surface. He won't say much; describes it as a "pretty warm sixer," and wants to be left alone. He does not feel like doing home lessons and is not being forced in the matter.

To-morrow Bill is to have a holiday and go with his mother to see the family solicitor, to find out the law on the point, and see if anything can be done to this modern "Squealer." She will hear something like this:

THE offence, if it is one, is that of an assault. An assault has been defined as the application of force to the person of another either directly or indirectly. A beautifully crisp description of what happened to Bill. From school-boy memories that still linger, I can fault it in only one particular: the application in such cases is always direct.

An act which amounts to an assault may, in some circumstances, be permissible. One of the cases is where the law allows a parent to administer chastisement to his or her child.

The same concession is extended to a schoolmaster with regard to a pupil entrusted to him. This is because, in the eyes of the law, he is the representative of the parent during the time that the child is entrusted to his care, and as such representative, he has a delegated power to lay it on, in proper cases.

### Action Against Teacher

It must be done, however, for the correction of the pupil, and not merely to provide a safety valve for the pent-up rage of the schoolmaster. Also, it must be reasonable, both as to the quantity given and the instrument with which it is inflicted. If it is done with anything dangerous to life and limb, or is made so hot that actual injury results to the pupil, or he becomes ill from it, then it becomes a straight-out assault. The protection which the law gives the master, as being in loco parentis, is gone.

Two forms of relief are open. He may be prosecuted for the assault as a criminal offence. This is usually done by a summons before a magistrate, and the master may be fined anything up to £10, or, if the offence is serious enough, he may be sent to gaol for any term up to three months.

Civil action may be taken, by the parent of the boy, as what is termed his "next friend," to recover damages for any harm or injury that may have resulted to him from the punishment.

Jurymen might not be too reliable in judging the matter: some may remember rough handlings in their young days and think schoolmasters in general a nasty lot, but others may have an orchard of juicy apples near a boy's school, and rather envy the master his privilege of assuming parental authority.

YOU GET THEM FREE?

"Of course—don't say you've not heard of the Sunlight Soap free offer!"  
"Well I never! Just feel this pillowcase—the sheet, too. I must get some. But—how?"  
"Just save Sunlight wrappers. I got this sheet and pillowcase in next to no time."  
"H'm, I've always liked Sunlight, anyway."  
"So have I, and nowadays I like it better than ever."

YOU BET I DO!

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap," (3 in each carton), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Or post them attached to a sheet of paper stating: 1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required, to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4100WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

OFFER OPEN FOR LIMITED PERIOD

**SUNLIGHT**



**PILLOWCASES**—hard-wearing cotton with linen finish. Attractively embroidered and hemstitched. 30 x 20 ins. Free for 24 Sunlight wrappers.

**SHEETS**—Horrocks's superfine sheets, strong and serviceable. Single—Free for 75 Sunlight wrappers. Double—Free for 100 Sunlight wrappers.

lightens work... whitens clothes—£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**HOPE GARLING** received eighteen letters one day last week?

**Stanley Phippard** calls his new book-shop in Hay St. "The Anvil" because it is a striking name?

**Young Anderson Stuart** has new blue covers for his yacht?

## A Holiday Mishap

AS she was feeling very tired after a strenuous year, it was regrettable that a mishap should have occurred to spoil Mrs. Iven Mackay's holiday at Jervis Bay, although luckily it proved to be nothing alarming.

Three-year-old Allison, who looks like a Dresden china figure she is so dainty, had the misfortune to break her arm. Dr. Ludowick was nearby, and set it immediately, and an X-ray now shows that it is knitting nicely.

General and Mrs. Mackay returned home on Sunday.

## Waratah Wanted

WEST Australia is noted for its wealth of native flora, but apparently New South Wales has something of interest to offer in this line also, since Miss May Holman, the only woman member of Parliament in the West, is pining for the sight of a waratah.

She has never seen one, but efforts are being made by a friendly soul to hunt up a stray blossom that may still be blooming in a mountain town.

Miss Holman arrived in Sydney last week and went on to Brisbane next day. It's more than three years since she last visited Sydney.

## Happy To Be Home

ALTHOUGH an adept in the art of tapestry-making, Mrs. Arkell Smith is getting little time for her hobby nowadays, being very busy entertaining, with daughters Janet and Margaret, all the friends from whom her trip abroad had cut her off.

Margaret, who recently had appendicitis, is now perfectly well, scampering about their Point Piper garden with Scamp, the terrier.

## Home in the West

PHILIP PIKE has now taken his bride home to "Tara," their station in the West.

Evidently the glamor and romance haven't worn in the least thin for Mrs. Pike, for she says she doesn't feel the heat at all—and though in the West one may have hot baths and other creature comforts, one can't run to swimming pools as elsewhere.

## Going Abroad

MRS. CLAUDE COUCHMAN is setting out on a world tour shortly.

As she is the only woman member of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, it's fairly safe to assume that she will inquire into broadcasting abroad.

Her name is also mentioned as the probable Australian woman delegate to the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva this year.

## An Awkward Moment

IT is a pity Philip Game cannot be in Sydney to see the present tennis championship matches at the White City, for he is very keen on tennis.

Indeed, at the party given to the players when they were last in Sydney, Philip confided to the guest next to him that he thought tennis was awfully interesting to watch—much more so than cricket.

At the end of the dinner Commander Gifford introduced Philip to the man who had been sitting on his other side.

It was Don Bradman.

## For the Governor's Ball

AMONG members of the Pioneer's Club, the history of Sydney's early days is often discussed, as there are still those there who have heard the stories from their own grandparents. But, if it were not for the revival of interest given by the fact that their ancestors' clothes are refurbished from time to time for their own use, probably such tales would become few and far between.

Recently the "Stitches in Time" pageant brought to mind certain old families; the Governor's ball will call forward more.

Mrs. Alfred Lee, Muriel Lee, and Mrs. W. Butters intend wearing dresses that belonged to their ancestresses. The frocks fit present wearers wonderfully well, Miss da Silva Waugh's being only very slightly altered, although worn by her great-great-grandmother in 1802.

## To Advise on Broadcasting

IT is understood that Mrs. Bernard Muscio has been appointed confidential adviser to Major Conder, manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Mrs. Muscio recently attended a Sydney delegate the triennial conference of the Australian Federation of University Women, where an interesting discussion took place on broadcasting.



## Arrangements Complete

DAVID LEAKE, an old Cranbrookian, with a practice at Rose Bay, has arranged to look after Doug. Warden's practice while Doug. is honeymooning, and a friend of both the bride and bridegroom, Bonnie Howgate, is to look after the home on the maid's days out.

Doug., who had a fine career at the Varsity, being senior student at Paul's, is very keen on gardening, and intends to do a lot after the honeymoon.

## Thrilled With Everything

ALTHOUGH she has always been much sought after, and is very charming, Betty Crook explains that she is frightfully thrilled at being engaged (to Lieut.-Commander Robert Gray, of the "Waterhen"), as it is "my first engagement, and he is very nice-looking."

All through the week she has been given little cocktail parties, best wishes by naval friends, and a party at the Warwick Club by Mrs. Gillman.

Her fiancé plays squash and tennis very well, but, although she does surf, Betty has warned him that she is not the outdoor type, and intends to stick to dancing and bridge.

## Getting in Early

OUR flappers, no less than our hospital and organisations of various kinds, are awaiting Prince George. The other day a friend telephoned Miss Cheriton, of "Doonee," and said, "I suppose now you will be getting crowds of new pupils."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Cheriton, although she did not know what was meant. "You know what I mean, don't you?"

Miss Cheriton confessed she didn't. "Why, all the mothers will send their girls to you because they will hope you will be able to get them dances with the Prince!"

## Study Repays Effort

EVER since she was a very little girl, Alix Lamb, whose mother, Mrs. Tom Lamb, is taking her home to a school of dramatic art, has loved acting.

But, strangely enough, she can't always be bothered studying when she is given a part, and so doesn't do nearly as well as she might through lack of rehearsals, and not being word-perfect.

When she does "take" to a part, however, as she did to her role in the Experimental Theatre's "Lavender Ladies," she puts her whole soul into it, with an outstanding success to her credit as a result.

## Fears Our Climate

AS she has a very young baby, Mrs. Fisher, wife of Professor Fisher, of Melbourne University, who has just been appointed to the Bank of New South Wales, has been worrying about our hot climate, although otherwise she is looking forward to Sydney.

The professor attended a conference at Geneva recently, and also went through Russia, so is particularly well up in economic conditions.

## Have You Heard That—

THE C. K. PARKINSONS are so keen about their new home that they transplanted a grown wistaria to twine around their verandah?

Claire Butters is becoming a first-rate young pianist?

Norman Teece hopes to take economics at Sydney University this year?

## In and Out of Society

By WEP





## AT YOUR SERVICE

THE tried and proven is ever good value—the new, untried, has yet to pass the acid test of public opinion. Seventy years ago Wright's Coal Tar Soap won its spurs as the soap that protects from infection.

10½d. per cake at all chemists and stores.  
W10.403.

## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

## ECZEMA CURED

MARRICKVILLE CHEMIST'S AMAZING SUCCESS WITH NEW SKIN-DISEASE TREATMENT

Remarkable Results With So-called "Hopeless" Cases

A succession of simply amazing cures of many types of skin diseases has been effected by a Marrickville Chemist, Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C. Notice was first drawn to Mr.



McHugh's new treatment some time ago, when he absolutely cured two cases of eczema of long standing which had been given up as absolutely hopeless.

When these cases were inquired into it was found that Mr. McHugh had been curing such cases for a number of years without it being publicly known.

Two outstanding cases recently were the complete cure of a frightful leg ulcer given up as hopeless 20 years ago, and the permanent cure in four

weeks of Eczema, from which a Marrickville girl had suffered for years (after treatment by four Sydney skin specialists). On every hand patients of this brilliant young chemist rejoice at the amazing success of the treatment.

Mr. McHugh has successfully treated Eczema, Psoriasis, Oozing Under Nail, Ulcers, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Barber's Rash, Furunculosis, Varicose Veins, and many other distressing cases of skin disease. His remarkable new formula will quickly give relief where there was previously little or no hope.

He has scores of original letters on file proving a cure of many difficult cases, from people throughout Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and even U.S.A.

Readers are advised to write Mr. J. J. McHugh, Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, 447W Illawarra Road, Marrickville, N.S.W., regarding any skin trouble, enclosing stamped envelope.

## WORLD'S Biggest Bridge MATCH

HOW contract bridge has gripped the imagination of the world is demonstrated by the extraordinary response to the third World Bridge Olympic, which commences on February 1.

A quarter of a million bridge players from Australia to Alaska, and from Egypt to Scotland, will take part in this globe-encircling contest for the contract championship of the world.

Representatives of over 40 countries, speaking twenty different languages, have signified their intention of competing with each other for trophies worth a King's ransom.

Every State of the Commonwealth has entered, and, in view of the fact that Victoria carried off the Australian honors last year, a determined effort will be made by N.S.W. players to reverse the position on this occasion.

Play in the N.S.W. section will take place at the Auditorium of David Jones Ltd., the first hands being played at 8 p.m. on February 1.

Mrs. J. B. Fielder has been requested by the National Bridge Association of New York to accept the position of game captain.

In addition to the international prizes, national prizes will be awarded to local champions in each country competing.

In Sydney, bridge lovers of all grades are entering in large numbers. Many society people have notified their intention of participating, and the medical profession—the stronghold of bridge—will be strongly represented.

The contest will consist of the playing of sixteen bridge hands set by the leading experts in America. The hands will present no intricate problems or freakish distributions, but will be similar to the best hands occurring in an ordinary evening of rubber play. The master minds of contract bridge have set a par consisting of the correct bidding and play for each hand, so that all players have an equal chance to win the Olympic.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the Olympic each entrant will be forwarded a complete analysis of the correct bidding and play for each hand.

The world championship trophies are two platinum statues valued at 10,000 dollars each.



TROLLEY BUS MAKES ITS DEBUT. This trolley bus, which contains Road Transport and Tramway officials, was the first of the service which is to be maintained between Potts Point and the City.

## A Rush to ENTERTAIN THE PRINCE

### Sydney Hostesses are Planning for Royal Visit

All Sydney wants to see the Prince, and hundreds of leading citizens consider themselves important enough to warrant a special visit from the Royal visitor.

But the King's youngest son will only spend about nine days in Sydney, so they cannot all have him.

THE New South Wales Government has not yet been officially advised by the Commonwealth of the projected visit, but the City of Sydney Organising Committee is already hard at work arranging a suitable programme for the entertainment of our distinguished visitor.

Applications are pouring in to the committee from private citizens anxious to try their hands at entertaining Royalty, while hospital committees and charitable organisations are arranging functions to coincide with the visit, in the hope that the Prince may be induced to lend the glamor of his presence to them.

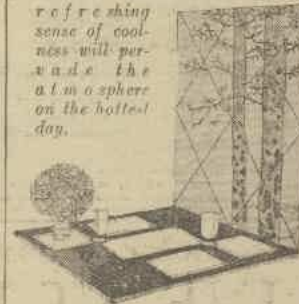
It is expected that His Royal Highness will arrive in Sydney on November 26, and public functions which he is sure to attend will be the official opening of the Anzac Memorial, Festival Fortnight, and the Martin Place extensions.

The United Services Ball will doubtless attract his attention, not only because of his well-known love of dancing, but also because of the fact that the military, naval, and air forces are co-operating in this function.

In the past the Australian Jockey Club has invariably arranged a social race

## DID You KNOW ...

A TABLE placed close to an open window in this fashion is delightful for summer meals. Buy a yard of green linen, turn it into table mats, and a refreshing sense of coolness will pervade the atmosphere on the hottest day.



meeting at Randwick for Royal visitors, and if the Melbourne bookmakers have not been too hard on the Prince during the Cup Carnival he will probably be anxious to try his luck at Sydney's premier racecourse.

The Women's Hospital, as far back as August last, wrote to the Premier's Department asking for the presence of the Prince at a garden fete in aid of the hospital, and has the honor of being on record as the first institution to make such an application.

HOTEL BROOK with 100 beds, 1 bar, and 1 lawn, the name of the House of Brook, The World's Appetite.

## POSITIVE PROOF of PERSIL'S CLAIMS.

# "DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" GUARANTEE!

### PERSIL WILL OPEN YOUR EYES

How can we possibly make the "Double-your-money-back" guarantee? Here's the answer: Persil has delighted millions of women in England and Europe. We know that Persil will mean the end of washing-day drudgery for you, too; we know that Persil will give you the easiest wash and the whitest clothes you've ever had. We want to convince you of it, so we make this amazing guarantee.

1,000,000 English women use Persil regularly—and every week thousands more Australian women follow their example. Will you find the way to easier, brighter washes this week?

### STOP SLAVING... Let PERSIL work for you



How is it that Persil, without a moment's rubbing, makes clothes cleaner than ever? Oxygen-washing—that's the secret. As soon as

Persil goes into the water millions of tiny oxygen bubbles start streaming through and through the fabric of your clothes. They sterilize, cleanse and purify every stitch and thread. You've never seen anything so gentle, yet so thorough, as Persil. Tiring, destructive rubbing is unnecessary now!

### WHITE whites . . .

### SAFE washing for everything

Your clothes are washed so extra-clean by Persil's penetrating oxygen suds that they are bound to dry with a wonderful new brightness. You'll say you've never seen the whites so white before, after your first Persil wash. And then the gentleness of the Persil way of washing makes it just the safest thing for colours, silks, woolies and all delicate materials. You've got to wash the Persil way to realise how safe washing can be!

SAVE every time you wash... absolutely NO bar soaps NO soap powders or other extras are needed. . . . PERSIL washes best alone

## THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE

Persil (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 15901 G.P.O., Sydney.



### "ALL THAT PERSIL SAYS IT DOES IS TRUE"

"Anyone once using Persil will, I am certain, never go back to the old drudgery of washing with any other preparation. The ease of doing a day's work (now done in half a day) is amazing. No praise on my part will convince anyone, just try it; you, like myself will be satisfied that there is nothing to compare with Persil. I am a semi-invalid and have only been able to tackle the laundry work since using Persil. To crown it all it costs no more than other preparations that mean hard work and leaning over a washboard. All that Persil says it does is TRUE. Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. L. M. DAVIES, Highgate Avenue, Punchbowl."

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THE ABOVE LETTER IS GENUINE & ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED



## WAY



# 10000 Fuel Coppers to be DEMOLISHED



10/-  
DEPOSIT  
10/-  
A MONTH

The work has already begun. Within a few weeks 1,000 fuel coppers are to be demolished and, in their places, 1,000 up-to-date gas coppers are to be installed. This means that 1,000 laundries in the metropolitan area are to be modernised—that they are going to be transformed from hot, uncomfortable washhouses to clean, cool, comfortable laundries—laundries where smoke, heat and ashes will be unknown, and clothes washing will be done quickly and conveniently, and without bother or fuss.

## 10/- Deposit and 10/- a Month

The cost of making this great change can be met so easily that you will not notice it. For demolishing the fuel copper—15/-; for fixing a modern gas copper (including piping and fittings) £1; and the cash price of a gas copper (with draw-off tap) is from £3/10/9. We will do all the work, and the initial cost to you is a deposit of 10/- only.

Come and choose your gas copper to-day and wash in a cooler laundry this summer.

At your service always

## THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:  
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN ½ d. A UNIT

## SKILFUL EYESIGHT SERVICE



GIBB & BEEMAN'S  
1934 DESIGN

Our advice is reliable — quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate

## GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,

Optometrists and Opticians  
O. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 Hunter Street, 5 doors from George Street.  
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 Pitt Street, Opposite A. Henderson's.  
And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

## Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Plates, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provide the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENTS 4/6, LADIES' 3/6, CHILD'S 1/6.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENTS 4/-, LADIES' 3/-.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS 6d., CHILDREN 1d. (under 5 years FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY S.S. CO. LTD.  
Telephone: B221, B276.

## Domestic Pests No. 2

## It's TIME to DEAL With Mosquitoes

By ENTOMOLOGIST

MOSQUITOES, besides being buzzing, biting, pestilential creatures, are a distinct menace to the health of the household, being carriers of disease.

Yellow fever, malaria, dengue fever and filaria are the principal of those diseases known to be borne by the agency of mosquitoes; all of them by this means alone, for the organisms of the mosquito-borne diseases must pass part of their lives in the body of the mosquito, developing there until they attain the stage in which they are passed into the human body.

When a mosquito bites it injects a salivary fluid into the blood stream, for the purpose of thinning the blood and preventing clotting, so that it may be readily pumped up by the insect. It is by this means that disease germs are introduced into the blood.

The mosquito lays its eggs on the surface of stagnant water; the common house variety in the form of non-wettable, non-sinkable, non-capsizeable rafts. The malarial variety deposits its eggs loose on the surface of the water.



"Well, here it is Anniversary Day again."  
"Yes, it only seems twelve months since we had one."

In the rafts each egg is provided with a lid on the lower end, which, when hatching takes place, opens, and the young mosquito larvae drop straight into the water. The young mosquito larvae are popularly known as "wrigglers," a name which rather aptly describes them, and are well known to everyone.

When fully fed upon organic matter in the water, the wrigglers change into comma-shaped pupae, which float just below the surface, and gain access to the air by means of two trumpet-shaped horns, which pierce the surface film. The wriggler breathes by a siphon on the tail. After a few days the adult mosquito emerges from the pupa, and soon flies and is ready for its first meal of blood.

It is the female mosquito alone which bites, the male contenting himself with plant juices. It is a curious fact that the eggs of the mosquito cannot mature until their mother has had a meal of blood.

Mosquitoes seldom travel far from their breeding place, although they may be carried by the wind, and the presence of these insects in the house is usually an indication that they are breeding in the near vicinity. Mosquitoes breed in any stagnant water, in pools, tanks, accumulations in house gutters, old tins and bottles, flower vases, etc., therefore these receptacles should be made mosquito proof or destroyed.

The bites of mosquitoes affect some people more than others, and produce large lumps and can be the cause of much irritation, or even poisoning where the bite is scratched. Many specifics are recommended for mosquito bites. Ammonia is good, but perhaps the simplest and most effective treatment for bites is soap, wetted and rubbed upon the bite.

A really effective deterrent for bites is the following: Citronella, 11 parts; kerosene, 1 part; castor oil, 3 parts. The mixture to be shaken before use, and smeared upon the exposed parts.

# THE HUB'S Extraordinary Offer of Corsets, Corselettes, Controlettes and Brassieres!



Step-in  
Corset

9/11

WELL-CUT STEP-IN CORSET for the average figure in Pink Broche. Slightly raised diaphragm and silk elastic panels. Nicely finished with rosebud trimming. Sizes: 27 to 30in. Usually 21/-.  
HUB PRICE ..... 9/11

## Wrap-on Corset

ATTRACTIVE WRAP-ON in Tea Rose Brocade. Firmly boned. Strong elastic panels and skirt slightly extended at back. Sizes: 29 to 30in. Usually 9/11.

HUB PRICE, pr. .... 6/11

## Wrap-on Corset

WRAP-ON CORSET. Back at front, in Tea Rose Brocade. Firm boning and elastic, 25 to 30in. Also nice wrap-on in pink cellular cloth. Firm elastic panels, and reinforced section at back. 25 to 30in. Usually 7/11.

HUB PRICE, pr. .... 4/11

## Controlette

CONTROLETTE in Pink Broche. Boned at back. Reinforced boned section at front. Brassiere section of neecleran lace. Strong elastic panels. Adjustable shoulder straps. 34, 36 and 41 inches. Usually 25/-.

HUB PRICE ..... 12/11

## "Long-Line" Brassiere

LONG-LINE BRASSIERE in strong fancy cloth. Fastening at back. Nicely finished, with net edging. 34 to 44in. Usually 3/11.

HUB PRICE ..... 1/11½

## Susp. Brassiere

SUSPENSER BRASSIERE, with uplift bust and small elastic inserts at waist. Made in strong fine material. 32 to 38 inches. Usually 4/11.

HUB PRICE ..... 2/11½

## Back Lace

Strong Back Lace Corset in Coutil strongly boned throughout. Low bust, small elastic section. Reinforced at front. Three sets suspenders. Sizes 24 to 36. Usually 15/11.

HUB PRICE 6/11

An expert Berlei-trained Corset Fitter is always at your service—at no extra cost to you.



Use The Hub's "20" and "16" Lay-by System. It's free of interest!

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**Paris created  
the fashions...  
...but YOU do  
the ironing...**

Dame Fashion decided that this would be a season for Cottons, heedless of the extra laundering and ironing involved. Those alluring Linens, colorful Cottons, Muslins and Organdies of endless variety—starch them with DANDY and see how their breath-taking charm of newness is restored—their dainty, summery loveliness completely recaptured. Use DANDY for all starching.



**DANDY  
STARCH**

Made by MAIZE PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.  
Sussex Street, Sydney

**kill  
flies**

Flies carry disease. It has been definitely proved that over 30 frightful blood diseases are directly transmitted by these loathsome insects, born and bred in vilest filth. The only sure protection for your home and children is to kill every fly. Spray with "FLY-TOX," the quickest acting of all insect sprays. Insist on genuine "FLY-TOX." Made in Australia.

EASILY QUICKLY and ECONOMICALLY.

**FLY-TOX**

THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

**CORNWELL'S**

PURE MALT

**VINEGAR**

BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

## JOYOUS COLOR for Your HOME ...with Our Exclusive Transfer

By Our Home Decorator

HERE is an amazingly simple way to decorate plain, white wood articles and turn them into artistic, colorful, yet serviceable objets d'art with lacquer, enamels or water-colors.

I HAVE shown here six articles—just six of the many, many things for which our large transfer can be used.

This exclusive transfer contains ten motifs in fruit and leaves. With care, you need only use one large motif and a smaller one for tracing purposes. Traced off and painted in water colors, enamels, or lacquer, and finally varnished, these designs look most artistic against the plain wood, which, when varnished, turns a rich, old ivory color.

At a later period I will show you how this same transfer can be used for beautifying furnishings in embroidery or applique.

The plain white wood used for this charming work can be purchased cheaply at any of the bigger stores.

In each instance carbon paper is used to trace off the design. Simply place the carbon rough side downwards on the wood, place the transfer motif over this, and run round the design with a pencil. Be sure, however, the design is traced on to the exact spot required.

If water colors are used, it is as well to sandpaper the wood first

to tone, painted round the edge, would lend a smarter effect. When complete, and thoroughly dry, coat with varnish—twice, if necessary. You will agree that a nut-bowl hand-painted with the motif from our transfer will make a very handsome addition to the dinner-table.

### LOVELY BOOK-ENDS

HOW pleased a friend of yours would be to receive a pair of book-ends designed by your own hands, to hold a few pet books! The delightful pair, shown in the picture, were created with the aid of two of the smaller motifs from the transfer. They were traced off as directed previously, and then painted and varnished.



NO experience needed. Send for the transfer (costing 6d.), follow the simple directions, and you will so easily, so swiftly, have a colorful collection of the most serviceable articles for gift-giving, or for constant service in the home you love. See coupon below.

### TEA-POT STAND

ONE of the smaller motifs traced on to a white wood teapot stand, painted in joyous colors and then varnished, is a simple matter, to be sure—but what pleasure you gain in service. How proud, too, of your handicraft you'll be!

### LAMP-SHADE

TABLE lamps are such desirable possessions in the home. They may become the actual and final beauty-spots of any room. Note the attractive shape of the one illustrated. The transfer, however, can be used with equal success on a cone-shaped parchment shade, which can be purchased for very little almost anywhere.

If your shade is of medium size, choose two of the larger motifs for tracing purposes as shown, smaller ones for either end; paint in harmonious colors, and then varnish.

### DECORATIVE TRAY

THERE are various sizes in trays to be had, but choose one an inch or two longer than the design. In this case, two of the large motifs were used, traced on to opposite corners. I would advise two coats of varnish, and suggest a band of black added to the sides of the tray, or, if you are desirous of carrying your artistic prowess further, copy the design given in the illustration.

Your tray when completed will lend such a decorative touch to the tea-table, and would be delightful for your visitor's breakfast in bed.

### THE BREAD-BOARD

YOU never dreamt that you could decorate a bread-board so easily, did you? Yet you can.

From the transfer sheet trace off two of the small motifs, as shown in the illustration, and paint them in the desired colors. As suggested for the nut-

to prevent the colors running. There is no need, however, to do this if you use lacquer or enamel paint.

I would suggest you use two pinks for the peaches, green for the leaves, or, if you prefer futuristic colors, you could paint the leaves black, the fruit in bright red, orange, or green, etc., to harmonise with the color scheme of your room.

Materials required: White wood articles, colored lacquers, enamels or water colors, brush, carbon paper, varnish, and the transfer, which costs 6d. post free.

### THE NUT-BOWL

TRACE off one of the small designs from the transfer with carbon and then paint in bright colors as suggested above. A band of black, or two colors

## CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS CLEVER IDEAS

**FINELY POWDERED** salt sprinkled on a candle all round the top, up to the wick, makes a suitable night light, especially for invalids, as it will give a dull light, and will certainly last the whole night through.—Mrs. M.J. Maryborough, Q'ld.

**TO MUFFLE** the tones of door bells, often necessary where there is sickness or a sleeping baby, cut the finger from an old glove, and slip it over the hammer of the bell.—Mrs. S.E.J. Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

**MINT WILL** retain its bright green color in sauce if it is dipped in vinegar before being chopped up. If the leaves are preferred brown, wash them in water before using.—Miss Gale Nielson, Herbert St., Brisbane, Q'ld.

**TO PUT** a sparkle in your windows and mirrors: Mix about one teaspoon of starch into the water used, then polish briskly with a clean dry cloth.—Mrs. Pat Gibson, Macalister St., Sale, Vic.

A GOOD rule to follow if you have any poison bottles in your home is to attach a small bell (which may be bought very cheaply at any stationer's or toy shop) by means of a piece of string. Then, if the bottle is picked up in a hurry, or in the dark, the bell gives a warning tinkle.—Mrs. B. Davidson, 132 Victoria Rd., Gladstone, N.S.W.

**USE FOR** old razor blades: Take a cork the length of an old safety razor blade. Incise it lengthwise, and insert one edge of the blade in the incision. You will then have a most handy knife for household use of every description, from chopping parsley in the kitchen to trimming carpets, sharpening pencils, and, above all, taking clippings from The Australian Women's Weekly.—C. G. C. Christie, 160 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

**FOR A** good furniture polish, tan boot polish is without compare—the dark tan for darker woods, and light for light. It gives a quick and lasting polish, and has splendid preservative qualities. I usually first apply with a soft rag and polish with a small, soft boot brush.—I. Langlands, Wangaratta, Vic.

**IF A** few drops of olive oil are added to the water used in washing chamois-leather gloves they will not become hard and stiff. The oil preserves the leather.—"Rita," Gladstone, Q'ld.

THE TRANSFER quoted on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post for 6d., post free: SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St. MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins St. BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.



Your daily beverage during the summer months should be delicious "Ovaltine" made with cold milk or milk and water. It makes good the lack of nourishment in the usual summer diet and is most refreshing and invigorating.

There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good"

Prices:

2/4 3/3 5/9

All Chemists and Stores

**OVALTINE**  
Served COLD

A. WANDER LTD.  
117 Kent Street, Sydney



# Our FASHION SERVICE and Free Pattern



WX321.—Linen skirt and jacket with long sleeves. Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 36-inch for jacket, and three yards 36-inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX322.—Silk one-piece sports frock with inverted pleats. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX323

WX324



WX325

WX326

WX324.—Tulle high-waisted evening gown, with puff sleeves. Material required, four and three-quarter yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WX325.—Georgette frock with lace yoke, and jacket of lace suitable for large and medium figures. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, four and a half yards 36-inch and one and five-eighths yards 36-inch lace for frock. Jacket requires two and three-quarter yards 36-inch lace. Width at hem, three and one-eighth yards. Size 44-inch bust requires five yards 36-inch and one and three-quarter yards 36-inch lace for frock. Jacket requires two and seven-eighths yards lace. Width at hem, three and three-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX326.—Smart three-quarter length linen coat with Raglan sleeves. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. To fit size 44-inch bust, material required, four and three-eighths yards 36-inch. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR the small girl of four to six summers our free pattern this week supplies a very dainty model. It has short puff sleeves for the party frock, or long trim sleeves and a belt for more practical wear. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting. Sports wear and swagger coats, evening wear and a choice of those ultra-smart accessories that can make the simplest frock look amazingly attractive are included, too.



WX327.—Separate collar and cuff set, suitable for medium sizes. Material required, one yard 36-inch. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

WX328.—Separate collar and cuff set, suitable for medium sizes. Material required, three-eighths yard 36-inch crepe-de-chine and two and three-quarter yards frilling. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

WX329.—Separate collar and cuff set of pique, suitable for medium sizes. Material required, three-quarters yard 36-inch. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—  
Sydney: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.  
Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 220 Collins St.  
Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.  
Adelaide: Shell House, Ann St.



**FREE PATTERN**

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.

**SYDNEY:** Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street.  
**BRISBANE:** Shell House, Ann Street.  
**MELBOURNE:** The Age Chambers, 220 Collins Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:  
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern, Coupon, 97/1/54.

WX330.—Girl's silk shirt blouse and serge skirt, with bodice. Material required, one yard 36-inch for skirt, half yard 36-inch for skirt bodice, and one and five-eighths yards 36-inch for blouse. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6, 8-10, and 10-12 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

WX331.—Small boy's smocked blouse and serge trousers. Material required, one and a quarter yards 36-inch silk for blouse, and five-eighths yard 36-inch serge for trousers. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 1-2 and 2-4 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

## Always popular!



Here is a bright, cheery girl... bubbling over with energy and personality. She has a clear complexion... and a sparkle in her youthful eyes. What is her secret?

Just a regular morning dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water.

She knows that Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are made from the most active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe, and are therefore nature's eliminant of all poisons in the blood stream. These poisons cause Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Backache, Headache, Blotchy Complexion, etc.

Try a dose to-day and feel better to-morrow.

There is no substitute for Schumann's  
Sold Everywhere



**Schumann's**  
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Price  
**1/6**  
per jar  
**2/9**  
Family Size



# WHIDDON

WINS!

WINS!



## £30000

### LAST WEEK'S CASH

In last week's Lotteries more people shared big cash prizes through WHIDDON'S WINS than through any other syndicate.

Hundreds of pounds in cash were given away last week, bringing the grand total of WHIDDON WINS to £30,000. The prizes last week included: £100: No. 95622; £50: No's 48223, 87078, 44332; £40: 16915, 26308.

**WHIDDON WINS THE BIG MONEY**—More big prizes have been won by WHIDDON, and more money in quicker time than anyone else. WHIDDON'S records stand unchallenged—two 1st prizes of £5000, four 2nd prizes of £1000, two 3rd prizes of £500, and hundreds and hundreds of £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, and £5's.

**IT'S EASY TO WIN THE WHIDDON WAY.** Just clip the coupons below and send with a stamped addressed envelope and a postal note for the share you want—£1000 share for 1/6; £715 share for 1/6.

Personal application for Shares may be made at Whiddon's Office, 10 Barrack Street, Sydney, where he will be glad to personally hand you your Shares.

**£715 - 1/6**

W. H. Whiddon, Desk W.W.2,  
10 Barrack Street,  
Box 4058W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
I want to win cash in the N.S.W.  
State Lottery. Here is a stamped  
addressed envelope and a postal  
note for 1/6 for a seventh share  
which can win £715.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....

**£1000 - 1/6**

W. H. Whiddon, Desk W.W.2,  
10 Barrack Street,  
Box 4058W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
I want to win cash in the N.S.W.  
State Lottery. Here is a stamped  
addressed envelope and a postal  
note for 1/6 for a fifth share  
which can win £1000.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....



### ... and spend WASHING DAY on the beach

There's no need whatever to be a slave of the wash tub. You can spend the day on the beach if you let SAPOLINE do the work for you.

Boil the clothes for 20 minutes, rinse and peg them out—and washing day is over.

SAPOLINE is a favourite with 40 years' public support behind it, and contains coconut oil, generally used in high grade toilet soaps, also borax, which makes white clothes whiter.

Excellent for all fabrics, and splendid too for DISHES, FLOORS, TABLES, etc. Does not harm the hands. Use SAPOLINE in the copper or washing machine.

A penny a 4oz. packet at all stores (cheaper by the dozen).

Listen-in to 2GB every Monday morning at 11.15 a.m. to the thrilling Drama—"THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITIONS."

### £5 for a Slogan

with second prize £2, third prize £1 and 8 consolation prizes of 10/- each. All you have to do is to send a six or seven word sentence such as "SAPOLINE makes washing day half a day!"

A SAPOLINE LABEL must accompany each entry. Post entries to: Pools and Homes, Wellington Street, Ruseville. Closing date Wed., Feb. 15th. You can send as many entries as you wish, providing a label accompanies each entry. The decision of the management is final and legally binding.

## SAPOLINE

SOAP POWDER

*Makes Washing Day Half a Day!*



### INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLE Re-woven.

Sydney Weaving Co.

90 PITT ST.

Phone: BW6952.

A LOUD and objectionable club bore had been talking for hours about himself and his achievements. "I'm a self-made man, that's what I am—a self-made man," he said. "You knocked off work too soon," came a quiet voice from the corner.

## For Young WIVES & Mothers

By M. TRUBY KING

Daughter of Sir Truby King, World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

HAPPINESS and health are the two things we want most for our children. Happiness, as the years wear on, they have to find for themselves, but it lies in the hands of every mother to start her own little ones well on the road to both.

IT is sometimes very hard for baby No. 1 when baby No. 2 puts in an appearance. The mother has so much of her time taken up by the new playmate that she is apt to forget that baby No. 1 is old enough to feel this lack of attention and to resent it.

Because baby No. 1 misses the wonderful feeling of being "the one and only person in the world" to his Mummy, he sometimes takes to sucking his fingers or thumb for comfort. When you see this sign you will know that baby is missing your love; but the wise mother will make a point of giving baby No. 1 just as much love and attention as before the new arrival came.

This sounds difficult, but it can be managed. Let the elder child help you in bathing the new arrival—or at least, make him feel he is helping you even if he is being a terrible nuisance.

When the new baby is asleep, make up for lost time by giving an abundance of attention to the elder child, so that he will not feel resentment towards his little brother or sister.

Some mothers have found it a very good plan not to be always looking at the new baby when it is awake, but to let their eyes rest equally on the ex-baby. Small though he may be, he notices this and is pleased.

So often mothers write saying that their first-born have become very hard to manage since the arrival of another child, and I feel sure it is because they do not understand that a child so young can miss his usual amount of "mothering" and love. The child, falling to arouse the usual interest by just being his happy normal self, takes to "playing up" in an endeavour to focus attention on himself.

### Firmness Plus Understanding

AN English educationist once said, "When a child is very difficult, it is sometimes due to lack of firmness, and sometimes through too much; but, most commonly, it is neither of these things, but rather a lack of genuine friendly understanding on the part of the adults, and the wrong kind of firmness. Firmness that is linked with irritability, and an assumption that the child is going to be naughty, is not helpful, but firmness which goes along with quiet understanding and a co-operative attitude is helpful."

For instance, some of the toddlers

become very trying by imitating the baby, refusing to speak well (as they have done in the past), and preferring to drop back to the "Dad-dad, goo-goo" stage. This, we may take for granted, is done because they have missed their usual amount of admiration and encouragement and have noticed their parents' pleasure when the new baby coos and chuckles.

The remedy, naturally, is to praise the elder children for their perfection of speech, and point out that the baby will not be able to speak as well as they do for quite a long time yet.

Let the elder children feel that the baby belongs to them just as much as to Mummy and Daddy, and let them hold baby in their arms (of course under supervision), in order to give them the feeling that he is theirs, too.

### Changing Places

PUT yourself in the ex-baby's place for a moment. For as long as you can remember you have been Mother's

### BABY LORE



A 15 months old child usually has four molar teeth and should be taught to masticate in the proper style.

"Mother must get baby's bath ready"; "Mother has to feed baby now"; "Run away and don't make a noise, baby's sleeping," etc. No wonder the poor little ex-baby has emotional difficulties at this time and takes to his thumb for consolation!

He may develop even worse habits than thumb-sucking; but the wise mother will avoid all this trouble by a sympathetic understanding of her first-born's feelings, and a generous allowance of love and affection.

Mothers who have personal problems of this sort with which they would like help, should write to the Sister in Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

## Give HUBBY a TURN in the Home!

Why shouldn't husbands have to change places with their wives for one whole month out of each year?

SUCH a scheme might lessen the number of divorces; give wives a delightful few weeks of absolute freedom and a happier outlook on life, and husbands a compound variety of emotions when faced with the myriad problems and worries usually dealt with by wives.

In that month the husband should have to take hold of the domestic machinery in every detail; look after the children; do the cooking in that station of life where cooks are scarce; see to the making and mending of garments; keep a weather-eye open for laundry lapes and dallying dustmen; attend to the shopping and supervise the domestic staff (if any remain).

Every evening he should be waiting at home in a clean collar, best tie and

socks to match (dress suit, too, of course) all bright smiles and sympathy, ready to receive his wife and assist her to eat and enjoy a nice cosy little dinner.

Also that month should include one week of spring cleaning; an outbreak of measles or mumps in the nursery (not serious, but requiring careful nursing); and getting everybody's things packed for the family's annual holiday.

Would the word "separation" be mentioned by a husband after such an experience? Most decidedly not. He would rush out to buy the latest fur or a vacuum cleaning outfit, with all the latest gadgets—according to the aspirations of the wife.

They would live happily ever after—until the husband's turn came round again the following year, when he would probably remember that he needed to take a business trip or a holiday that month and decide to take his wife with him.—B.J.

## We will Pay your DOCTOR'S BILLS

● Lubri-Lax, the authentic lubricating laxative, definitely cures CONSTIPATION—quickly and safely. To prove this fact to you, the proprietors of Lubri-Lax, The Natural Remedy Co., make this amazing offer.

There are two Lubri-Lax preparations. The medium strength in a yellow carton at 2/9 is prescribed for average and obstinate cases of constipation. The Double Strength Lubri-Lax in the blue carton at 3/6 is recommended for chronic cases. Medium strength Lubri-Lax seldom fails—Double Strength never fails. If three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax do not effect a cure—your trouble is organic—probably serious—and you should consult a specialist at once.

### A GENUINE OFFER

The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O. Box 1436, J.J., Sydney, will pay the consultation fee (usually £2/2/-) for you to be examined by a duly qualified medical specialist in Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane if three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax fail to banish your constipation. This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or conditions other than that you first write and state the name of your chemist—and the dates of the three purchases. You will then be given a letter to the specialist, we consider most suitable for your case. To be on the safe side keep the three cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, because Lubri-Lax will not fail you.

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctors' Way.

## LUBRI-LAX

Note.—If your chemist has not got Lubri-Lax, order from Hallam's Pharmacy—Washington H. South-Pattinson and Co., Ltd. Lubri-Lax (Medium Strength) 2/9. Lubri-Lax (Double Strength) 3/6.



The new Zoldy powder... in shades for every complexion... gives perfect adhesion and perfect distribution. It makes-up a "blotchy" and is impossible to perfume.



"White Wings" Quality Food Products are all packed by Bonny Australian Girls—not imported machines. All "White Wings" Products carry coupons of equal value. Collect these coupons and redeem them at the Coupon Parlours, 32 Meagher Street, Sydney, for valuable presents.

## WHITE WINGS



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn



IN ADDITION to clean skin, every bit of paraphernalia used for applying make-up must be fastidiously clean. Powder-puffs can be purchased for a few pence, or little pieces of absorbent cotton can be used to apply powder and then discarded.



- (1) Massage along jawbone, chin to ear. Arrows indicate direction. See story.
- (2) Second massage movement, moving from the chin across the cheek and beyond the eyes.
- (3) Massage from the corners of the mouth, past the nose, ending at outer corners of the eyes as shown.
- (4) Pat up from base of neck to jawbone, gently, firmly, reaching as far back as possible.

## Cosmetics IMPROVE LOOKS

### But Clean Skin should be the Basis of all Make-up

THE new idea of cosmetics is far different from the old idea. The old idea was that cosmetics were used to cover up defects. The new idea is that they are used to increase the natural beauty.

FEW women nowadays try to hide a poor skin with thick layers of paint. They set out to improve the general condition of the health and skin, and then use rouge and powder to enhance a skin as good as they have been able to acquire.

It's a much more sensible way. The old method was to cover the symptoms. The new one is to remove them.

Another idea of cosmetics nowadays is that they preserve the skin. Skin that is properly creamed and rouged and powdered is protected from dust and dirt. Thorough massage keeps the skin active and healthy—makes it able to throw off impurities that naturally light on it.

That means that they develop the natural beauty of the skin before they apply make-up. A good sign, and a good condition.

The essentials for good make-up, then, begin before you get your rouge, your powder, your lipstick.

The skin must be kept clean. No slipping into bed "just this once" with powder or dust clogging the pores. No rubbing of fresh powder over an already grimy skin.

Remember that you must rinse your face several times first with warm, then with cold, water, after soap; that the neck and chin should be included in any facial cleansing; that you should never put fresh make-up on until your skin is absolutely clean.

A liquid cleanser is convenient for a quick daytime cleansing before renewing make-up—especially if you are in business with few or no facilities for a thorough wash.

You need for this simple daily treatment—a good soap, cleansing cream, tissues, liquid cleanser, skin tonic, massage cream.

#### The Evening Ritual

AT night—every night, please, if you can possibly spare the time, and if you want to retain radiant youth—after a thorough soap and warm-water cleansing, rinse your face in lots and lots of cold water. Then, smooth on cleansing cream generously.

Remove this with a soft towel or cleansing tissues.

Then apply massage cream first along the jawbone, from the chin to the ear (note panel illustration, No. 1). Work in light upward movements. The hands should pass lightly over the skin, and the tissues should never be manipulated, pushed or pulled. The arrows denote direction.

The second massage movement, as indicated in picture No. 2, moves from the chin, across the cheek and beyond the eyes.

Illustration No. 3, shows the third movement, starting from the corners of the mouth, past the nose and ending at the outer corners of the eyes. Follow this with the fingers spread fan-wise and continue upward and outward well into the hair-line.

Number 4 picture shows the simple, yet sometimes difficult-to-grasp movement—that of patting upward from the base of the neck to the jawbone, firmly, and reaching as far back as possible.

Now, remove any remaining cream with skin tonic patted on with a pad of cotton—and your duty to yourself and to your appearance is complete for the night.

IN the morning wash your face with warm water and soap. Rinse thoroughly in cold water. Dry with a soft towel. And if you wish, pat on a mild astringent, going over the skin with a firm, patting motion—and when you are ready apply your make-up.

EVERY bit of paraphernalia used about applying make-up must be fastidiously clean. This isn't an expensive matter. You can buy powder puffs cheaply to-day, and you can use bits of absorbent cotton, of which quantities may be bought for a few pence.

The light under which you apply make-up must be good. Rouge and powder must be well rubbed into the skin, the edges of the rouge being blended off into the natural tones of the skin.

ANOTHER and important thing is this: spirits and happiness are improved, and increased, by a wise use of cosmetics.

"I don't suppose a touch of rouge makes so much difference in my looks as it makes in my feelings," said a woman who always looks well-groomed and well-dressed and well-got-up generally, the other day.

"Nobody knows, excepting other women who feel as I do, how much the right sort of cosmetics does to make me feel sure of myself, to make me feel happy and cheerful. If I am tired and pale, a little rouge makes me look fresh and rested, and before you know it I feel fresh and rested! I have to live up to my looks."

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Doctor, an elderly relative of mine makes all sorts of funny statements, and I fear she is suffering from delusions. What should I do about it?

A DELUSION is an incorrect belief that is incapable of disproof; it may be most bizarre and absurd.

I have seen a young boy who was convinced that he had no stomach, and a man in the prime of life who stated with pride that he was the mother of twelve. However, many strange things happen in this world and many things are labelled delusions which are actually correct.

On the other hand, who can say what is truth, and what isn't? The young man in love most certainly suffers from delusions about his beloved. Fanatic adherents of any political party or any particular religious sect most certainly suffer from delusions.

In fact, we all suffer from delusions in some form.

The acid test is whether a person's beliefs so unfit them for living as to render them a danger to themselves or to society. In such a case, they are confined, and placed in a mental hospital. If their delusions are harmless, let them keep them without worry—and remember the old proverb about people who live in glass houses.

PATIENT: I have a most unightly bunion on the side of each foot; can you tell me, Doctor, what will give me relief?

IN a normally-shaped foot, the inner margin should be a straight line from heel to toe, with, of course, a nice upward arch.

However, we try to improve an nature by wearing extraordinary footwear and bunions are the result; people who go bare-footed have never heard of bunions. Pointed footwear is the cause, and people with flat feet are particularly liable.

The pointed toe turns the big toe at an angle to the others; the joint at the base of the big toe is permanently on a stretch and pressed on by the boot. It is, moreover, in a position easy for injury. The joint chronically inflames, and enlarges, and there is your bunion.

The first essential in prevention or cure is well-fitting footwear. If the bunion is small, it may respond to a change of shoes, and suitable local treatment.

Sometimes the joint is too much injured for this and an operation is needed to remove the bunion in order to bring the toe back to its normal shape.



PATIENT: Do you think it is possible, Doctor, for germs to emit harmful rays and cause sickness from a distance, as was reported in the press recently?

PERSONALLY, I don't for a moment. If there is one thing firmly established in scientific research, it is the fact that the actual presence of a germ

#### EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS EXERCISE is for the hips and thighs. Balancing against a chair, lift one leg to a level with the hips and swing in a semi-circle back and forward, twenty times. Repeat with the other leg.

is necessary for the contracting of the corresponding disease.

Of course, something else is necessary, otherwise everybody would catch tuberculosis, for instance—a germ which is universally present. We call that "something" lack of resistance, and seek to build up bodily resistance by correct feeding, good habits, etc. But the germ cannot be transmitted by a ray, though its strength may be possibly altered by such.



MISS RENE DIXON, the Beautiful Theatrical Star and Broadcasting artiste, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

## Beauty Hints of Real Value

"TO KEEP HAIR WAVY." Hollywood Hair Dressing comes to the rescue of all those women who hitherto have found difficulty in keeping waves in their hair. This wonderful dressing is a real tonic, for as well as holding waves in hair longer, Hollywood Hair Dressing stops dandruff and falling hair and, used regularly, increases growth.

"PERFECT MAKE-UP." However good the complexion, to-day it is the vogue to use make-up at all times. But oh, the terrible tragedies one sees when the wrong make-up is used! Modern make-up demands just this: Apply a little pure mercolized wax as a foundation; put a little collodium on that part of each cheek where it is natural that your colour should be. The effect of this collodium, an improvement on rouge, is to produce the delicate bloom of perfect health; then powder with Barri-Agar Face Powder. Carefully shape lips with a stick of pro-lactum, or the new modern, Dear-born Lip Stick, which will keep them moist, supple, and rosy, and prevent cracking.

"TO REMOVE FRECKLES." Do away with your disfiguring freckles by treating them with pure mercolized wax. Begin at once to apply

this wonderful wax regularly night and morning to face, neck and arms, and very soon your skin will clear up and show its natural beauty. You can always tell when women have been kind to their skins by regularly following this ideal treatment. Such skins possess a transparent loveliness which cannot be attained by use of heavy, clogging creams.

Mercolized wax, you see, absorbs into itself and so removes all impurities, dead skin, etc. Keep your arms and elbows soft and white by application of mercolized wax.

"PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE." "Tip" is at once the simplest, the pleasantest, the most lasting in effect of any known deodorant. Furthermore, it does not stain garments and has in itself a clean sweet fragrance. Apply to armpits when necessary.

"BANISHING WRINKLES." This is not so hopeless an undertaking as it may seem. Parsidium jelly is invaluable for smoothing-out fine wrinkles, taking the tired feeling out of the skin, and toning it up generally. Parsidium is quite the best astringent skin tonic on the market to-day. Application of parsidium jelly will at once reduce hot flushed faces to normal.



"Oh dear!...  
another day  
finished"



"Another day gone, and not such a bad day, either... Rather tired now, though... had visitors and so my bath was late... pretty thick keeping a fellow waiting for his bath and powder.

"Still, I've had it now, and don't I feel comfortable!

"That Betty Brown that was here to-day seems as though she might be quite a nice girl if she wasn't so cross.

"Course I know it's not her fault... she gets the wrong powder, that's all... Her mother ought to know about my Johnson's Powder... so soft and snugly...

"Oh dear!... I am tired."

Johnson's Baby Powder is the best your baby can have. Soft and pure. Cheap tales tend to clog the pores, and so cause skin irritations. Johnson's Baby Powder keeps the pores free, and keeps baby comfortable and happy all day long.

For complete skin protection use Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream as well.

**Johnson's  
baby powder**

"Best for Baby—Best for You"

● A product of Johnson and Johnson, world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings.

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In the heat of Summer...  
enjoy the cooling, fragrant,  
soothing luxury of...

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GENUINE

**JEAN - MARIE - FARINA**  
**EAU DE COLOGNE**

Originated in Cologne in the 18th Century

So closely have Roger & Gallet, the famous Paris Perfumers, guarded the formula, that no imitations have ever rivalled this perfect product.

Prices from 2/6 to 50/-

## BULB CULTURE—Indoor and Outdoor

"It isn't a day too soon to prepare beds and bowls for Winter & Spring beauty," says the OLD GARDENER

WHAT beauty is packed inside a bulb! No seed which ever grew can produce such color and fragrance.

Stored up inside each is sufficient nutriment to feed it to maturity, hence the interesting art of indoor culture—in addition to outdoor bedding and border beauty—both of which are comprehensively treated in this article by the Old Gardener.

WHAT a dreary old world this would be without a garden! Flowers... they bring joy and brightness everywhere—like magic—into the home, the sick-room, and the hospitals.

Those who grow flowers to spare: If they only knew the joy and pleasure flowers give to the sick in hospital I am sure they would not hesitate to send or take them along.

But—I came along to-day to tell you about bulb growing, as this is the time to prepare for winter and spring glory indoor and outdoor.

Now, the bed where bulbs are to be planted should be composed of light, sandy loam, and must be well drained. Fresh manure MUST NOT be used. Manure the beds, before planting, with well-decayed materials, or you can use a bed that has been manured for last season's planting.

Keep each variety of bulbs separate; mark off your bed in sections, and fill each section with a good flowering variety.

Be sure, my friends, to label each section so you know just where they are planted. Plant them in rows, not in haphazard, careless fashion like some bulb gardeners that you see. By doing this, the general attention to the bulb-bed, weeding and cleaning, etc., can be easily maintained.

The following can be planted during the month of February, or even in the latter end of January:



First of all we will take anemone and ranunculus. These, technically, are not classed as bulbs, although they are usually planted at bulb time. They can, of course, be grown from seed also, and if sown now will produce flowers the same year. When planting these either as seedlings or otherwise, don't be afraid to plant them close, say, six inches apart. Planted this way they cover the whole bed like a carpet, and give a very effective display.

Freeseias, sparaxis, tritonas, ixias, watsonias and daffodils are all spring-flowering bulbs, and if planted now will give a grand spring display.

Hyacinths make a brave show, especially on the highlands and mountains, etc.—anywhere where a semi-English garden does well. Along the coast they do well in a semi-shaded situation. They like a

BOWLS OF beautiful and delicately scented early hyacinths are one of the most pleasant sights in the home on dull, winter days. They are easily grown. Follow the simple directions given by the Old Gardener.

light, rich soil, plenty of well-rotted cow manure, while growing-ground must be kept moist, otherwise they will not bloom. March or April is a good month to plant them. When they are done blooming the foliage becomes dry; they should then be lifted, or taken out of the pots, and stored in a cool, airy place until planting time comes again.

January and February are usually the best months to plant the gladiolus. If the bulbs are planted at intervals a succession of blooms may be carried on. They like good rich soil, and must be well cultivated. The bulbs should be planted about three inches deep. When growing, the plants should be well staked. The flowers should be cut as soon as they begin to open, kept in a cool place, and if the water is regularly changed, every bud will open.

A very pretty flowering bulb, and similar in growth and cultivation to the tigrida, is the galatine azurea. It grows very freely and can be increased by division of roots. It should be planted in February or March, and is a native of North America.

The ornithogalum is a fine flower for massing purposes. It will grow in any soil with very little attention, is a hardy bulb and is mostly grown for borderline purposes. The two best varieties are arabicum and narbonense. The former is pure white, has a black eye, and is much appreciated by all flower lovers. The second one is also pure white and flowers freely. When planting bulbs don't forget the Japanese spider lily.

The following offer good colorful variety: Lycopodium aurea, radiata, sanguinea, squamajeria, and squamajeria purpurea.

### Pot Culture

FRESEIAS, hyacinths, tulips and daffodils make splendid pot plants for indoor fragrance and beauty.

For a six-inch pot, Miss, use from six to twelve bulbs according to the size of the bulbs. Good-rich soil, a little sharp sand, and pots well crocked for drainage are your simple requirements. Do NOT use any fresh manure.

Plant the bulbs so that the crowns are well below the surface. After planting water well, and keep in a shady, cool position.

After they begin to show above the soil, however, remove to a sunny situation. Keep them well watered as they begin to grow.

Bulbs grown in pots are a wonderful acquisition to the home, since they can be lifted from room to room where needed for indoor decoration.

Even around our large cities, where gardening space is limited, room can always be found for pot culture, so there is no need for the flat-dweller to be without fragrant blooms.

Bulbs can also be grown in moss fibre—daffodils and hyacinths especially. Decorative bowls, pots, or vases can be used, as no drainage is necessary. A few lumps of charcoal should be placed in the bottom, however. After moistening the moss well, squeeze out and pack as tight as possible, just covering the bulbs.

Place in a position where plenty of air is obtainable, but keep as dark and cool as possible. The moss must be kept damp, not too wet or saturated.

This is a wonderful way to grow bulbs—unique and interesting. Any of the seed merchants can supply the moss fibre suitable for bulb growing.

## Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Exciting or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

### Encouraging Early Marriages

THE Gas and Electrical Society of Barcelona, Spain, has conceived its duty to be the encouragement of early marriages. To this end it is conducting demonstrations especially for newly-married women in the art of cookery by gas (its activity concerning electricity being mainly in the lighting field). Model kitchens with cookers, radiators, water heaters and refrigerators all actuated by gas were equipped for show purposes, and the success of the society's efforts is revealed in the fact that for the past financial year the number of gas cooking stoves increased from 7500 to 70,227, or over 30 per cent.

### Not Understood

WHEN two Chinese girls met for the first time recently they were unable to exchange greetings, though they were first cousins.

One spoke her native tongue, but not a word of English while the other, who had been reared in an English community, spoke good English, but not a word of her native tongue. It was amusing to watch them trying to make each other understand.—W.T.

### One Swallow or Two?

OUR minister, while conducting a Sunday morning service recently, was reading this psalm. "The sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, etc."

Suddenly two swallows startled the congregation by flying over their heads among the posts of the timbered roof.—B.C.

### Sheer Nerve

IN one of the large departmental stores in Perth (W.A.) an assistant wrapped an expensive powder-bowl and placed the docket and change on the counter. While the purchaser was putting the money away a woman nearby calmly picked up the parcel and the docket.

When the rightful owner and the shopgirl protested, she declared the package belonged to her, and that she "had the bill to prove it."

As there was no disputing this fact, the poor Muggins who had paid the cash had to watch her sail triumphantly out of the store, taking the longed-for powder-bowl with her.

How do I know about this? Well, I was the Muggins.—L.M.R.

### Then Cupid Woke Up

HAVING lived under the same roof for fourteen months, a man and a girl had never met. He worked from early morning to mid-afternoon, and she from early afternoon to late at night.

However, he was drafted to another shift. They foregathered and two months later were married.—M.D.S.

### Is This a Record?

I WONDER if this is a record? My daughter was married at Christmas and made her own dress of white marocain, and a white slip, the two bridesmaids' frocks of green organdie and their gloves and slippers my own frock of marocain and her travelling dress of grey marocain with swaggar coat to match. She also made her own bouquet and assisted with the bridesmaids' sprays as well as helping to prepare the wedding breakfast.—S.K.G.



# Delicious RECIPES for Milk Dishes

**MILK is SO GOOD for US . . .**  
And here are some very tempting and nutritious ways of using it

By  
**MARGARET SHEPHERD**  
Instructor To Leading Hospitals.

**D**OCTORS and students of nutrition are continuously impressing upon us these days the wisdom of using plenty of milk in the diet.

One quart for children and one pint for adults of this health-giving food and beverage is necessary daily, as it supplies calcium, phosphorus, protein and fats, in the right proportion, to build up bone and muscle in the growing child.

It is also a valuable source of vitamins A, B, and ricket-preventing vitamin D. Fresh, unscalded milk contains vitamin C, but it is easily destroyed

**A**BSOLUTE cleanliness in the care of milk is essential for health reasons. It is an excellent culture medium for bacteria, which will produce disease germs and alter the odor and flavor of milk. Therefore it is necessary for the housewife to always see that the receptacle for milk is well cleaned and scalded.

The milk should be kept in a cool spot well away from dust and flies. Soft muslin or organdie jug-covers are the best.

It is a good plan to give a glass of milk to children at meal times, as well as combining it with other foods for the family, otherwise adults do not get their full pint daily.

Milk can be combined with eggs, supplying iron (the only element lacking in milk), or with vegetables, meats, fish, and in milk puddings.

If cereals are used, try to avoid using too much of the grain, which is satisfying before the full amount of milk is consumed.

Here are some suggestions for using milk in the daily diet.

## CUCUMBER CREAM SOUP

One medium-size cucumber, 1 white onion, salt, peppercorns, 4 or 5 lettuce-leaves, 1 cup white stock, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 cups milk, 1 egg, croutons of fried bread.

Peel the cucumber and onion; wash, cut up roughly and put into a saucepan with the cut lettuce-leaves, stock, salt, and peppercorns. Simmer with lid on for about 30 minutes or until soft enough to run through a sieve. Add the milk to the puree. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add flour, mix, and add milk and puree. Stir on the fire until it boils and simmer 4 minutes. Add a well-beaten egg just before serving, taking care not to allow the egg to boil. Garnish with croutons of fried bread.

## MILK JELLY

Two pints milk, lemon rind or orange rind, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons castor sugar.

Soak the gelatine in 3 tablespoons cold water. Put milk into a saucepan with lemon rind, and heat slowly for 20

minutes. Add sugar and gelatine. Stir until it dissolves. Turn into a basin and stir occasionally until it is a thick creamy mixture. Then turn into a wetted mould. Place in a cold spot until set.

## CHOCOLATE CREAM

Three cups milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup cream, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, chopped walnuts.

Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold

fold in the partly-beaten cream. Turn into a wetted mould to set. When firm, turn out and decorate with whipped cream to which a little cochineal has been added, and cover with chopped walnuts.

## RICE A L'IMPERATRICE

Four tablespoons rice, 2 pints milk, 1 gill cream, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup sugar, 1 inch cinnamon stick, lemon rind, pinch salt, stewed cherries.

Wash rice well. Put into a saucepan of boiling salted water and boil rapidly for 10 minutes. Strain. Return to saucepan, add milk, cinnamon stick, lemon rind, and simmer slowly until all the milk is absorbed. Remove the cinnamon and lemon rind; add sugar and gelatine, which has been soaking in 2 tablespoons cold water. When gelatine and sugar are dissolved, add partly-whipped cream. Turn into a wetted mould. When set, turn out and serve with stewed cherries.

## ASPARAGUS IN SAUCE

One bunch asparagus, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups milk, one slice onion, piece lemon rind, 7 peppercorns, salt, toast.

Put the tied bunch of asparagus into a saucepan of boiling salted water (tops uppermost) and boil gently until tender. Drain, and untie the bundle, and turn on to a warm dish. Cover with a sauce made as follows:

Heat the milk in a saucepan with the lemon rind, salt, peppercorns and onion, and simmer slowly for 10 minutes. Strain. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, mix well and add milk a little at a time. When well blended return to fire and stir until it boils. Simmer 4 minutes. Pour over the asparagus, and decorate with small triangles of buttered toast.

## SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Two doz. oysters, 2 cups milk, 1 small onion, blade mace, 7 peppercorns, salt, paprika, 1 lemon, bread-

# For HEALTH use more Vegetables

And for radiant health many should be eaten raw!

Good health is our greatest asset, and without it, no matter what other advantages we might have, we are bound to go down in the long run. To keep ourselves in the best of health, we must see that the supply of those vitamins and minerals, so necessary to our bodily well-being, is kept up.

There is no need for us to go in for "faddy" foods here in Australia, since we have an ample supply of nature's protective foods—milk and fresh vegetables.

The virtues of milk are, of course, well known—but does the average housewife know how beneficial are fresh vegetables? Vegetables contain the minerals—iron, lime, calcium, and iodine—and all the main vitamins (A, B, C and D), and for this reason should be one of the main articles of the diet.

Vitamins A and D are found in green leafy vegetables, and in those which are most highly colored—carrots, for instance. The outer green leaves (the ones which are usually so carefully cut off and thrown away) are the most beneficial, as they contain most of the vita-

mins and mineral salts, and should be eaten in preference to the white "heart." Vitamin A is necessary as a protection against respiratory and lung diseases, and infectious diseases, and the absence of this vitamin, together with vitamin D, is largely responsible for dental decay.

Vitamin B, a small amount of which is very essential for the maintenance of appetite, growth, and proper functioning of the digestive organs, can be obtained in sufficient quantities in green vegetables, provided they are properly prepared.

Vitamin C, although not so widely distributed through the vegetable kingdom is also present—mainly in swede

not entirely lacking, in vitamin C becomes irritable and lacking in stamina, and quite often are stunted in growth.

## Raw Vegetables Beneficial

In order to obtain the most benefit from them, vegetables should, wherever possible, be eaten raw. Not only should more lettuce, tomatoes, and celery appear on our tables, but finely-cut cabbage, grated carrot, and other vegetables when chopped up are highly beneficial, and are delicious if added in small quantities to salads. When, however, it is necessary for them to be cooked, care should be taken, both in the preparation and cooking, otherwise most of the vitamins and mineral salts will be lost.

HORT HOLBROOK says: I have sliced olive ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?\*\*\*



MILK is the most nearly perfect food that nature has given us. And, fortunately, those who say they cannot drink milk need not do without it, since there are so many inviting ways of using it. Take, for instance, the delicious dessert, chocolate cream, shown here. Doesn't it look tempting?

crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 table- spoon flour.

Put milk into a saucepan with rind of 1 lemon, onion, peppercorns, whole mace, and salt. Simmer slowly 10 minutes. Strain. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan, add 1 tablespoon flour, mix, add strained milk a little at a time. When well blended return to fire and stir until it boils. Simmer four minutes. Add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, and the oysters. Turn into well-buttered scallop shells, which have been sprinkled with bread crumbs. Cover the top with crumbs and re-heat in the oven—taking care not to allow it to boil. Garnish with a sprinkling of paprika, lemon, and parsley.

# BEST... RECIPES

**E**VERY week we offer readers a prize of £1, together with consolation prizes, for their favorite recipes.

This week we announce the result of the entire dish competition. The winners of the "left-over" meats recipe contest will be published next week.

Our next competition will be interesting. Pears, luscious pears, are coming in. Will you send us your favorite method of utilising them? It may win you £1. Results will be published in our issue of February 10.

Here are the winners for this week:

## KIDNEY AND BACON ROLLS

Use only the best sheep's kidneys, and cut them into thick slices, across, without splitting. Roll slices in seasoned flour, then wrap in very thin strips of streaky bacon, without rind. Fasten securely. Grease an aluminium pan, or oven dish, lay the rolls in it, cover with buttered paper, and set in a hot oven. Do not let them burn. About ten minutes' cooking is sufficient. Serve on crisp toast. This is a tempting and nourishing entrée, as kidney has a fair supply of vitamin A, and is also good protein. Lean bacon also supplies protein.

£1 prize to Mrs. H. Johnston, 140 Bland St., Haberfield, N.S.W.

## CUTLETS PRINCESSE

Take 1 tablespoon each chopped ham, chopped eggplant, parsley, cleaned and chopped mushrooms. Fry gently with 1 tablespoon butter for 5 minutes. Add the mixture to 1 cup white sauce, and blend thoroughly. Then add salt and pepper, well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir over fire till mixture thickens, but do not allow to boil. Coat cutlets with the sauce, and allow to stand till set. Dip in egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Arrange around a mound of mashed potatoes. Serve with spaghetti, green peas or baked tomatoes, and a good herve gravy.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. M. Yates, "Avenlea," Kirby St., Golden Square, Bendigo, Vic.

## CHICKEN CREAM

One piece of chicken, yolk of one egg, pinch salt and pepper, lemon juice, parsley, and nutmeg. Mince chicken, mix together. Then add the beaten egg. Put into a greased mould, and steam gently until set. Serve with white sauce.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Deighton, 141 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

"k.1 R., k.2 tog. R., k.3<sup>R</sup>.  
(1<sup>W</sup>, 5<sup>R</sup>.) five times, 1<sup>W</sup>."



Can you digest this?

The way this lady has got tied up with her knitting instructions is nothing to the way some people's digestions get tied up with rich and indigestible foods. Only an expert could help the lady, but everyone can help their digestions—simply by eating Mustard. For Mustard not only improves the flavour but also takes away the richness, and so makes every dish both tastier and more digestible.

it's nicer  
with Mustard  
- Keen's Mustard





## Olive oil brings new life to your skin

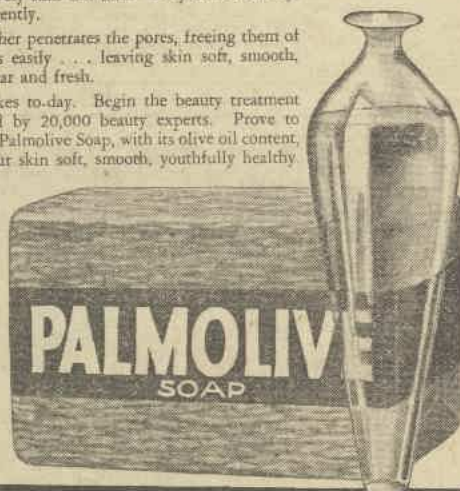
—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

IT'S been many years since olive oil was first used to cleanse lovely skin. And yet—in all the time since—nothing has been found to take its place. Olive oil and palm oils, used by the ancients, are still the world's great beauty aids. To-day, in Palmolive, a blending of these natural oils offers you the surest protection lovely skin can find. They cleanse safely, thoroughly, gently.

Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Get three cakes to-day. Begin the beauty treatment recommended by 20,000 beauty experts. Prove to yourself that Palmolive Soap, with its olive oil content, will keep your skin soft, smooth, youthfully healthy.

The soft at the right places that exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.



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## LISTLESSNESS vanishes!

INSTEAD of having to push yourself to your tasks, you'll enjoy exercise if your system is kept functioning naturally and regularly by a small dose of CARLISTA daily.

CARLISTA is Nature's own remedy for Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Uric Acid, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Bad Skin and Muddy Complexion.

Start the CARLISTA habit now—and say goodbye to the miseries of ill-health.

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# CARLISTA

## MINERAL SPRING SALTS

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

And at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., 160 Pitt St., Sydney, and Branches



# NOT GENUINE

Continued from Page 8

"YES," I said with some heat. "I did. I'll own things look black for her, but why jump to the worst conclusion?"

"I don't think that she did it for one moment," he said, "but I was trying to force the truth out of her with the help of her just indignation, by practically accusing her of the theft. Listen, old man, before you judge me. June told me, when she suggested asking Priscilla down, that the girl has a brother who is an awful bounder, and who has been turned out of the home and disowned by her parents. June doesn't really know the Sergeant, or Priscilla herself, very well. They met at some house party, and became friends, when Priscilla got confidential and told her about this family trouble. Apparently the brother came a frightful cropper at Oxford, and ever since has been living on his wits, by no means honestly, if dishonestly would do as well or better. I feel sure this blighter has got something to do with it, and now that Priscilla is silent as to her movements, I'm all the more certain. I shouldn't be surprised if she's shielding him."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"What can I do but send for the police?"

"And tell them about Priscilla's visit to your study?"

Billy looked at me full in the eyes.

"Are you suggesting that I shouldn't?"

"Yes?"

"Because," I said deliberately, "surely you are perfectly satisfied of Priscilla's innocence? It seems cruel to make her say what she doesn't..."

"Stop!" said Billy drily. "Your chivalry does you credit, old man, but you forget my position. I have a duty to my guests to perform, in particular to the owner of that chinchilla wrap. I must help the police in every way that I can. I must, as the owner of the house in which this robbery has taken place, think as they would if they were already here, which strictly speaking they should be, as I ought to have sent for them at once. As it is, I shall have to let him look at his watch—ten minutes."

There was no answer to his argument, and I felt a little ashamed of my rather sentimental suggestion. I felt for my cigarette case and opened it to find it was empty.

"I'll just run up to my room to fill up, Billy," I said, "but in fairness I must confess that I think you're right."

He smiled.

"I didn't want you to think me unreasonably hard, that's why I've explained my feelings to you, old man. The whole thing is a lathsome business!"

"It is," I answered, with feeling.

THE dance had just concluded, and I went upstairs quickly to avoid the couples as they came out from the ballroom. I reached my room and went in hurriedly. Standing by my dressing-table, a man looked almost as surprised as I must have done. For a moment we stared at each other without speaking.

Notwithstanding my astonishment, a fact was thrust upon me: this man bore a most remarkable resemblance to Priscilla. And from this fact a joyous conclusion began to filter through to my brain, for it seemed that I was on the brink of the solution to the mystery, and possibly would be able to clear Priscilla in spite of herself.

"Good evening, Sergeant," I said.

"Good evening. I was unaware that we had met before?"

"So that is your name?"

The man bowed.

"Eustace Sergeant," he said, "disinherited son of Henry James Sergeant, at your service."

"Quite," I said drily, "but I don't keep it there, nor my valuables. Have you any explanation to offer for your presence in my room before you accompany me downstairs to interview the owner of the house?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "Peculiar incident."

"You're commendably frank," I said.

"Of course!" responded the amazing young man, "when caught red-handed I am always frank. I find that if you give no trouble it shortens the sentence."

"Eustace!"

I turned quickly. Priscilla was at the door, her face pale and her eyes flashing.

"How did you get in?"

"You made that simple, my dear," answered the imperturbable youth.

"When we had completed our short conversation through the cloakroom window you were so angry that you banged the thing down without noticing that it wouldn't shut properly—all as I had intended. You see, I had a little instrument in the way."

"You cad!"

The words were flung at him. Then Priscilla turned to me.

"That man," she said, "is my brother. A few weeks ago he stole a valuable brooch from me, his own sister! And because he was my brother I bought an imitation and said nothing. Then he came to me again and, by promising that if I helped him in a plan he suggested to me he would start life honestly with the proceeds in some foreign country, he persuaded me into trying to get the insurance money for the brooch. His plan was for me to give it on some pretext to somebody to keep for me, take it from that person without his knowing it, and in that way give the appearance of having lost it. Nobody knew that it was the imitation and not the real brooch."

"A pretty little scheme," remarked Eustace, sitting down and lighting a cigarette, "and I must say, Priscilla, that you were an apt pupil in the art of picking pockets."

The girl ignored him.

"Then," she continued, "when he heard that I was coming down here for a dance, he suggested that it was just the opportunity. He arranged with me to be waiting outside the study window, so that when I had recovered the brooch I could hand it out to him, and there would be no risk of the plan breaking down by reason of the brooch being found in the house."

"That," said Eustace, "is what one calls the final polish to a plan, and is in point of fact that consideration of trifles which distinguishes the true artist."

Suddenly she swayed, and I thought she was going to faint.

She was as white as a sheet, and I took her arm to steady her. She thanked me with a smile.

There was an awkward silence.

Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"Priscilla," I said, "the quarter of an hour is not yet up, if you hurry."

For a moment she didn't gather what I meant. Then she pressed my arm.

"Where is it?" I said, turning to her brother.

He pointed to the bed, and I saw the chinchilla wrap lying on it. I picked it up and gave it to the girl.

"Put it back quickly," I said, "and then tell Billy. You'll have to tell him the whole truth. In the meanwhile I'll show this fellow the back way out, so that we won't meet anybody. Come on!"

I took Eustace by the arm, rather roughly, I'm afraid, and walked him to the back stairs and out of the house. By the mercy of Providence, we met no one. At the door I held him a moment while I gave him a word of warning.

"Understand," I said sternly, "that if ever I see you again, or I hear of you molesting your sister, I'll have you up for this."

"Right-o!" said Eustace. "I won't forget. So glad to have met you."

He disappeared into the night.

SEVERAL other things had disappeared when I got back and found Billy. All June's jewellery, for example, all Billy's valuables as well. And so had Priscilla and the chinchilla wrap.

But, on the principle that things nearest the home are the most valuable—which is, I take it, a roundabout way of expressing a man's natural preference for his own belongings—Peter wasn't really annoyed until it was discovered that they had almost certainly disappeared in his own car. For that had gone by the time we thought of fetching the police.

As for myself, I think Eustace is right. But if the consideration of trifles distinguishes the true artist, then the brain which invents a perfectly plausible story on the off-chance of any breakdown in the arrangements surely amounts to genius? The fact that my watch, chain and match-case all went as well, presumably when I was supporting Priscilla during her magnificently simulated moment of faintness, I am afraid I can only consider as my just reward.

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for a glorious Complexion

Nº 10-10  
FACE CREAM

● Activates the circulation  
... strengthens the tissues  
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prevents deformation of  
the pores ... prevents and  
corrects wrinkles.



by Roger & Gallet  
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## Quick Relief from SUNBURN



Dangerous skin ailments often start from severe sunburn. Avoid this risk by using the finest antiseptic and healing ointment—Iodex. Eases pain, quickly soothes and relieves inflamed tissues.

**FREE!**  
New 36 page First Aid Book just out. Tells how to act in every emergency. Every home should have one. Write now to Iodex Co., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE  
Price 2/- From all Chemists

**LONELY WOMEN AND MEN**  
can make acquaintances all over Australia with friendship or matrimony in view. Correspond with either sex. Obtain free illustrated booklet, and confidential particulars, by sending a stamped addressed envelope to MISS ROWENA R. RUSSELL, Commercial Bank Chambers, Haymarket, Sydney.

Millions of flies



killed by **VERM-X**

Many of fly and mosquito ovens on untidy furniture in Verm-X. Verm-X kills quickly and cheaply. It can be used on fly, when this is used add a bottle of Verm-X Concentrate (1/4) to tin and fill with pint of kerosene, so replenishing your Verm-X at bargain price. Pleasantly perfumed. Will not stain.

A HINT ON HOW TO KILL FLIES WITHOUT MESS  
(and without venting spray). Before turning room with Verm-X, close window and pull down blind to about an inch of window sill. The flying flies and mosquitoes make for the light and come to rest on the sill, where they can be afterwards swept up. All Chemists, Stores, Householders.

**VERM-X Kills Cheaply**



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Conducted  
by  
EVE CYE

## Subtle Charm in these!

Two of the most engagingly lovely dressing jackets, or bed jackets, for you to make.

FOR the girl who is seeking the loveliest of things for the "bottom drawer" or glory box here is the answer.

For the invalid in need of charming summery protection, nothing lighter or daintier could be had.

For all those who delight in looking their nicest early mornings, here is their opportunity—and strikingly inexpensive at that!

No need for a machine. With the clever patterns and your own nimble fingers you can make one or both in leisure moments, quite easily.

No. 1749, the lace and hand-embroidered dressing-jacket shown left.

Material required, two and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 40-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1. TRANSFERS, 6d.

No. Y114, the lovely affair shown at right: Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Send for the Patterns and Transfers!

MUSLIN, ribbons, delicate hand-embroidery and beguiling lace to enhance your charm.

SILK or satin for the soft beauty of puffed sleeves, self bows, and this classical cut.

## Just see what you can make for a shilling with String

... A hat, bag and belt that will give snap and sparkle to any outfit.

**SIMPLY** string—grocer's string you buy by the ball—is used. Not much to start with, but with the clear directions given hereunder you can turn out the really charming, really chic, set pictured here.

TWO balls of string at 6d. per ball, a No. 1 Argosy steel crochet hook, a buckle, and a small ball of blue crochet cotton are all the materials required to make this unusual set.

Abbreviations: d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; ch., chain.

**The Hat**  
BEGIN in the centre with 5 ch. Join into a ring with a slip stitch. Work 10 d.c. into the ring.  
Round 1: 2 d.c. in each d.c.  
Round 2: 1 d.c. in each d.c.  
Round 3: 2 d.c. in first d.c., 1 d.c. in next. Repeat all round.  
Round 4: 1 d.c. in each d.c.  
Round 5: 1 d.c. in first 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next. Repeat all round.  
Round 6: 1 d.c. in each d.c.  
Round 7: 1 d.c. in first 3 d.c., 2 d.c. in next. Repeat all round.  
Round 8: \* 2 d.c. in first d.c., 1 d.c. in next, repeat from \* twice, then 1 d.c. all round.  
Round 9: 1 d.c. in first 4 d.c., 2 d.c. in next.  
Round 10: 1 d.c. in each d.c.  
Round 11: 1 d.c. in first 4 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, all round.  
Round 12: The same as round 8.  
Round 13: 1 d.c. in each d.c.  
Repeat the last two rounds three times, 19 rounds altogether. Now without any more increases, work 1 d.c. on each d.c. for 12 more rounds, or more if a deeper crown is required; then shape for the brim as follows. In the next round increase in every fifth stitch all round. The next two rounds 1 d.c.

The simplest of crochet stitches are used, which can be happily followed by the amateur.



on each d.c. Next round increase after every sixth stitch. Now work rounds of d.c. on d.c. for the width of brim required.

Press hat brim and inside of crown with a hot iron, over a damp cloth. With the blue cotton make a ch. 30 inches long, turn and work d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, then d.c. in each

ch. back to start, 2 ch. turn piece round and work d.c. into other edge of ch. to end, fasten off. Put round crown and tie in a knot at side, or front.

### The Belt

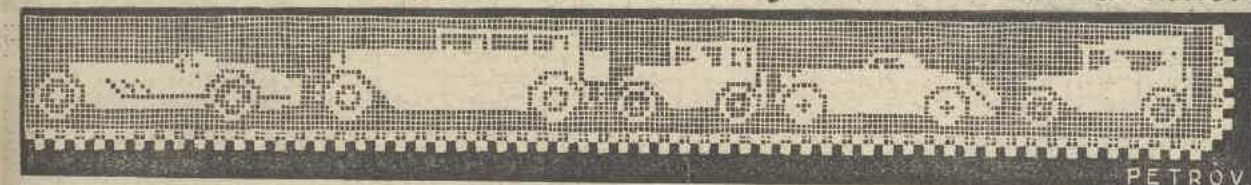
MAKE a chain 32 inches long; turn and work d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, then d.c. in each ch. back to beginning, 2 ch., turn the piece round and work d.c. into the other edge of ch. Work round like this until belt measures 14 inches. Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth, and sew buckle to one end.

### The Bag

MAKE a chain of 63, work 1 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, then 1 tr. into every ch. to end. Turn with 3 ch. and work tr. on tr. every row until bag measures 11 inches in depth. Next row slip stitch along 16 stitches, tr. to within 16 stitches, turn, slip stitch along 8 stitches, tr. to within 8 stitches, turn, slip stitch along 4 sts., slip st. to within 4 sts., turn, work 4 rows of tr. on remaining stitches; fasten off.

Press with a hot iron, over a damp cloth. Turn straight edge of bag up for four inches, sew up sides, turn flap over, and fasten with hook and eye.

## Make Way! Here come the "Sunday Drivers" in Crochet!



TO decorate your picnic cloths, tea cloths, guest towels, etc.

This unique and most amusing crochet edging can be repeated over and over again for any one of the

above purposes, and for many others, too.

I am sure it will make instant and happy appeal to every one of my readers. The tremendous revival in crochet work calls naturally for

novelty, in addition to attractiveness of design.

Nowhere else will you be able to secure directions for such a unique edging. This design is absolutely original.

If you decide to work this design as an edging to a linen antimacassar for

your car, I would suggest you have your monogram in the centre—for additional smartness.

Send 3d. in stamps to-day, also stamped, addressed envelope, for full, accurate, easy-to-follow directions.

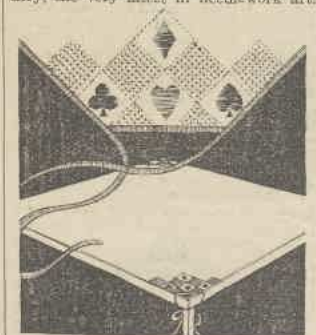
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DELICIOUS IN FLAVOUR,  
ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION,  
REFRESHING—AND ECONOMICAL TOO!

# Goldania Tea

## This Smart... Card Table Cover

—in faen crash linen, bound in color, is traced ready for quick embroidery. Send for it!

HERE is the ideal cover for your card table, featuring cross-patch embroidery, the very latest in needlework art.



SEND NOW for this novel and convenient card table cover, traced ready for working. Price, 3/9, post free.

Simple cross-stitch for the squares, and the "aces" can be worked in long and short stitch, satin stitch, or plain outline stitch.

Every cloth is bound in green, blue, red or brown, with strings as shown, for tying down purposes.

When ordering, will you please state definitely the color desired? Price, 3/9.



Sufferers from bad breath are rarely aware of it—others always notice it.

Instant relief is sure. Melasol makes an efficient quick-acting gargle, because it contains 40% Tritol, the powerful deodorant and germicide. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritating to the most delicate tissues.

Also unequalled for: Poisoned wounds, cuts and sores, skin eruptions, tonsillitis, sore throat.

Invaluable for Personal Hygiene.

Of all Chemists, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6

**MELASOL**  
Antiseptic Solution



## No More Headaches

She discovered Nyal Esterin!

She suffered regularly with bad headaches until she was asked to try NYAL ESTERIN. Now at the first sign of headache or nerve pain, she takes one or two NYAL ESTERIN tablets and the pain goes in double quick time. NYAL ESTERIN is effective because it contains Esterin Compound, a safe sedative agent which, in combination with other ingredients, acts directly on the nerve centres and brings quick relief to sufferers from headaches, neuralgia, nerve pain, toothache, rheumatic pain, etc. Women particularly should always have a tin at hand. NYAL ESTERIN is sold and recommended by your chemist, in tins of 24 tablets for 1/3.

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Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431/2, Glebe St. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# CUPID CALLING by "STEVE"



# For LOVE of a LADY

Continued from Page 5

IT was evident as soon as the journey was commenced that Mrs. York had no intention of permitting the friendship between her charge and Lane to continue. If they walked along the deck together, she called the girl to her; if he paused by their chairs she gave him to understand his attentions were unwanted. And at last Robin rebelled.

"Why are you so rude to Mr. Lane?" she asked one afternoon. "Because," answered Mrs. York, tattling vigorously, "it's my duty to see you don't make undesirable friendships."

"How do you know he is undesirable?" Robin persisted misguidedly. "We know nothing about him."

"That's exactly why," returned the other triumphantly, "and the world is full of unscrupulous young men eager to be friends with betresses, and you are that, you know."

Robin gave an impatient little shrug. "Then what about Mr. Foxley?" she argued. "We haven't seen his birth certificate or banking account."

"His mother was a Somersetshire de Mayne," answered Mrs. York comfortably, "and his father was in the Indian Army. He himself served with distinction in the Great War and lost the top joint of a finger in the retreat from Mons."

"The janitor at St. Ursula's lost an arm on the Somme," Robin said impatiently, "but it didn't prevent him from picking up unconsidered trifles belonging to other people whenever he got the chance."

Mrs. York looked at her more in sorrow than anger. "I'm surprised at you for allowing your feeling for this young man to obscure your sense of duty to our heroes," she remarked heavily.

"Well, Mr. Lane can't help being too young to go to the war," the girl declared, "and I don't believe people only like me because I'm rich."

"I'm the best judge of that, my dear," her companion assured her, "and from the first I had my doubts about this young man," and with that she opened a book of Victorian Memoirs, indicating the conversation was over.

Far from resenting her attitude, however, Lane appeared indifferent to it. He was too much absorbed with the problem of Foxley himself to worry about the old woman's scarcely veiled hostility. Did the other man really care for Robin or was he only ingratiating himself with her for the furthering of his own dark schemes?

If he actually loved the girl, why come into Lane's room at midnight to steal that pocket-book? Why cut the paragraph out of the paper? Why... His brain reeled with trying to probe the mystery, and only two things stood out clearly in the chaos of his mind—his own love for the girl and a passionate desire to protect her from anything Foxley might do to destroy her happiness.

Strolling along the deck one morning he pondered again on his self-appointed task. To-morrow they would be in Colombo, ten days later in Fremantle, and the chances of discovery almost negligible. This disheartening reflection brought him to the door of the writing room, and seeing Foxley at a desk he went in.

"Don't let me disturb you," he began affably, sitting down beside the other man.

"Mmmmm," mumbled Foxley, intent on his letter, and Lane glancing casually round the room noticed that every table but this was occupied by people anxious to post their correspondence in Colombo.

"When you've finished," he remarked, looking at the white unused blotting paper on the other's desk. "I might as well send off a letter."

"This one of mine will do any time," Foxley said, putting down his pen, but making no effort to get up. "Are you staying long in Australia?" he added conversationally.

"Yes," answered Lane. "I've always had a fancy for the open-air life, and when I got this chance of work on a station I took it. I was born in Australia, you know."

Foxley fidgeted with the blotting paper, but becoming aware of the other man's eyes on his hands he desisted.

"I knew a good many Australians during the war," he remarked. "One in particular became a close friend. In fact we were together in the same trenches when the shell burst that blew off his head," and removed the top of his finger.

As he spoke he glanced at his mutilated hand and then back to his companion. A challenging look, Lane

thought, as though he would force an issue then, but the other ignored it. "Funny thing, chance," Gilbert said reflectively. "That shell killed one poor chap and merely made you fair game for a finger print expert!"

Foxley's eyes behind their thick glasses took on an oblique look. "I hadn't thought of it in that light before," he admitted smiling.

"Rather cramped my style for piano playing and plucking a harp, of course... Now what about a spot before lunch?"

"No thanks," returned Lane, slipping into the chair as the other stood up. "I think I'll get my letter written."

A look of baffled rage swept over Foxley's face, but he only nodded carelessly and walked out of the room. Lane watched him disappear, and then bearing the paper swiftly off the blotter he thrust it into his pocket and went down to his cabin. Fortunately it was empty, and closing the door he held the sheet up to the mirror. In the clear noonday light he was able to decipher, fairly easily, the heavy writing.

"Dear old Girl... everything... smooth. Mrs. Y... heire... sti..."

"Darling, what on earth's an octogenarian?" "Blessed if I know; why?" "Well, they always seem to be dying!"

charming but... be dead... Here the continuity was broken, but Lane picked it up further down. "...York... invited me... oth... chap... problem... Still... have... left... Must se... T.T. an... F. and colle... £1000..."

So that was it. Foxley had authentic information after all; but how had he got it and what was it? That letter; what did it contain? Glancing up, he saw Foxley in the doorway, and for an instant it seemed as though he would spring forward and snatch the paper from his hands. Then the other occupant of the cabin came in, and, with a defiant laugh, Giles flung the blotting paper out of the port-hole.

They deliberately avoided each other all day, and the following morning saw the other three set off together for Kandy. It was late when they returned, and Mrs. York bore obvious signs of exhaustion, while Robin, laden with packages, was still full of enthusiasm, and Foxley had the air of one whose day had been a complete success, as no doubt it had.

"Look!" the girl exclaimed her eyes shining as she came up to Lane on deck. "I've got a family of ebony elephants here to keep my camels company."

"A waste of money," Mrs. York declared tartly. "They were probably all made in Birmingham."

"Now, now," laughed Foxley, "don't rub the bloom off trusting youth. We're only twenty once, you know."

"Twenty-two," put in Robin cheerfully.

"Come, child," the older woman said irritably. "You've had a tiring day and must get to bed."

But Robin lingered. Beyond the dark water the buildings of Colombo rose pearly white, and between them and the ship a necklace of light outlined the other vessels in the harbor. The scented night was full of mysterious, spasmodic sounds; the crash of the sea against the breakwater, the muted thudding of a barge against the gangplank, the shrill voices of the natives loading. Up here was beauty and romance, below was the cabin de luxe and Mrs. York's chin strap waiting to be adjusted for the night.

"Roberta!" "Coming, Mrs. York."

Lane stifled a sigh as she disappeared; he had hoped they would have a few minutes together in this atmosphere of enchantment, that he might recapture, for an instant, all the sweetness of their earlier companionship for at twenty-five love is stronger than hate, and hope than suspicion.

"Well," Foxley said, breaking in on his dreaming, "there's not much chance of sleeping with this loading, but I'm for a hot bath and bed."

"I'll have a few turns round the deck first, I think," Lane answered, and walked away.

HOPKIN HOLBROOK says: For picking or taking up the Holbrosks' Pure Malt Vinegar, it is a brew of excellent quality.

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# ATLANTIC

PURE PARAFFIN BASE MOTOR OIL

USE ALSO UNION WHITE FLASH

AF-27

Please turn to Page 39



# For LOVE of a LADY

Continued from Page 38

For him the spell was broken. He was no longer a cavalier robbed of his beloved's society, but an instrument to be used in her defence. Her bright eyes and innocent confidence to-night spurred him on to further efforts in her defence, and he felt the time had gone for abortive attempts at deflecting Foxley's intentions.

He would go down now and face the other man; force him to meet his accusations and take the consequences. They could at least thrash out the matter and clear the air.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, he turned and went down the companion-way. Foxley's cabin was at the far end of the ship, and the white, shut doors of the passage seemed to mock him with their own secretiveness. With a feeling of rising excitement he came to the one he sought, and was disappointed to find the cabin empty. Foxley, then, was already in the bathroom, and he paused irresolutely in the doorway. Should he await his return, or...

The sight of the clothes lying on the berth decided him, and, with a swift glance at the handful of money and jewellery scattered on the dressing-chest, he went across to the bunk. Foxley had stolen into his bedroom at Shepherd's, and now he was prepared to fight his rival with his own weapons. The blood sang in his ears so loudly that he could not hear the running water in the bath, but his hands did their work without a tremor. Coat and vest yielded nothing, but in the hip pocket of the trousers he found what he wanted—a wallet containing a thick wad of papers. In his excitement he lost all sense of selectiveness, and, cramming them into his own pocket, he hurried out just as the bathroom door opened.

By the stairs he turned and saw Foxley, in his dressing-gown, watching him, but he did not wait for him to speak, and went quickly down the passage.

Back in his own cabin Lane sat down on the edge of his berth and began to look through the pocket-book. A letter, obviously from Foxley's wife, contained nothing of interest; then came a bundle of newspaper cuttings all bearing on the Erskine fortune, and the picture of Robin he had seen on the Cairo platform.

The next was a photo of a woman and child, and looking at it, he caught his breath. How had Foxley come by this, he wondered in amazement. On the back was written: "This is the latest snap of our little son—Sybil."

"God!" he muttered, aghast at the trick Fate had played him and the nightmare tangle in which he found himself.

Then, putting the photo down, he turned to a letter and read:

"My dear Foxley—I have a feeling I shan't come out of this attack alive, and want to tell you I haven't been quite straight with you during our friendship. You've been a good pal to me, and don't even know my real name. But if you get through safely I want you to go to Bellairs Sq., Bloomsbury, when you get back to London, and see my wife; she is living there with my sister and my son. She will tell you everything... not perhaps all that either, because I've been a rotter to her, and she's loved me better than I deserve and will probably be too loyal to say how wretched I've made her. She married me against her father's wish, but once I'm dead I think even old Robert Erskine will take her back and for the kid's sake forgive her. He's a fine youngster."

Here the letter ended, and Lane with a gust of impatient rage, discovered he had left the last sheet, the most important one, bearing the writer's name, in Foxley's cabin. He cursed himself for his clumsiness, but even this was sufficient to prove how right he had been in fearing the man. Sybil, Bellairs Sq., Robert Erskine, the names swam before his baffled eyes. They were authentic evidence, indeed, and could open the door to Foxley's fortune and close it forever on Robin's lovely face.

Then he smiled grimly. After all he had the trump card still in his possession, but when, and how, to play it? Opening his own pocket-book he compared the photo it contained with the one from Foxley's wallet, then, putting both back, he began to undress.

When he got on deck next morning he found Mrs. York and Robin deep in conversation with the other man.

"What do you think, Mr. Lane," the girl exclaimed, as he paused by her

chair, "Mr. Foxley was robbed last night."

For an instant the two men faced each other, and Foxley seemed as if he would openly accuse Lane of the theft.

"While I was in the bath," he said, evidently changing his mind, "someone came in and rifled my pockets, but the fool will be no better off. He left the most important thing behind."

If this was a challenge, Lane ignored it.

"I had a similar experience in Cairo," he remarked equably, "someone came into my room at Shepherd's and tried to get my wallet from under the pillow. I grabbed his fingers, but he got away. I expect you've reported the affair to the purser, Foxley?"

Foxley made a great business of lighting a cigarette, but his fingers trembled slightly.

"I shan't bother," he said. "What he took was actually of no value to anyone."

"Still," put in Mrs. York, anxious to administer justice without mercy, "there is the principle of the thing. Have you any idea who it was?"

"Yes," answered the other; "I know."

In the silence that followed, Robin felt as though a whip had struck her, and, looking from Foxley to Lane, was aware of a deadly nausea sweeping over her.

"No, thanks," she said, as Foxley offered her his cigarette-case. "I don't feel inclined to smoke this morning."

No more was said, and presently Lane sauntered away. Foxley remained for a few minutes talking with the two women, and then Robin, unable to bear the hideous suspicion gnawing in her mind, got up and went across to the railing. Was it possible that Gilbert Lane was a thief, a man who crept into other people's cabins and rifled their belongings? That look she had intercepted between the two men. What had it meant, and why had he not explained it all?

"Please, God, don't let him be a thief. Not Gilbert."

Wretchedly she stood there, staring unseeing at the water, with its swirls of iridescent colors, then, turning round, she noticed that Mrs. York had disappeared and Foxley was sitting alone in her chair. With a little impulsive gesture she flung discretion and convention to the winds, and, going across to him, looked down into his narrow, inscrutable face.

"Do you really think," she began abruptly, "that Mr. Lane robbed you?"

He glanced up at her.

"I know he did," he answered firmly. "He is the only person on the boat who now I had those papers."

Her eyes met steadily. His cold and hard, and relentless, hers, tender and soft, and lovely.

"Oh!" she said quietly, and walked away.

So she had fallen in love with a thief. The man who had laughed and joked with her in the Cairo train was a criminal, and Mrs. York was right after all. He was an adventurer, and worse.

Avoiding him for the next few days, he found herself scrutinising him earnestly whenever opportunity offered. How could anyone so handsome and debonair be a thief? Surely those clear steady eyes could not belong to a bad man, nor those long, well-shaped hands tamper with another man's belongings! It was incredible, and she felt there must be some explanation; but if there were he made no attempt at making it, nor did he appear in the least ashamed. All she knew was that he very savor had gone out of life, and she could never trust anyone again.

THE night before she reached Fremantle she stood watching the dancing, marvelling at the irony of a world that permitted some people to be so light-hearted while she herself was plunging the very depths of misery and disillusionment. She did not know when Lane came and stood beside her, and was sublimely unaware that he was taking in every line of her graceful body in its cream satin frock, the smooth silkiness of her white matt skin, the string of perfect pearls round her slender throat. Miss Roberta Erskine, the heiress, who, a few months before, had been a drudge in an obscure school, Robin, for whom he was prepared to

sacrifice everything in the world—honor, self-respect, everything...

"So," he said, breaking in on her thoughts, "to-morrow you enter your adopted country, and in a few more days take up your position as mistress of one of the greatest properties in New South Wales."

He saw her start, and the black fringe of her lashes flicker an instant against her pale face. Then she recovered herself.

"I still can't believe it's really me," she said lightly. "Sometimes even now I think I shall wake up and find myself in the room at St. Ursula's with all the duties no one else would do waiting for me."

She spoke carelessly, but he could read the dread underlying her manner. "And suppose," he went on, "it turned out to be really a dream?"

She caught her breath and walked on to the deck, while he followed her. "I couldn't bear it," she said; "I just

couldn't go back. I'm an orphan, educated on other people's charity.

There isn't a soul in the world who cares about me, and the security this money gives me is heaven."

He felt an overmastering desire to take her in his arms then and there, and tell her everything, but dared not. He could best serve her by remaining silent.

"Poor little rich girl," he remarked after a pause. "You'll soon find plenty of people to care for you. Wealth brings, among other blessings, friends, you know."

"Even then," she answered, raising her eyes to his. "I expect I shall be disappointed. Life is like that. It gives with one hand and takes away with the other..." She paused and seemed to weigh some problem then, coming closer, she looked steadily at him. "Mr. Lane," she added earnestly, "did you take Mr. Foxley's papers?"

He was taken aback by the directness of her question.

"Does it matter much to you?" he countered.

He saw her fine hands clench on the

railing and the little pulse at her throat throb quicker; but in an instant she recovered herself.

"No one likes to be disappointed in a friend," she said slowly. "But you have changed in every way since that day in the train when you bought those Palestine oranges..."

"Which you ate in spite of Mrs. York," he put in. "Tell me," his voice lost its bantering note and became quiet and firm. "do you, yourself, think I took those papers?"

"I don't know what to think," she admitted helplessly. "It is all so mysterious, so strange. If you said you didn't, though, I should believe you." Her eyes, her pale face were dark and pleading, and Lane dared not trust himself to look at them too long. He was a fool, and she would no doubt look like that at many men.

"I did take them," he said in a level voice, then, seeing her flinch, he tried to take her hand, "but there were extenuating circumstances. Miss Erskine..."

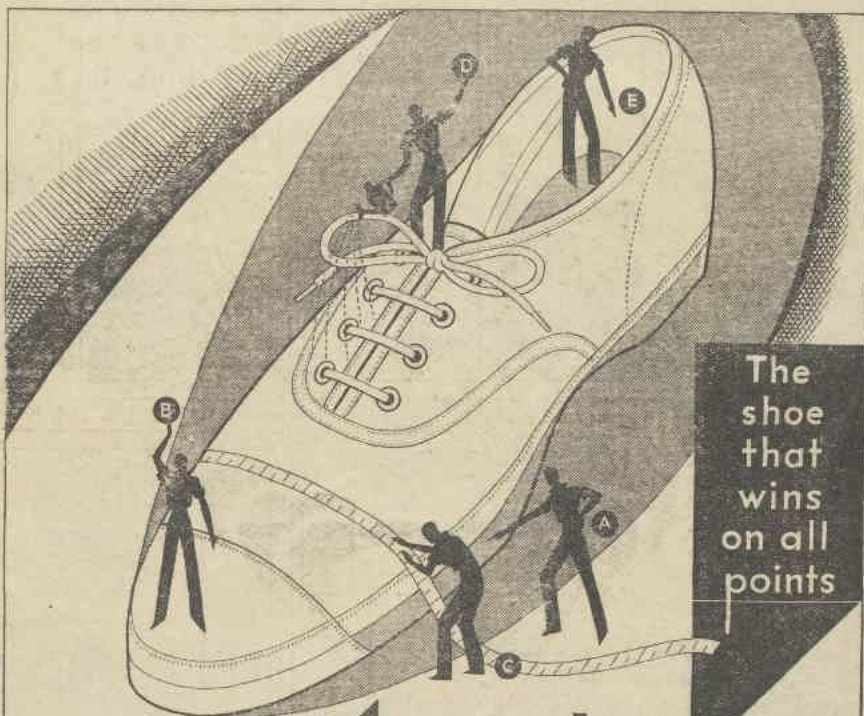
She had turned away, however.

"There can't be for theft," she answered coldly, and went back to the dancing.

(To be Continued.)



SHE: What is the penalty for bigamy?  
HE: Two mothers-in-law!



The shoe that wins on all points

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### SUNBEAM

The ever-increasing popularity of Sunbeam is due to the fact that, over a long period of years, its value has been proved supreme. All the qualities you look for in a Sport Shoe are here—Style, Comfort and Strength. Economical too, because they are moderately priced yet give maximum service.

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HOT HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Echini Oluscula Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.



# TERRY and TEDDY

## TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall

EVERY day since Fred had been in Magic Land something interesting had happened. Not one day had gone by without some unusual or exciting incident cropping up. And to-day, which was Saturday, had brought with it what appeared to be the beginning of a new adventure.

Jeffrey Jefferston, a small thin boy of twelve, had that very morning told Fred of a wonderful treasure that was hidden somewhere in Gum Tree Alley. Just where it was hidden Jeffrey could not say without the help of a map, and that map had been stolen from his father the day before by two wicked men.

Poor Jeffrey had heard of Fred's eagerness to help anyone in need, so he had come many miles to see if he would help him.

Of course, Fred was only too willing to help Jeff all he could. And when Jeff said he was sure who the two men were, and he knew where to find them, Fred wanted to be taken there right away.

"Well, Jeff," said Fred, after thinking things over, "it's not going to be an easy job, but I shall do my best to get the map back."

JEFF and Fred set off into the wood to find the house in which the two bad men lived. It was a dreary journey, and Jeff looked very tired and weary when they had hardly gone half the distance. Fred, seeing how worn Jeff looked, asked him to rest a while, but Jeff quickly said he didn't feel a bit tired, and that he could go on walking for miles and miles more.

Fred admitted Jeff for not admitting he was tired, but, nevertheless, he thought he should rest a while; so, saying he himself was tired, Fred sat down on a log, then, of course, it didn't take Jeff long to do the same thing.

While they sat on the log Jeff did



THE two wicked men sat before a fire.

nothing but talk of what he would do when he got the treasure. He'd give so much to that one, so much to somebody else, and so on. Poor little Jeff, he was very kind-hearted, that was easily enough seen. It was a shame he thought so much of the treasure, for it was clear that if he didn't get it one day, it would break his heart.

After Fred thought Jeff had had a good rest he suggested going on their way.

The remaining distance did not take them very long to cover, and they soon came in sight of a dark, drab-looking house at the foot of a mountain.

They crept down the hill, keeping well behind trees and clumps of bushes as they did so.

When they came to the bottom of the hill they saw two old men sitting down before a small fire. They were talking in such a way that it was impossible to hear one word. And as the two small boys watched them, one went inside, and came out again with an envelope in his hand. He opened the envelope and pulled out a sheet of white paper. He turned the paper over in his hands, then yelled, "This is not the map. I've lost it! Oh, where could it have gone? I must have thrown it out last night with a lot of rubbish. No; I remember letting something drop near the old Stone Bridge. Yes; that's where I must have dropped it. Quick, I shall go and look for it."

"No, you won't," answered the uglier of the two men. "H'm—a good story you tell, but not good enough. You thought you'd go and look for the map, did you? Ha, ha, ha! And that would be the last I would ever see of you or the treasure. H'm—so that's your game! Well, you're not going till I've finished with you." Here the man who was doing all the talking pounced on the other.

FRED and Jeff ran off at high speed. They were frightened of the two men, and felt sure the ugly one would surely kill them if he found them prying into his business. So the two lost no time in leaving the fighting men to themselves.

They passed the Stone Bridge on the way home, and discovered to their delight the much-sought-after map on the left-hand side of the bridge.

The very next day Fred and Jeff got a whole lot of children to go with them to look for the treasure. They found it, and Jeff was able to give many beautiful presents to all his little friends.

(Another story about Fred next week. Don't miss it.)

## Just Chatter



INTRODUCING Bernard Faint, of Campbell, and Barbara Joyce, of Bondi. —Talk photo.

JACK WRIGHT, of St. Peter's, is recovering from his recent illness. Mollie McKid, of Baggab, writes a very interesting letter; Helen Rowe, of Newcastle, likes working out puzzles. Lucy Williams, of Goswami Station, is fond of swimming. Myrtle Smith, of Root (Vic.), has five little chickens. Phyllis Selms, of Enfield, is quite a little artist.

Herbert Slater, of Dunwich (Qland), lives on a tobacco farm; Roslyn Saywell, of Vaucluse, writes good verse; Eileen McInnes, of Matong, does not like wet weather.

Agnes Priddy, of Melbourne (Vic.), has a big sleeping doll; Billie Casagrove, of Mores, likes riding a horse.

Rivie Carter, of Dunwich Hill, is fond of gardening; Wyn Boulter, of Hastings (Vic.), is a clever painter; Jean Dawling, of Stray Hills, used to live at Condobolin.

Doreen Cousins, of Nindan, likes the bush; Alice Jackson, of Brisbane (Qland), will be coming to Sydney next May; Doris Connor, of Mirani (Qland), lives on a sugar farm.

Edith Boucher, of Newcastle, is twelve years old; Joan Krass, of West End (Qland), likes art work and needlework; N. Egan, of Pymble, is a keen tennis player.

MARJORIE DUFF, of Condobolin, is at present staying in Sydney; Jean Pannone, of Maitland Creek, likes going for picnics.

Marian Harvey, of Bendigo (Vic.), went to Melbourne last week; Joan Mills, of Paddington, writes a very interesting letter; Margaret Paterson, of South Grafton, likes arithmetic and geography.

Hugh Kelly, of Tumby Umbi, via Wyong, paints very well; N. Reeves, of Maryborough (Qland), writes clever verse.

Mary Paley, of South Grafton, was seven last December; Don Rodson, of Townsville (Qland), has a toy motor car; Cecil Cunningham, of Melbourne (Vic.), is eight years old.

## IT'S RAINING!

By LEN APPLETON

HEARLEN to the glistering rain,  
Pouring down the window pane,  
Some goes here, and some goes there,  
And the rest goes pouring everywhere.

Oh! if we could only stop  
The rain that comes down drop by drop,  
And make the sun come out again,  
To dry the drops upon the pane.

Sol in the garden, amongst the weeds,  
There lies a frog, and here he feeds!  
He's happy about the rain, it seems,  
The rain, ah! how it teems.

Price of 5/- to Len Appleton (9), River Rd.,  
Towong, Brisbane, for this original verse.

Teacher: What is the best skin for making boots?  
Timmy: I don't know, Miss, but banana skin is the best for making slippers.

## Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—  
In the mail this week I was surprised to find in several girls' and boys' letters an inquiry as to what was the cost to become a pal. I thought everyone knew that there is no charge whatever—just read the Children's Section every week, and send along entries whenever you can, and you are a PAL.

The best letter for the week comes from Frances Strachan, of 14 Pearce St., Port Pirie (S.A.), for which she receives a prize of 5/-.

"A thousand lights twinkle and gleam in the darkness, lighting up the sombre gloom of the harbor," says Frances, describing the smelting works near her home.

Well, Pals, good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

OLD LADY (to small boy who has fallen in the river): How did you come to fall in there, my young man?  
Small Boy: I didn't come to fall in, I came to catch some fish.

Price Card to Jack Ansell, Barker's Av., Shepparton, Victoria.

On board Nelson's ship, "The Victory," the officer was pointing out the items of interest.  
"And this," he said, "this brass plate in the dock is where Nelson fell."  
"Yes," said the old lady, "and a nasty place it is. I slipped there myself a minute ago."

Price Card to Faisy Poole, 25 Awaba St., Mosman.

What has four legs, many feathers, and yet is neither a beast nor a bird?—A feather-bed.  
What receives many answers, but never requires any?—A door-bell.

Price Card to Jean Wardage, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

Why did chalk dislike cambror?  
Because cambror was a camphorated chalk.

Jack: I just met Farmer Brown, he's a wonderful magician.  
Bob: How's that?  
Jack: This morning he opened the gate of his field and turned his black horses in to "graze."

Price Card to Clare Naughton, "Ransell," Elizabeth St., Bealby.

Why is a parcel that has been undone and tied up again like a well-known event that has taken place in history?—Because it is re-corded.

When are true words as sweet as they are true?—When they are candid (candied).  
When is a gun like a lily?—When it has been discharged.

Price Card to John Fletcher, Victoria St., Kurri Kurri.

A kindly gentleman came across a little girl shaking a cat. "Why are you shaking the cat?" he asked.  
"Because Daddy said there was fifteen shillings in the kitty last night, and I am trying to get it out," said she.

Price Card to Gloria Stecum, 1 Alfreda St., Coogee.



A HAIRBUT, SIR? For this original sketch in black and white, Valma Maguire, 174 Balmoral Rd., Leichhardt, receives a prize of 2/-.

"Bambo, you are very late this morning. Any reason?"

"Well, sah, it was like this. When Ah looked into de glass this morning, Ah couldn't see maself there, so Ah thought Ah must hab gone to work. And then it was two hours after dat Ah discovered dat de glass had dropped out ob de frame."

Price Card to Mavis Soper, Matraville Hotel, Matraville.

Father: What did you do with the stencioe I gave you yesterday, Bobby?

Bobby: I gave it to a poor old woman—

Father: That's a good boy!

Bobby: —who sells ice-cream cornets.

Price Card to Hazel Cowie, Timbarvale, via Ulong.



# A TEST of HUMANITY.

Continued from Page 11

WITHOUT delay, it may be stated that Billy did not enjoy the elegant, though simple, little dinner which came in leisurely relays before him. He may have appeared to enjoy the champagne. He certainly felt the need of its sparkling cheer, and probably being unused to it, derived not a little comfort, and possibly some extra courage, from it. But dinner or no dinner, wine or no wine, girl or no girl, Billy would not have faltered in his folly. He was not built that way. Once embarked on a venture, he was bound to go through with it. So he did his best—which was not very good—to refrain from gazing at the girl and sought to concentrate, as it were, on his right-hand neighbor, who now, looking more generous than ever, was brightly and industriously engaged in—to use a somewhat vulgar, but appropriate, phrase—"putting it away."

SOMEHOW the time passed, and at nine-thirty it seemed to Billy that the moment was at hand. Mr. Benevolence was sitting back in his chair, safely arrived at the cigar stage, a Grand Marnier awaiting his pleasure, his countenance a study in rosy serenity. The five other "possibles" were also looking their biggest, brightest, and best. And, to Billy's relief—and regret—the severe-looking lady had just settled the liability of herself and "the loveliest girl in the world."

Billy decided to delay action till the ladies had departed. But five minutes passed, and they gave no sign of moving. On the other hand, two of the "possibles" rose to go, and a minute later Mr. Benevolence bestirred himself to look at his watch and take a sip of his liqueur.

And Billy, like a speculator apprehending a sudden slump in prices, took fright and acted quickly.

"Waiter, my bill!"

"Yessir." The waiter retired.

No patron of the Planet grill-room has ever witnessed a waiter making out a bill. He only knows that the waiter never fails to return, with the tiny document that means so much, folded, on a little silver salver.

During the waiter's absence Billy prayed fervently for the departure of the two ladies—or, rather, for that of the girl. He did not care a button if the other became petrified—and for the continued serenity of Mr. Benevolence. But the ladies were there when the waiter returned, and, though still serene, Mr. Benevolence had all but finished his Grand Marnier.

The waiter deposited the little silver salver at Billy's left hand and once more retired, though merely to a discreet distance.

"Buck up!" said Billy, abruptly, to himself, and proceeded to put his Test of Humanity into operation.

He lit a fresh cigarette. He picked up the slip of paper, glanced carelessly at the figures, and laid it down. He put a hand in a pocket—and appeared to be slightly astonished. He put the other hand into another pocket—and looked puzzled. He put both hands into two pockets—and became visibly astounded. He dropped the cigarette on the tray and frowned, put his hand to his forehead—sign of serious anxiety—then resumed the futile search, more than ever concentrating on his right-hand neighbor.

SUDDENLY he paused, with a little gesture expressing defeat. Yet he felt he was winning. Whatever our sympathies, most of us have a keen instinct of observation for the unpleasant predicaments of our fellows, though, unlike the vultures, we usually prefer to observe from a distance. Already a dozen or so pairs of eyes were watching, more or less furtively, the diner in difficulties. Billy was only half-aware of these glances for he had caught the glistening, though not so limpid, eye of Mr. Benevolence, and he could not doubt that Mr. Benevolence was in process of being moved.

Small wonder if it were indeed so, since by this time Billy's "distressful embarrassment" ought to have made anyone but a waiter weep—inwardly, at any rate. It was, in fact, a far, far better demonstration of misery than Billy knew, for it was real misery, aggravated by the shame of knowing that "the loveliest girl in the world" was one of its witnesses.

Nevertheless, Billy carried bravely on with his musing till, all at once, his relief appeared imminent. Mr. Benevolence was no longer serene; he was obviously perturbed, unhappy, as he beckoned to his waiter.

"Now, thank heaven," thought Billy, "he's going to send me a message—an invitation to join him. All's well!"

"Waiter," said Mr. Benevolence, just audibly, "fetch me another liqueur."

He rose heavily. "And I prefer the other side of the table," he added; and, taking three ponderous steps, re-seated himself—with his back to Billy. One can only surmise that the young man's sufferings had been too much for his tender heart.

Billy was almost stunned.

"Auntie," whispered "the loveliest girl in the world." "Quick!—lend me two pounds!"

"Two pounds, Anna!"—it was a booming voice wearing a silence—"What on earth for?"

"Oh, hush! That nice boy, with the spectacles, is in an awful hole—must have come out without any money—and—"

"Don't be a fool, child! Only this morning I read of—"

"Two pounds, Auntie—or I get up and give him my chain and pendant!"

It would seem that the severe-looking lady knew her niece, for, muttering protest, she took up her pochette.

"Waiter," said the girl, "an envelope and pencil—quickly!"

If he be a Planet waiter can become, for the time being, a veritable Mercury.

Within the minute, the girl had written a name and address on the envelope, inserted the two notes, and fixed the flap.

"Half a crown, Auntie—quick! . . . Thanks! . . . And now let's go—oh, do hurry!"

Billy came to himself. He smiled feebly and thought—"Nothing for it but the S.O.S." He sighed—"Wish to goodness she hadn't seen me!"

A waiter presented an envelope—"From the young lady who has just gone."

Billy read the penicill—"Miss Borrodale, 17 Marmaduke Mansions, Kensington"—and opened the envelope. "Humanity be hanged!" he murmured joyously; "she's an Angel!"

At ten o'clock he walked—perhaps a little jauntily—into the smoke-room of the Tollers, to discover his four friends sitting patiently round a table. They hailed him ironically, mistaking his manner for bluff.

He laid the receipted bill on the table, saying—perhaps a little smugly: "Gentlemen, you can shell out!"

Their congratulations—in three instances, at any rate—were sincere.

"May one inquire," said Helden, "as to the shape, or form, in which Humanity flew to the rescue?"

Billy smiled reminiscently. "In the most perfect shape possible," he replied, and refused to say any more on the subject. "I have a letter to write at once," he said. "See you all at lunch to-morrow. Good night!"

In another room he wrote the letter—a graceful expression of respectful gratitude—enclosed two pound-notes, and directed it to the person at the address named on the angelic envelope. Then he left the club and took the Tube to Kensington. There, in Marmaduke Mansions, he dropped his letter into the box of No. 17, briefly pressed the bell-button, and retired, the most hopeful, if not positively the happiest, young man in London.

A maid brought the letter to Miss Borrodale, the severe-looking lady.

"Auntie," cried her niece, the instant the door was closed, "what is it, at this time of night?"

"How can I tell till I have examined the contents?" With her customary deliberation, Miss Borrodale took an ivory knife from her writing-table, methodically slit the envelope, and carefully took out the enclosure.

Please turn to Page 42



TRY ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SAVOURETTE AND OATEN CAKE BISCUITS  
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND SEE THAT YOU GET THEM



## RASHES



### Clear your skin with REXONA...

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W.W. 27/1/34

### WOMAN LOSES 28 lbs.

#### Trips Upstairs Like a 2-Year-Old

A woman writes:—Three months ago, after much argument, I was persuaded against my will to try Kruschen Salts to reduce my weight, which was 15 st. 12 lbs. I had tried other things, but all to no avail. After three weeks of Kruschen I had lost 5 lbs. 4 oz., and I felt five years younger. I really must say I feel a different woman. My age is 37 years. I have now lost 28 lbs. to date, and while before, to go upstairs was a great effort, now, as my husband says, I trip up like a two-year-old. (Mrs.) S. G. B.

Kruschen Salts keep the system free from encumbering waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled it will give rise to rheumatic and other body poisons. And Nature is liable to take the defensive measure of storing this poison-breeding material out of the way in the form of fatty tissue. Unlike most salts, Kruschen is not merely a laxative. It is a combination of six salts which have a tonic influence upon every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of your body. It purifies the blood and creates new energy and vigour.

# A TEST of HUMANITY

Continued from Page 41

THE two pound-notes came into view.

"Oh, splendid!" the girl exclaimed. "I knew he was all right! And how beautifully prompt!"

"He is certainly punctilious, which is something in these casual days," the elder admitted. She slowly read, or, rather, scrutinised, the letter, then handed it to her niece, who devoured it in a glance.

"What a charming note, Auntie! I knew he must be nice."

"I find nothing charming about the communication," said Miss Borrodale. "and even a—modern burglar may write politely. At the same time, a letter containing money should be acknowledged without delay."

So saying, she seated herself at the desk and wrote as follows:—  
"Miss Borrodale has received Mr. William Langford Lang's letter of this date, containing the sum of Two Pounds (£2), being repayment of loan, for which she is obliged."

"Auntie," protested Anna, who had been looking over her shoulder, "what a perfectly rotten reply to send him!"  
"My dear Anna, it is the proper reply in the circumstances," returned Miss Borrodale, many of whose years suggested a first birthday in the year 1801. "And now I shall ask Kate to post it."

"I'll run down with it."

"You are going to bed, my dear. Your uncle's train from the north is due at seven-twenty-five, and he will be here before eight. I am hoping he will not disapprove of our visit to that excessively gay place this evening."

"Not he! I'm going to ask him to take us again," said Anna.

BILLY made an early call at the club, on the "off chance" of there being a note from "the loveliest girl in the world."

It need only be recorded briefly that Billy was, to put it mildly, dashed.

Heldon was one of those men who appear to take a beating good-humoredly, and within the hour begin to think of revenge. It did not take Heldon long to get the idea, which was, as a matter of fact, the obvious one; but he had the wit to hide his time, and let a couple of weeks pass before broaching it to his friends, Billy excepted.

The opportunity came with Billy's ringing up to say he would be late in arriving for lunch.

"Our excellent Billy," remarked Heldon, helping himself to spinach, "is still inclined to be a bit cocky over his successful test of Humanity."

"Can't say I've noticed it," put in Andy.

"Well, I have; and I confess I'm getting a little tired of it. However, I dare say some crowing is natural enough in the circumstances. At the same time—the idea has just occurred to me—I think it would make rather an interesting experiment if we applied Billy's test to—Billy. What?"

And Heldon tenderly tweaked the point of his long nose.

"I say, that's an ideal!" said the man on his right. "Might be rather good fun, too. But how would you wangle it, Heldon?"

"It's quite simple," Heldon answered—and explained.

"I should like to see Billy's face!" said Andy. "But we'd have to be sure that he had the needful on him."

"He usually has; but I think I can test that point, if we can fix up the business for to-night. I know he has got nothing on for to-night, for he told me yesterday he was going to work."

"Then," said the man on Heldon's left, with a laugh, "I think we may count—or, rather, bank—on Billy!"

Billy came in while they were at coffee.

"Look here, old man," said Heldon; "we're proposing to dine at the Planet this evening—every man for himself, you understand—and want your company. Don't begin to rave about work!"

Billy hesitated. During the past two weeks he had dined at the Planet oftener than he could decently afford. In the wild hope of seeing her again. But, love and all, he was still a young man who liked the company of his fellows, and hated to be a "stick."

"Right!" he agreed. "Eight o'clock! I'll be there!"

"And I'll book a table for five," said Heldon. "By the way, Billy, can you let me have two ten-shilling notes for a pound?"

"I'll see," replied obliging Billy, and brought out his note-case. "Yes, I can."

The case was well stored, and, as Billy was picking out the notes requested, Heldon winked to the others.

WITH the exception of Billy, who was inclined to be silent, though not morose, they dined merrily. As the hour drew near, when Billy, all unconscious, was to be tested with his own test, they grew merrier.

Of a sudden Billy caught sight of her. She was far away; only the departure of the groups from several intervening tables could have disclosed her presence. She was with the severe-looking lady, also a grey-haired, clean-shaven man, who was not severe-looking. Billy fancied she was glancing in his direction. On the impulse he got up and bowed gravely.

"Somebody you know?" inquired Andy, as he resumed his seat.

"I don't, as a rule, bow to strangers," Billy answered, shortly; then smiled. "Didn't mean to be crusty, old chap," he apologized. "Yes; someone I haven't seen for ages."

"Are you fellows having liqueurs?" asked Heldon. "Or what do you say to sharing a bottle of vintage port? I feel so extravagant to-night!"

"Right!" assented everybody. Billy absently, and Heldon proceeded to choose something costly.

At the distant table the grey-haired man had put a question almost similar to Andy's: "Recognise somebody you know over there, Anna?"

Anna was sparkling. "It's the nice boy we saw, Auntie and I, when we

"A perfectly rotten reply—and that's why I got a little red when he bowed just now—I was so astonished at his taking notice of me after Auntie's perfectly rotten—Well, that's all, except that his name was—William Langford Lang—and a very nice, uncommon and distinguished name, too, I think, and—"

"Langford Lang," exclaimed her uncle. "Why, I used to know a man of that name—knew him well—one of the best—"

"Uncle, perhaps that nice boy is his son!"

"If so, I should like a word with him," Mr. Borrodale took out a card, and from it a card, on the back of which he wrote some words. "Walter!"

"Walter!" said Anna, sparkling more than ever, and snatching the card; "there are five gentlemen at a table, yonder, on the other side of the room. Give the card to the man—to the gentleman with the spectacles—Uncle, please, half a crown for the waiter."

"Thank you, ma'am. Do you wish an answer?"

"No!" boomed Miss Borrodale; then, softly: "Great heavens, child, what has come over you?"

BILLY read the name on the card, and jumped; he read the words on the back—"If you are a son, or relative, of Henry Langford Lang, I should like to shake your hand"—and jumped up.

"Excuse me, you fellows, for just a minute," he said, and left them.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, next moment, "I am a son of Henry Langford Lang."

"Good!" replied Mr. Borrodale, with a warm handshake. "Excuse me not rising. I'm hardly better of a strained ankle. I understand," he went on, "that you have had some financial dealings with my sister and niece, though you and they have not actually met. Jane, Anna—"

Let me present Mr. Langford Lang. Mr. Lang—my sister, Miss Borrodale; my niece, Miss Anna Borrodale.

Miss Borrodale bowed stiffly, but Billy's ingenuous countenance must have had its appeal at close quarters, for abruptly she held out her hand. Anna, now demure, followed her example.

After a brief chat, Mr. Borrodale declared his regret at having to go. "It is a beautiful night, and I have promised my niece a drive round the parks before going home. But my sister does not care for late hours, and I must not put off more time here. You have my address, Mr. Lang, and I—we shall be glad to see you, when you can spare an evening. . . . Waiter, my stick."

He had difficulty in rising, and Billy assisted him, saying:—

"May I give you an arm to the car, Mr. Borrodale?"

"I shall be obliged."

So they passed out, all together, to the vestibule.

"Had you not been with friends," said the older man, "I should have asked you to join us in our drive and come home with us afterwards for an hour or so. There is much I should like to hear about your father."

"Why, sir," said Billy, with a fast beating heart, "my friends won't mind. It isn't a party, you see; we are all dining on our own. Can you give me half a minute?"

"By all means!"

So Billy flew to a writing-table, scribbled a note, gave it, with a gratuity and instructions to a person in uniform, collected his things from the cloak-room, and rejoined his new friends.

As he gave his arm to Mr. Borrodale, he glanced at "the loveliest girl in the world."

She smiled faintly, mysteriously.

Billy had reached the—shall we say?—Sixth Heaven!

They were still merry at the table. Heldon was refilling the glasses.

"Serve Billy right, if he gets none!"—when a person in uniform presented a note.

"I know you will all excuse me. Old friend of my Father's has asked me to spend evening. You might settle my little bit. See you at lunch to-morrow. Good luck!"

"W.L.L."

The note fell from Heldon's fingers. He cleared his throat.

"By any chance, in spite of our arrangement, has anyone here got any money in his pocket?"

In one deprecating voice the three replied: "Not a bean!"

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# Australian TENNIS TITLES at COUNTRY WHITE CITY Cricketers

By RUTH PREDDY

The series of women's country matches, now in progress at the Weigall Ground, Rushcutters Bay, is the fourth annual meeting of the country teams, arranged by the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association.

ALTHOUGH there are quite a number of women playing cricket in the various country towns, the fact that men are holding official positions is the stumbling block which prevents them affiliating with the recognised body of women cricketers, the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association.

The constitution governing women's cricket in New South Wales was not drawn up without considerable concentrated thought. Women have been able to manage their affairs in a most businesslike and capable manner, and the progress of the association over the few years of its existence has been remarkable.

It is a matter for much regret that players are debarred from competing in these and interstate matches simply because their associations will not attend to the several minor details at present sharring the associations from affiliating with the State body.

If the men are sincere in their desire to assist the women in their sport they should be equally sincere in coaching the women members of the club or association to hold and fulfill executive positions.

Country Week affords the players an opportunity of playing before the selectors, and as the day is not far distant when international matches will be arranged, it behoves all associations to set their house in order so that their players may have an opportunity to represent Australia.

By JOAN HARTIGAN, holder of the Australian singles, Victorian, New South Wales, and South Australian State singles titles.

GREATER interest this year will centre in the winning of the ladies' singles championship, as the Daphne Akhurst Memorial Cup is being contested for the first time.

It will be a great honor for the winner to be the first to have her name inscribed on the cup dedicated to the memory of the late Daphne Cozens, the most loved champion Australia has known.

COMPETING in the tournament are Queensland's two stars, Mrs. Molesworth and Mrs. Westacott, Miss Le Messurier and Miss Chapman, from South Australia, and Miss Chitty and Lewis, from Victoria. Mrs. Molesworth, the Queensland champion, is the possessor of a very fine backhand, and is a master in tactics and courtcraft. Before each tournament she trains thoroughly, and well deserves the success she has gained.

Mrs. Molesworth favors white shorts and skirts, but so far she has complied with the association's request that players wear regulation costume.

Mrs. Westacott, who, as Miss Emily Hood, made a sensational appearance in Sydney in 1930, when she won the junior singles championship of Australia, has been steadily improving her game, till she has command of practically every shot. She hits the ball with terrific pace off her forehand, and is brilliant overhead. Her backhand, while not carrying the pace of her forehand, is most reliable.

I think she will do very well in this tournament, as the fast courts should suit her type of game.

She is blessed with a wonderful court personality which is appreciated by all who see her. Tall and thin she appears to leap at the ball, and whether it is a winner or a bad shot it makes no difference to her smile, as long as she has given the ball a good crack.

Mrs. Westacott is one of the very few leading players wearing stockings for tennis. On a hot day she wears a white

linen hat instead of the popular eye-shade.

Miss Nancy Chitty, Victoria's star player, who was seeded No. 4 in the tournament, was unexpectedly defeated in the first round by Miss Allison Hattersley.

Miss Chitty has recently made great strides in tennis, and is a very difficult player to beat. She is a very different player from either of the Queenslanders, imparting alic to both forehand and backhand. Her best shot is a sliced backhand to her opponent's forehand, which forces her opponent out of court.

She wears colored brushed wool tops to her socks, which match her garban, and look most effective.

Miss Nancy Lewis is the most deceiving of all the players. Having a most unorthodox style, she has some very good performances to her credit, last year being the winner of the junior singles championship of Australia.

She is at the Melbourne University doing fourth year medicine, and has not the time to devote to tennis that most of the other players have. Her performances for this reason are all the more meritorious.

Miss Kath Le Messurier is also a



MISS JOYCE COOPER thoroughly enjoyed her visit to the White City Courts, when The Women's Weekly introduced her to Mrs. Roland Conway, Councillor to the N.S.W.L.T.A., who officially entertained Mrs. and Miss Cooper at afternoon tea at the clubhouse. Included in the group are (left to right): Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Westacott (Qld.), Miss Preddy, Mrs. Roland Conway, Mrs. Molesworth (Queensland champion), Miss Cooper (visiting swimming champion), Miss Joan Hartigan (Australian champion), Mrs. Chambers (secretary N.S.W. W.A.S.A.), and Mrs. Harper (Victoria).

—Women's Weekly photo

player who will have to be reckoned with in the championships. She is most reliable, and is quite likely to beat any one of the seeded players. She has won the South Australian championship on many occasions.

Miss Mary Chapman, South Australia's young player, was unfortunate to meet Mrs. Molesworth in the first round before she had time to get used to the courts. Nevertheless, she played well against this formidable opponent, and there were some fine rallies in the match.

The most notable performance up to date was that of Miss Hattersley, who has rarely played better tennis than she did against Miss Chitty, winning in the third set.

Going for her shots with confidence, she hit many outright winners off her forehand, which is her best shot.

Miss Hattersley, who is inclined to be

erratic, has steadied up her game, and has probably the best variety of shot of any girl in Australia. She is remarkably quick on her feet, and retrieves seemingly impossible shots.

Miss Bickerton, who is always a striking figure on the court, is a very fine doubles player, being one of the winning pair to hold the Australian and N.S.W. doubles championship on three occasions. Her game is built up on a beautiful back-hand and, unlike most girls, she excels at volleying.

Miss Dingle, who unfortunately sprained her hand, was forced to withdraw from all events in the New Zealand and Australian championships. We all know her to be one of the most sporting girls playing tennis, and sympathise with her in her bad luck.

## CHAMPIONS to COMPETE for National TITLES

SWIMMERS are looking forward to some exciting finishes in the forthcoming carnival in Brisbane, after the surprises and the fine times registered at the recent carnivals in Sydney, when Miss Joyce Cooper, the visiting British champion, made her first appearance in State events.

Miss Cooper will travel to Brisbane by plane from Lismore. Miss Claire Dennis, Olympic champion from New South Wales, and Frances Bult, Victorian champion, are other notabilities on the programme.

JOYCE COOPER wore perfectly tailored slacks between times at the Sydney carnival, and Brisbane people will admire her slim, trim appearance in this disputed mode of dress.

Of Miss Cooper's stroke, Fanny Durack, Australian champion for many years, and our first Olympic champion, now Mrs. Gately, says: "I have not seen the dissipated Japanese style of swimming, but I am much impressed with Miss Cooper's style, and think our Australian girls would do well to copy it."

As the holder of the Olympic record and the Australian and New South Wales titles, the success of Claire Dennis seems assured in Brisbane. Miss Dennis' time when she broke the world's record was 3:6 3-10. Her New South Wales time is 3:10 1-5, established this month at the Domain Baths.

Miss Evelyn de Lacy, from West Australia, will compete in this event, and the New South Wales representative will be Miss Kitty Mackay. Miss Cooper singled out Miss de Lacy as a coming champion when she passed through West Australia en route for Sydney. Kitty Mackay did not compete in the finals of the 100 yards backstroke championship in Sydney.

Miss Bult, another Olympian, the Misses Mackay and de Lacy will be com-

peting in the freestyle events, with Sheila Holman, also from West Australia. Miss Holman is credited with the best time for the 880 yards, having clocked 13:35.

Victorian champion Frances Bult has made astonishing progress, and recently broke the Australian record, registering 13 2-5 for 100 yards. It is no secret that Miss Bult hopes to establish further records in Brisbane.

QUEENSLAND will be represented in the national championships by Misses Cuzzu, E. Caplea (Rockhampton) and Dorrie Story (Brisbane).

"I was scared of the water until I was about 13," said Miss Marie Cuzzu.

No one would guess that now to see her skimming through the water to win the 100 yards freestyle event in the State and Country carnival.

She carried home the 60 yards country championship, and repeated the performance this year, establishing a new record of 35 4-5 seconds for the distance.

Phyllis Ross, Queensland's backstroke champion, advocates wrestling as excellent for the wind. She can take a fall with any of the boys.

The Rockhampton champion trains every day, but not against the watch, as she considers it too disappointing.

She has been a member of the Rockhampton Ladies' Amateur Swimming



MISS MARIE CUZZU

Club for three years, and holds the title of Central Queensland 100 yards freestyle champion.

Tall for her age, fourteen years old, Ellen Barr was greatly excited when she carried off the 50 yards junior freestyle championship of Queensland.

Miss Barr is a serious-minded young lady with a leaning toward study. She has a secret ambition in the academic field. A pupil of the Cairns High School, this year she hopes to sit for the Junior University, and her goal is a degree in law.

Ellen is not trained strenuously, but allowed "to gang her ain gait."

She came down for the experience, and was a very happy and surprised girl that she was able to touch 1-5th of a second in front of Ev Storey, the holder of the title.

The N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association will appreciate competitors in the Australian championships adopting a uniform and suitable attire whilst engaged in these championships. "SHORTS" will not be regarded as suitable attire. N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association.

11/1/34.  
THIS NOTICE is conspicuously placed on the notice board at the White City Courts.

## ATHLETIC Championships

The New South Wales Amateur Athletic Association will conduct its championships at the Sports Ground on January 27, February 3 and 10. All the well-known women athletes will be competing in these championships.

CLARICE KENNEDY is perhaps the most outstanding woman competing. She holds the record for the 880 yards, and the 90 yards hurdles championships. Cora Hannan is another who has broken records. Her specialties are the discus throw and the shot putt events.

E. Robinson is again expected to do well in the javelin throw. An entrant for many of the events is V. Corner, a junior from one of the country centres.

It is anticipated that Eileen Wearne will again produce the form that won her a place in the Olympic team. With selection for representation at the Empire Games looming ahead, athletes are training hard, and will literally be putting their best foot forward at this meeting.

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